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EUROPE AND THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

THE legislature which is to effect the great work of change has met at last; and its first operation is announced to be "Reform." We shall not stigmatize the word by giving it the meaning which thousands and tens of thousands of the most desperate and dark-minded rabble that ever tried the wisdom, or cried out for the downfall of a state, have given. We shall listen to those graver casuists, who deny that it is "Revolution;" while they admit that it reaches to its verge. We shall, for the moment, range ourselves with the well-wishers to the measure, and ask in the most deliberate spirit, whether it tends to good or evil. But first, of the King's speech. On Tuesday, the 21st of June, a day which will make itself long memorable, his Majesty delivered the following sentiments:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen.*—I have availed myself of the earliest opportunity of resorting to your advice and assistance, after the dissolution of the late Parliament. Having had recourse to that measure for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people on the expediency of a reform in the representation, I have now to recommend that important question to your earliest and most attentive consideration, confident that in any measures you may propose for its adjustment, you will carefully adhere to the acknowledged principles of the constitution, by which the prerogative of the crown, the authority of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people, are equally secured. The assurances of a friendly disposition, which I continue to receive from all foreign powers, encourage the hope that, notwithstanding the civil commotions which have disturbed some parts of Europe, and the contest now existing in Poland, the general peace will be maintained. To the preservation of this blessing, my most anxious care will be constantly directed. The discussions which have taken place on the affairs of Belgium have not yet been brought to a conclusion; but the most complete agreement continues to subsist between the powers whose plenipotentiaries have been engaged in the Conferences of London. The principle on which these conferences has been conducted, has been that of not interfering with the rights of the people of Belgium to regulate their internal affairs, and to establish their government according to their own views of what may be most conducive to their future welfare and independence, under the sole condition, sanctioned by the practices of nations, and founded on the principles of public law, that, in the exercise of that undoubted right, the security of neighbouring states should not be endangered. A series of injuries and insults, for which, notwithstanding repeated remonstrances, all reparation

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was withheld, compelled me at last to order a squadron of my fleet to appear before Lisbon, with a peremptory demand of satisfaction. A prompt compliance with that demand, prevented the necessity of further measures, but I have not yet been enabled to re-establish my diplomatic relations with the Portuguese government."

The only facts to be gleaned from this part of the speech are, that his Majesty *hopes* that general peace will be preserved, though universal war is preparing, and that the continent will be undisturbed, though every power is increasing its army, and though Russia and Poland are tearing each other in pieces.

That his Majesty relies on the co-operation of the five great powers, though Belgium is as disturbed as ever and much more intractable.

And that, though Portugal, by the presence of a fleet, has been compelled to comply with the demands of satisfaction; yet, that she is stubborn as ever, and has made no advance to an intercourse with England.

The paragraph addressed exclusively to the House of Commons, merely recommends economy; while the paragraph to the two Houses, announces that new taxes will be necessary:—

"I trust that such additional means as may be required to supply a part of the deficiency occasioned by these reductions, may be found without any material abridgment of the comforts of my people. To assist the industry, to improve the resources; and to maintain the credit of the country on sound principles, and on a safe and lasting foundation, will be at all times the object of my solicitude."

On this point we must wait for the ministers' explanation of that phrase of many meanings, "sound principles," before we can venture to congratulate the country on the national credit. The matter is one which least bears being tampered with of anything in the whole range of ministerial responsibility; and let what will come, we must protest against the sponge.

But in touching on the affairs of Ireland, we have the open and formidable admission, that the disturbances there are of a kind to demand the full vigilance of the laws, nay of more, to demand a declaration from the King, that if the punishments held out already by the laws, are not sufficient to crush the spirit of insubordination, the Irish shall have more laws, that is more punishments. Yet while the present punishments are the dungeon, transportation, and hanging, we can discover nothing beyond them, but, perhaps, the *mitraillede* and massacre.

We are inclined to find no fault with this document. It has evidently been framed to avoid all collision of opinion, and by adhering to a few simple points, which nobody could contradict, and avoiding principles which all men might dispute, pass over in tranquillity at least one night of the session. Nor can we feel any hostility to the cabinet over which Lord Grey presides. Whatever we may think of his rashness, no man can charge him with dishonesty. His theories may be fantastic but his hands are clean; and if the constitution is to be assailed, we should rather see it assailed by the straight-forward and declared innovation of Lord Grey, than defended by the hollow-heartedness, the loathsome hypocrisy, the petty-larceny shifts and subtleties of the band over whom he triumphed, after they themselves had exhausted the patience, the feeling, and the force, all but the contempt, of Toryism. If we must fall, let it be by some hand that dignifies our fall; by the assault

of some daring weapon not unworthy of the contest that decides the fate of men of honour; not by the poison administered by the hand of a slave, not by the steel of the assassin, terrified at his own attempt, and at last wound up to the deed for his hire. If we are to see the constitution of the empire perish, let it be where champion smites champion through the joints of his armour, not in the unsuspecting hour, and by an arrow in the heel.

It is reported that there are to be large modifications of the bill. For those we must await the discussion in the House. One there *must* be. If the qualification is not raised, the constitution will be not changed, but extinguished; the House of Commons, not the representatives of the nation, nor even of the populace, but the *tool* of the rabble. Before two parliaments had sat, the ten-pound electors would order the House of Commons to register their will without the formality of a debate; and for the peerage and the throne there would be no alternative but civil war. But as to the king's speech we are quite of the Marquis of Londonderry's opinion:—"He congratulated the government upon the ingenuity they had displayed in the manufacture of the speech from the throne. The only tangible point in it—the only point of importance, was that about the cholera morbus; they were not threatened with the reform bill—they were not threatened with foreign and domestic war—they were only threatened with the cholera morbus. Never was there a speech so satisfactorily framed to disarm opposition. There was nothing in fact to be caught but—the cholera morbus."

The duke of Norfolk moved the address in the Lords, but this new acquisition to a protestant legislature, is not likely to tend in any remarkable degree to the eloquence of the house; the principal part of his speech being thus characterised by the newspapers:—"We regret that in consequence of the noble duke being inaudible below the bar during almost the whole of his speech, we are prevented from giving the whole of it, but we believe that the above are the principal points that the noble duke addressed to the house."

Lord Winchelsea delivered a manly and rational statement of the views which actuated him as an independent Member of Parliament:—"He had withdrawn that support which he desired to afford to his Majesty's present administration. He would honestly and fairly say, that he perceived, the differences said to have once existed between Whigs and Tories were not wholly at an end. He would honestly say, that after the passing of those two great measures, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts and of the Roman Catholic disabilities, he had thought that all distinctions of Whig and Tory ceased to exist."

The plain fact is, that the divisions of Whig and Tory, instead of being narrowed, are made wider than ever. The surrender of the Test Act has done nothing. The Catholic Bill has done nothing. For now an interest still more vital, if possible, is declared to be endangered, and the old difference of principle is become still more distinctly one of self-preservation:—"He (Lord W.) found, however, that one party were now advocating a measure which the other declared would, if conceded, end in the subversion of the equilibrium of the three powers in that constitution which was now the envy and admiration of surrounding nations. This was one great distinction. The next was that the great body of that party which was now in power had lost no opportunity of advocating every measure which would have the effect of destroying the connection between the church and the state—(loud cries of "Hear")—a connec-

tion which, in his humble opinion, formed the ground of that great superiority of moral character for which this country had been so long distinguished."

Lord Grey was called up by those observations, and made, what he seldom fails of doing, an eloquent and specious speech; but to the main point of Lord Winchelsea's, his answer was sufficiently ominous:—"Now he (Lord Grey) was a Protestant, and a member of the Church of England, which he believed to be the best church in the world; but when the noble Lord talked of the necessity of an intimate union between that country and the state, he (Lord Grey) was compelled to say he recognised the necessity of no higher union than the protection which was due to that church, to support its ministers in the proper discharge of their duties."

Yet, even this was not enough, and the premier, confident in his strength, gradually spoke out with a plainness which it was impossible to misunderstand:—"If the noble earl meant a political union, if he meant to make the members of the Church of England parties to the support of political power, he would tell him that the church had very seldom exercised that power, with advantage to themselves, and often with great detriment to the public. (Hear.) I trust, therefore, it is not to me that the noble earl imputes hostility to the church. I wish for Protestant ascendancy, but I wish it to be obtained by a conviction of the superior truth of the doctrines of Protestantism, and to be upheld by the exemplary conduct and piety of those who are to expound its doctrines."

We respect the privileges of the House too much, to venture to describe the meaning which those words bear in our eyes. But, we have heard the same words so often from the regular assailants of the Church of England, that we find it difficult to believe that they could have proceeded from a Protestant peer. On this point we shall say no more. The wildest speculation of the *present* House of Commons will not go the length of breaking down the Church, and thus there will be, at least, some time interposed; some senator, worthy of the name, may expose the fallacy of the republican dreams of purifying a Church, by destroying its means of existence; of reforming the manners of a clergy by throwing them into the basenesses, popular compliances, and popular corruptions of a perpetual canvass for bread; or of purifying the habits of the country, and strengthening the hands of the state, by virtually compelling the clergy to become demagogues, to take an eager personal interest in every party and public change, to be the perpetual advocates for change, and to bring to their new alliance with the politics of the mob, the passions of the enthusiast. Let a clergy be once salaried by the state, and its dignity in the public eye perishes at once. On the first real or fancied emergency in the state, its salary is curtailed; and this process goes on, until no salary at all is paid, and the clergy are driven to subsist on the precarious bounty of the subscribers to their chapels. The next consequence to which, must be, the shaping of their doctrine and style to the doctrine and style of their diversity of congregations; in other words, the extinction of all national regularity and decency in worship; the advocacy of every absurd misconception of Christianity, in its turn; and a crop of Socinians, Deists, and abettors of every new foolery of the populace, until the whole issued in one common tide of infidelity.

But the bill is still *sub judice*. The debate will not take place till a

period too late in the month for us to animadvert upon it, and we must wait the lapse of time, and the recovered wisdom of Lord Grey. The most remarkable speech of the night, however, was brought out not by the ecclesiastical, but by the political, portion of the Premier's opinion:—

“The Duke of Cumberland said he should not have risen on the present occasion, had not a pointed allusion been made to him by the noble earl, who had chosen to prefer a serious charge against him, of being always adverse to the liberties of the people of this country. He would tell that noble earl, that on this subject he must be permitted to express himself as warmly as he felt, and assert in his place that, if those liberties were endangered, no man there or elsewhere should be found more eager or willing to fight manfully in support of those liberties than he himself—(Hear.) He would ask that noble earl in what public acts of his parliamentary life, for above 30 years, since he had been a member of that house, did he find the proof of such an accusation? His opinion was one which was not new, nor without high precedent—that the safety of our constitution consisted in the just equipoise and balance of the aristocracy, the King, and the Commons of Great Britain. As to the bill proposed to the adoption of Parliament, on the subject of reform in the House of Commons, he thought totally different with the noble earl and his colleagues of its merits. Whenever the time should arrive that the liberties of the people of this country might be attacked, he would be found as eager as any man there to fight in their defence.”

From the unsettled and dubious state of British affairs, we turn to the equally unsettled state of the Continent. The great source of diplomatic trouble, at present, is Belgium. The declaration by France that she will, under no circumstance, send troops to support the decision of the “five powers,” has completely nullified all their proceedings.

The most curious feature of the crisis is the offer of the crown to princes of France and England successively. The Belgians desire a republic, and there can be no doubt that a republican government might be perfectly consistent with their prosperity. A large republic cannot subsist in Europe, because a large one must have a great military force, and the first war which raised up a successful general would raise this general into a dictator. But a republic of the restricted size of Belgium, and protected less by its own force than the interests of its neighbours, might flourish in the centre of empires. Holland had so existed; Switzerland has so existed for centuries, and may so exist for centuries to come. But the monarchs are determined that no republic shall exist to tempt the wayward wills of their subjects, and Belgium is sent to wander to all courts for a king. France has refused the Duke of Nemours, a sage of seventeen. England is now solicited for Prince Leopold, whose brow seems made to have the chance of all the stray diadems, and yet to die crownless after all. But the prince is a philosopher, and he may calculate that £60,000 a year, paid quarterly out of the British Treasury, is a much more satisfactory provision than the civil list of Belgium, with the certainty of having something to do for it. Whether the prince has refused directly or not, the delay is a virtual negative. No man, who is in earnest, hesitates when the offer is a diadem. We shall see Belgium a republic yet; not perhaps in the furious form of the French of 1793; but gradually assuming the shape of the American States, whose tranquillity, opulence, active vigour, and growing prosperity, form a tempting contrast to the anxieties of life and nations in the old world.

Prussia presents the phenomenon of the most military government, with the most democratic population of the continent. The towns are full of men, intelligent above their rank in life. Education has been widely spread. Literature, though a tardy road to distinction, under a government of epaulettes, is a favourite pursuit, and even the Prussian army contains many individuals of considerable scholarship. Those men cannot look upon the rapidly changing state of the continent, the increased power of public opinion, the growing freedom of the tribunals, the privileges of the press, without inquiring why Prussia is not to make her advance like the rest. The promise of a constitution made at the close of the late war is loudly demanded to be realized, and until it is realised, we must expect to hear the demand persevered in.

We have at all times disclaimed, and with the utmost sincerity, all regard for the pretensions of mere republicanism. We have uniformly described the spirit of mere innovation, as one of the most fatal of all public evils, as a monster insatiable of mischief, as fostering only the fiercer passions of the furious, the ignorant, and the malignant, and trampling down all the barriers and forms by which time and wisdom have provided for the security of human peace, and the sustenance of human virtue. But if we resist the explosion, which would involve the whole ancient fabric of states in one wild and fiery overthrow, are we therefore to regret that incumbrances should be cleared away, that the spots where corruption and pestilence bred should be purified, that light should be suffered to penetrate into the dungeon? To our conception, there is no finer display in moral nature than this beneficent change, so gradual as to produce no shock, and yet so complete as to leave nothing beyond the limits of its illustration; this general brightening of the moral landscape, not with that fierce and consuming burst of light which could only dazzle and inflame, but with that serene and deliberate splendour which, while it clears away the night, approaches in a magnificent regularity of advance that turns its very mists and shades into colour and beauty.

Austria has long exhibited the singular contrast of the most sluggish government, with a cabinet keenly alive to every movement of Europe. At home, all heavy, formal, and clinging to obsolete things; abroad, all eager subtlety and angry suspicion. The genius of the throne is a monk in Austria, a monarch in Hungary, a dragoon in Italy, and a Jesuit every where. Metternich, whose influence began in the famous armistice of 1813, that armistice, which broke down the barrier between Napoleon and the world in arms, is the soul of the cabinet; a man of singular acuteness, energy, and knowledge of courts. In all the proverbial uncertainty of favour under an arbitrary throne, he has retained his position. He has undoubtedly justified his fortune by his ability. No finesse of diplomacy has been too refined for his sagacity, no change of affairs too unexpected for his vigilance. At a period when the whole political world was charged with storm, he conducted Austria, shattered as she was by the French war, through the danger unhurt, and even raised her from decrepitude to exercise a most powerful influence upon the state of the European world. Metternich is now the acknowledged master of European politicians. He is the head of a school in which the first statesmen of his day are not ashamed to rank themselves as his pupils. His system is the acknowledged code of royal policy; his will is the first consulted in all the meditated changes of nations. He has made Vienna the point to which all the envoys of the continent flock for consultation. Without his confidence nothing is done; with

it every thing is attempted. There are now but two powers, the Revolutionary power, still loose, and without a leader—divided, but armed with an irresistible and fiery determination; and the Monarchical power—vigorous, compact, but insecure of its ground, and ominously conscious of the strength of its enemy. Metternich is the leader of the "Conservative System," and he at once lords it over Italy and Germany; keeps the half-republican cabinet of France in awe, and influences the councils of England.

This is ambition. But we must own it to be a magnificent and lofty ambition; it dazzles and fills the mind. Whatever may be our dislike of the principles of this pre-eminent statesman, we must allow that his career has exhibited a singular display of the commanding qualities which transmit a name proudly to posterity. Without holding up either his personal virtues, or his political conduct, as a model to those who would attain the noblest honours of national esteem, we yet cannot contemplate the elevation to which such men have risen, and on which they have sustained themselves in years pregnant with vicissitude, without feeling a stronger consciousness of the vivid and vigorous faculties that may be lodged in human nature.

Italy is still disturbed. She has often been compared to her own Mediterranean, alternately the most placid and the most turbulent of seas. But the Italian insurrections have all died away. They were not founded in the feelings of the people; none of the great permanent popular interests had been bruised; the priesthood, the traders, the tillers of the ground, had been untouched by Austria. Even the chief part of the nobles, the most aggrieved class, had been either purchased by military and civil office, or suffered to indulge in that indolent possession of their opulence, which makes patriotism disappear from the mind. The true depositories of manly thought, the scholars and writers of a nation, are few in Italy, and the few are disunited by provincial prejudice, depressed by want of public influence, or chained by pensions. In all countries a pensioner is a slave. The last hope of Italian freedom lay in the worst hands in which freedom ever took shelter; the broken partisans of French jacobinism, the remnant of the corrupt officials of the Napoleon dynasty, the beggared courtiers of Murat, and the infidel disciples of Condorcet and Voltaire. Out of such elements no solid, peaceful constitution could ever grow. The original evil of its birth must have envenomed and enfeebled every stage of its existence. A Jacobin Italian Republic must have been attended by all the train of its terrible ancestor in France; it must have been followed by those horrid shapes of confiscation, imprisonment, torture, and indiscriminate death; that insolence to the throne, and that spoliation of the temple, which to this hour throw their shade over France, and make mankind distrust every movement of her people, as if it were a coming subversion of her throne.

But the divisions of Italy, the inveterate mutual scorn of men separated from each other but by a ridge of hills, or a river—by the difference of dialects, of name, of historical recollections—by the trivial injuries of ages past, which, instead of fading away, have been only darkened by time; all the weak bitternesses of idle nations—exasperate Italian against Italian, until the general enemy is received as a comparative friend, fixes the fetter on the foolish combatants alike, and, while he indulges in the full power of the tyrant, actually becomes the benefactor.

SPECIMENS OF CANT.

PRISON-REFORM.—Great things are to be done by sincerity and zeal in most affairs of this world, and something is to be done by them even in prisons, hulks, and transportation; but we cannot endure the perpetual meddling, bungling, and hustling of political friends of humanity; of bitter and persevering hunters after public influence, through those calls on public feeling; of a little junto of republicans for power, whether they call themselves Irvingites or Wilberforceites, political economists or parliamentary evangelicals, saints of Balham-hill or sinners of St. Giles's. We see the worldly principle creeping out under the piety; there is some little interest always to be insinuated in the most unearthly smile; some dexterity in the softest squeeze of the sanctified hand; the lip sigheth not, without a meaning worthy of the Stock Exchange; and the eye turneth not upon Heaven, without a glance upon the things of this, "alas! transitory existence," worthy of the chief of speculators in gunpowder, condemned musket-barrels, aquafortis-gin, and East India-liberal-sacrosanct-freelabour-sugar. Nonsense is of course the staple of those orations; and the ignorance, contempt of history, and disregard of consequences, are too characteristic to be ever forgotten in the "ingredients of their cauldron."

Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline.—A meeting of this society was held on Monday at Exeter Hall, Mr. F. Buxton, M.P., in the chair. Among the speakers were Dr. Lushington, Sir G. Hanson, Mr. Hoare, and Mr. J. J. Gurney. In the course of the conversation the unhealthy condition of many of our prisons, the evil effects produced by the indiscriminate confinement of juvenile offenders with those hardened in crime, the difficulty of finding a secondary punishment consistent with their views, and the superior management of convicts in the United States, were some of the principal topics touched upon. It was also contended that the proper object of punishment was the reformation of the offender as well as the prevention of crime, and Dr. Lushington argued that capital punishments were a *direct violation of humanity*, and repugnant to the *laws of God*. Resolutions passed in favour of abolishing capital punishment, and to institute those which, while they inflicted pain on criminals, would, at the same time, be likely to advance their *temporal and spiritual* welfare.

Passing over the worn out common-places of those harangues; the praise of American prison affairs, as if there could be any rational comparison between England, crowded as she is with temptations to pilfering, and loaded with a population of six millions of a mercantile and manufacturing race; and America, where there is nothing to steal but grass or water; where the spade is the only thing of value, and the land the only thing out of which a man can live; America, where every man must be his own tailor, carpenter, lawyer, and rearer of cabbages; where, if a man devises the stealing of a pair of breeches, he must first slay and strip the wearer, inasmuch as no man, from the president downwards, has a second pair; where the arts of life consist in planting maize and potatoes, and the luxuries of life consist in boiling them into puddings; where there are more acres of land than knives and forks; a looking-glass is a shew that congregates the population of a province; a picture has never been seen; a saltspoon is a phenomenon which no American traveller, who values his reputation for veracity in the States, has ever ventured to announce; and it is notorious, that a tea-service of French plate accumulated the unpopularity of the Adamases to such a degree,

that it overthrew that ancient dynasty, and federalism along with it, for ever.

But here we have Dr. Lushington, a civilian too, a judge moreover, and a liberal, a saint and a spouter of the first dimensions openly declaring in Exeter Change—the largest, the worst built, and, six times a week, the worst filled hall in London—that capital punishments were “repugnant to the laws of God.” Did the pious doctor ever look at a law-book, called Deuteronomy; is he cognizant of the existence of the Mosaic code; or has he ever been at church, and in some moment, undevoted to Doctors’ Commons, ever by accident heard the Decalogue? We call on the learned doctor to “eat his words.”

Any man, but the learned doctor, might have recollected, that capital punishment is ordained in the inspired code for almost every species of crime, in its deeper grade; and that it is even appointed for the disobedience of a child to its parents, of course, under strong and defined circumstances. Let the doctor then venture to say, if he will, that this code was contrary to humanity, and that such punishments were repugnant to the laws of Heaven. Judge, civilian, and saint as he is, he is mistaken. We are by no means hostile to any effort to improve the condition, the minds, or the morals of prisoners. But we are decidedly hostile to the party-style of humanity, the politico-brewery-saccharine-gunpowder-Mauritius molasses-humanity. Mrs. Fry circuits it no more. The annual summer barouche excursions, “with my brother, my tracts, my tea-kettle, and my patterns for the new prison reforming-cap and pinners,” are at an end. We will not charge the lady with any thing beyond the rashness of attempting objects not merely beyond her means, but which her exertions have in all probability made more remote than ever. But we need not dissemble our delight at any circumstance which might have put an end to her excursions, pleasant, picturesque, and pathetic as they were. We mean no offence to the fair quaker, drab-coloured and didactic as she was; and still less, if possible, to that wiser, more innocent, and lovelier portion of the sex, who, seeing that nature dresses the fields and skies in beauty, that a star is as sparkling as a diamond, and by parity of reason, that one is just as criminal as the other, and who have never in the course of their travels, heard of a drab-coloured rose, dress the beauty that nature gave them in the colours that creation supplies: yet we avow our belief, that the ladies are not the best propagators of parliamentary reform, prison regulations, evangelical preaching, nor even of anti-slavery petitions. As this is the age of “codification,” we shall, at some time or other, publish our code, enacting that no unmarried lady shall ever display herself in those meetings, but under penalty of her being suspected of having past her five-and-thirtieth year; that a committee-woman shall be reputed an old maid; and that “president or secretary” shall be equivalent to a declaration, that she is hopeless of marriage, even with a half-pay lieutenant of the local militia.

We give a specimen of the female-prison-reform accomplishments:—

Wants of a Newgate Nymph.—The following correspondence, dated “Newgate, 10th of March,” was found on a prisoner who was apprehended on Wednesday:—“Elizabeth Brookes,—This comes hoping to find you well. I hear you are out, and am sorry to hear that Tim and you are parted. I hope you will do what you can for me among the chaps, for, when they were in, they said if I could bring them some baccy they would do the same for me.

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They can have no excuse now, for they can send it by you, and you must come in as my sister. I hope you will do your best endeavours for me; the smallest trifle in my present situation would be of service, now that I am lagged. I hope I shall have one *drunk* in Newgate before I go; I should like a pipe of baccy, a pot of beer, and one quartern of gin, but I can't get it.—So no more at present from your's truly,
 "MARY HARBOUR, a lag."

We like sincerity even in a quaker, a lord, or a whig; but for our souls we cannot comprehend the sorrows of men, of whatever softness, in having obtained the situations for which they have been struggling for weeks, months, or years. Here is Lord Milton, certainly a good-humoured kind of personage as ever failed in York, and as certainly, a thorough electioneerer as ever worked himself in for any place else, deploring, in "good round sentences," his misfortune in having gained the very thing he sought, and which (his antagonist says) he gained by no means in the most courteous mode to that antagonist. Yet, after standing the burden and heat of the day, spending, we may presume, more money than it has cost his noble and very inhospitable mansion in dinners since the hour of his birth, and making speeches with his prohibited surtout off in all weathers; we have him lamenting the result in language worthy of Charlotte and Werter. One of our contemporaries, who actually believes him in earnest, such is the innocence of man in this nineteenth age, weeps with the weeper. "The address," says he, "of Lord Milton to the freeholders of Northamptonshire is, in some of its allusions to the personal circumstances of the writer, a very affecting production. His lordship, says one, 'whose bosom is a stranger to joy,' has been dragged from that retirement which he had devoted to the indulgence of melancholy feelings, or to the charge of domestic and pious duties, and is clothed with a most conspicuous public trust, at a time of fierce and political struggle, into the midst of which he will be forced to plunge by the necessary effect of the obligations thus suddenly cast upon him." Would it be indecorous to ask his lordship, who dragged him into this "conspicuous public trust?" and what but his own cravings laid those responsibilities on him. It will be a long time before the public will receive an answer.

The Kirk is up in arms against Irving; and, at a meeting the other day, to scourge the heresies of this very well-whiskered divine, the Scots anathematized the poor heretic in a style of that various eloquence, which the orator himself has compared to the braying of dogs round a lion of the wilderness. In this parson-hunt, the only doubtful point was as to the intensity with which our unfortunate tall preacher, undeniably the tallest since St. Christopher of ocean-wading memory, was to be run down. Dr. Forbes moved a resolution, the substance of which was, to tie up Presbyteries from allowing Mr. Irving to exercise his privilege of a Licentiate or Minister in any Church of Scotland till he avowed or denied these doctrines. Dr. Mac Farlane opposed the motion, on the ground that the Assembly ought not to pass sentence against that which was more like the raving of a maniac than a man of sound sense. Mr. Geddes, of Paisley, regretted that they should ever have ordained a man to insult and blaspheme the Saviour. The Dean of Faculty opposed the motion, as calculated only to advertise such nonsense into notice, which, if left to itself, would sink into insignificance and contempt. The motion, however, was eventually carried by a majority of 147 to 40.

The whole was a *brutum fulmen* after all. As much a failure as the "protocol of the five powers;" Mr. Collins's, of Sadler's Wells, imitation of Paganini; Lord Francis Gower's copy of Canning; Lord Burghersh's Opera, or Lord Normanby's theatricals. Irving laughs at their anathema, and well he may. It "prohibits him from preaching in any church or chapel within the jurisdiction of the Assembly." In other words, it prohibits a loud-voiced man, with a huge chapel in London, a rich congregation in London, and a thousand a-year in London, from going back to live on barley-cakes and beer; to walk the hill-side for five miles in a storm through his ragged and growling flock; to be snubbed by the elders, and taken to task for every text by the old women; to preach three sermons a-day, and perform the whole for three hundred a-year. *Ergo*. They may prohibit till doomsday; and the more they prohibit, the better for the whiskered heretic. They but sound the trumpet of fame to him; they advertize him; they propagate his name; they spice and cook his follies with the provocations of party spirit; they lift the blunderer into the martyr; beat the drum for his recruits, and give him a commission in the local militia of pious innovators. The man of whiskers would ask nothing better, he could imagine nothing half so good; and if Irving, having succeeded in bringing the breath of the Kirk Assembly to blow him out of their jurisdiction, knows how to use this singular act of luck, he is sure to make his fortune.

If our bile has ever been moved in our country walks, it is when we have seen the inscriptions in the country churchyards. Before us has been the luxuriance of the English landscape, the most perfectly beautiful, the most touching to the heart, the softest to the eye, the most tasteful, thought-creating, and spirit-solacing in the world. Above us was spread a summer sky, in its diversity of cloud and colour, in its various grandeur, and its rich repose, unequalled in any climate from the Equator to the Pole. Yet at our feet, in the spot, of all others, fitted for the creation of feelings, solemn, deep, and sacred, stares upon us some gross burlesque of feeling, common sense, and common English. Some—

"Tho' here you been,
I'm no more seen."

The sublime of some poetic cobbler, who is suffered, by the negligent clergyman, to desecrate the grave with his atrocious doggerel. Yet fulsome flattery is worse to our ears and eyes than bad verse; and what are we to think of the taste, or the sincerity, that produced the following tribute to that very slippery personage, the late Mr. Huskisson. The man's death was undoubtedly a frightful one, and the mode of it to be greatly regretted, on the mere ground of its being undergone by a human creature; but "full pride of talents"—"perfection of usefulness"—"illustrious statesman"—"most honoured representative," and such things, are extravagances, which should not be suffered to find their place in the funeral inscription of such a man. What! old, sly Huskisson! the hanger-on of every party which would employ him. Is the history of his share in the free-trade system, or his last scene with the Wellington cabinet forgotten? Let truth be told; and then let any man of common understanding ask, what grounds are there for national

grief over the tomb of this personage. We wish her ladyship Joan Canning, the clever, were applied to for notes on the panegyric:—

The Late Mr. Huskisson.—A tablet of white marble, bearing the following inscription, has been erected at Park-side, near Newton:—"This tablet, a tribute of personal respect and affection, has been placed here to mark the spot where, on the 15th of September, 1830, the day of the opening of this railroad, the Right Honble. William Huskisson, M. P. (*singled out by the decree of an inscrutable Providence, from the midst of the distinguished multitude that surrounded him*) in the full pride of his talents and the perfection of his usefulness, met with the accident that occasioned his death, which deprived England of an illustrious statesman, and Liverpool of its most honoured representative; which changed a moment of the noblest exultation and triumph that science and genius had ever achieved into one of desolation and mourning; and striking terror into the hearts of assembled thousands, brought home to every bosom the forgotten truth that—'in the midst of life we are in death.'"

MAXIMS BY A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN.

THERE are two ways of looking at anything remarkable in this remarkable world: if you look at it with the left eye, it is one thing; with the right, it is another; with both, it is itself or more than itself. An artist, looking even at an old post by the highway side, will perceive in it something picturesque—a plain man will see nothing more in it than a piece of wood, misshapen and rotten. You may look at things serious and turn them into humour; at things humorous, and they become grave: in fact, there are two sides of everything; but maximists generally have looked with their favourite eye only on the favourite side of things, an economy of their visual organs which I disdain to imitate; on the contrary, I shall use all the eyes I have by nature, and shall look as often at the reverse as the obverse of "things in general."

DULL MEN.—Blessings be on dull men—I do not mean the dull men who won't talk, but the dull men who will. They are sleep's physicians—her ministers, preaching peace and sound slumbers to all men. Take an example.—One of this good sort of persons sups with you at eleven, talks at you till one; you in the mean time compose yourself in your arm-chair, fit your elbows comfortably in the corners, cross your legs, mix your grog, light your cigar, and resign yourself, like a philosopher, to a late lecture. At two you have perhaps had occasion to say "Yes," thrice, "No sure?" twice or so; "Indeed!" about the same number of times; and this is all it has cost you for a soporific, which, made up of medical materials, would come to a crown, at least. From two till half-past two, he is himself somewhat silent: his whiffs and his words come forth like the companions of the ark, two and two; and you observe, without surprise, that he is run down. In a few minutes more, he looks at his watch, and remarks that "It is time to go"—that is, he perceives that you are supersaturated with sleep: you persuade the other glass; he refuses it; then you yawn your widest, beg his pardon, and bid him "Good night." He goes home, happy that he has been listened to with so much of deferential silence: you stumble up to your chamber, with such an entire resignation to the inevitable necessity of sleep, that pulling off your clothes seems an absurd delay; and you are off in a minute to the district of dreams, and rise, next day, with no headache,

and with a serenity of mind which is unknown to the lovers of clubs and such like noisy congregations of men. But for the senseless prejudices of mankind, such a man as I have described would be "taken" as willingly as we take spring physic, and courted, not cut; for a

"Blessing goes with him wheresoe'er he goes,"—

—the blessing of sleep.

CHILDREN.—If you are a father, prevent, if possible, your daughters from squinting or lisping, and your sons from growing up with *caret* knees—thus Δ —or legs like parentheses—thus $()$ —for these defects, if allowed to "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength," are sure to infatuate them with the stage as a profession. I have assisted, as the French say, at some few private plays, and never met with an amateur Romeo or Juliet but had one or other of these defects in high perfection, if not some one more impossible and provoking. As a general rule, keep your children's legs straight, and learn them to look right before them, and they may become useful members of society; reverse the rule, and you make them vagabonds.

WAITERS.—I always endeavour to be liberal with waiters, and "such small deer," and I reckon that I save ten pounds a year by so doing; for if you will not pay them, they will pay themselves. I get the freshest chops, the best cigars, and a civil good night, with the use of an umbrella when it rains, by this simple expedient: whereas I observe that your niggardly rewarders are always "to seek" for some one or more of these comforts of life. It is the way of the world, from the peer to the postboy: we serve those persons with most pleasure from whom we derive most profit.

AUTHORS.—Young authors are a very sore race, if you touch one of their faults, though with ever so tender a finger; I know not wherefore. If a man mount a pedestal to attract notice to himself, we should not wonder if, having a hole or two in his hose, he is told of them by the standers by.

Young authors are in general very gluttons of praise, and ostriches in the digestion of it: nothing sits uneasily on their stomachs but censure. They will bolt any given quantity of praise you can bring them—"the total grain unsifted—husks and all." But if you add a morsel or so of dry advice, or hint an amendment, phew! the entire gunpowder of their genius is fired o' the instant, and beware of the explosion. Yet indiscriminate praise is certainly the ruin of young ability. As there are some men so cynical, that they will tell you only of your errors, so there are others who will only flatter you for your merits, and conceal your faults. This is like praising the cut of your coat, and winking at the hole in the elbow.

SECRETS.—The easiest way of keeping a secret is, to forget it as soon as communicated. You may have a considerable reputation for confidence in this matter, thus easily acquired. The only secret worth knowing in this life is, how one man contrives to be better than another; all the rest is mere alchemy.

SELF-PRaise.—I never believe in the virtues of a man who makes an inventory of them, and boasts of the items, for three reasons: the first is, I can't.

TABLE PROFESSIONS.—I make it a rule not to do more than politely

listen to second-bottle professions of friendship and proffers of service "to the last shilling." It is true, I render myself liable to the suspicion of doubting that the light of a Will o' the Wisp is not so safe to steer by as that of Eddystone, and that a shooting star is not so sure a guide as a fixed one: but no matter: we are all, every Smith of us, heterodox in some article or other: bottle-friendships and bottle-professions are those in which I have not faith so large as a grain of mustard-seed. I leave them both to the house-maid, to be carried away with the corks when she clears the table, and to be let out at the window when she ventilates the room next day.

BIBULOUS ACQUAINTANCES.—Never proffer your services to see a stranger home who is *Bacchi plenus*; for after pulling your shoulders from their sockets, in efforts to support him, or rolling you in the mud when he chooses to refresh therein himself, it is ten to one but he charges you with picking his pocket of something he never held in fee in his life, or else abuses you for refusing to see him to his door, though it is five miles further out of your way, and you have convoyed him six. Above all, if he *looks married*, never see him quite home. I need not explain why.

COMPLAINTS OF LIFE.—Those who most complain of life are those who have made it disagreeable. Some men stuff their beds with the thorns of remorse, instead of the down of repose, and when they lie on them, they roar with the agony they have inflicted on themselves. As reasonably might the ass complain of the thistles which wound his mouth when he persists in chewing them. Those who most feel the load of life complain the least of it.

Our sourest disappointments are made out of our sweetest hopes, as the best vinegar is made from the best wine. It were happier if men would hope less, that they might be less disappointed; but who shall set the mark, and who would keep within it if it were set?

CONVERSATION.—In conversation, eschew that poor penny-farthing pedantry of suggesting etymologies, and being curious about the origin of this or that expression. Words are the current coin of conversation; take them as they are told down to you, and pay them away as they are demanded. It would be as rational for a man to be curious to know through what hands every shilling in his purse had passed, as whence this word is derived, and whence the other.

Avoid quotations, unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend —, the other day, looking at the skeleton of an ass which had been dug out of a sandpit, and admiring and wondering at the structure even of that despised animal, made a very mal-adroit use of one. "Ah!" said he, with the deepest humility, and a simplicity worthy of La Fontaine, "*we* are fearfully and wonderfully made."

In argument, you need not trouble yourself to contradict a positive man: let him alone, and he will very soon do it for himself.

Do not allow your friend, because he cannot convince you, and you have convinced him against his will, to compress your nostrils, or kick you out of his chambers, for if you once allow such liberties, there is no knowing what next he may offer at.

C. W.

THE CALENDAR OF KINGS.

THE changes in the various conditions of society have naturally been the old theme of moralists and divines. But if the world goes on as it has been going of late, all our maxims on the topic must be taken from the highest rank alone. In what family, in what village, in what other condition of life have there been so many reverses and changes as among the rulers of nations during the last year, whether from the throne to exile, or from the throne to the grave. Here is a list of one single twelvemonth's work of fortune and nature among the mightiest of the mighty :—

France	Charles X.	Deposed.
Algiers	Mahmoud	Turned out.
Rome	Pius VIII.	Dead.
Saxony	Anthony	Deposed.
Naples	Francis	Dead.
Belgium	William	Deposed.
Sardinia	Charles Felix	Dead.
Brunswick	Duke Charles	Deposed.
Greece	Capo D'Istrias	Resigned.
Brazils	Don Pedro I.	Abdicated.

To which we must add, with more regret, George the Fourth, by whose decease two crowns were vacated at once—England and Hanover.

In this list we have said nothing of Constantine the Beloved—"our eldest brother," whom the Poles hunted out of the land with so strong an inclination for catching him ; and whose moustaches are not yet safe from the rebel-razor. In fact, the moustache cause is going down rapidly in all quarters, and the time will soon come, when his Highness of Cumberland will be the only illustrious wearer of those wild-boarish ornaments in Europe. In the list we have also omitted the Illustrious of the East, where, however, a throne is too like a pillory, or the top step of the guillotine, to make us wonder at any thing, but that men with heads on their shoulders will take the trouble of mounting it ;—a sovereign a week being the average allowance among the turban-wearers beyond the Indus.

A correspondent from the land of the sun thus describes the employment of one of the monarchs ;—"His Majesty of *Lucknow* amuses his leisure hours with flying kites ; and, in order that no mistake may be made as to whose kite flies highest, or as to the fortunate wight who leaves his competitors behind him, his Majesty has fixed upon scarlet as the royal colour, and has issued a proclamation to his loving subjects, forbidding them the use of *scarlet kites* !" The Indian wits say, that his sport is of the most heroic description, and that European kings are, three-fourths of their time, doing nothing but flying *scarlet kites*, or raising the wind to fly them. The *Great Mogul*, whose lineaments grace the envelop to every pack of cards, has been fleeced both of power and dominions, and is a mere pensioner of our own government, subsisting upon the grant of a considerable annual stipend ; his authority is virtually confined to the control of his own domestic household, which is extensive, and, doubtless, sufficiently unmanageable. From him we hear at the utmost twice a year ; once, on the occasion of his paying

a splendid visit to the shrine of a saint, a few miles from Delhi; and again, when he receives a visit of ceremony from our friend the British resident. The once Lord of India is still better off, his Majesty having nothing in the wide world to do, but to eat, drink, and sleep, to live on a handsome pension, smoke his pipe, perfume his beard, flog his wives, and let the rest of the world go its own way.

One fool there is, to the scandal of the "magnificent," the heaven-born betel-chewers, the brothers of the sun and moon—the bustling king of the Seiks, whom the deluded biographer thus describes:—

"Runjeet Sing, the only royal personage under the sky who is a king, either in dignity or policy. He is one of those rare men, whose talents and energies have raised them from the condition of a petty chieftain to the exalted station of a sovereign over a wide and turbulent empire. Endued with vigour of mind and body, possessed of restless ambition, and actuated by unceasing activity, he has overcome all the neighbouring potentates one after another, and reduced them to the condition of humble tributaries; whilst dissensions and anarchy in the state of Caubul have enabled him to add a slice of that kingdom to his own. The primary object of his policy appears to be, to keep at peace with our government; and this out of a keen conviction of our skill, resources, and military prowess. Such, indeed, is his respect for the latter, that he has endeavoured to introduce our tactics and discipline amongst his own soldiery, and has enlisted a number of French officers into his service, who not only drill, but command his troops, especially on more distant and perilous expeditions."

The king of the Seiks, we foresee, will get his throat cut. How infinitely wiser he would have been in following the example of the king of the cards—the Great Mogul! He will be shot in some skirmish; or, if he escape that, be sent to the Houries in a cup of rice milk; or, if he refuse to drink, be smothered in the medicated smoke of his own hookah; or, if he be poison-proof, he will be strangled between two Mahomedans, or two pillows. And to this comes his life of galloping, sabreing, hungering, thirsting, brain-besieging, broken-heartedness, beheading, blood-dabbling, and wearing bullet-proof waistcoats! It is not worth the while.

Among the mortal memoranda of what we might call almost sovereigns, are the great generals of our day. Of all the leaders of the battle of Waterloo, but one survives: Napoleon, Blucher, Bulow, and Gneisenan are gone. Of the leaders of the allied armies, since the Moscow retreat, all are dead: Kutuzoff, Schwartzenburg, Wrede, the Emperor Alexander, Platoff, and a crowd of other thunderbolts of war. The last memorable death is that of Diebitsh, who, after rising to the height of military fame by his boldness, vigour, and ability in the conquest of Turkey, died, a month since, of the cholera, or rather of vexation at the overthrow of his plans for the subjugation of Poland. He was a man of great talent. But so perish the invader of an innocent and unhappy country!

FRENCH COOKERY.*

WE have seldom seen a good article on cookery ; and we confess that we undertake the task " with fear and trembling." Whether we shall " work out our salvation" or not, it must be the special province of the reader to judge. In order to write on the pleasures of the table, a man must be " a diner-out of the first magnitude ;" and *that* in itself is an acquisition of no mean moment : for be it understood that the dignity of dining-out is conferred only on much the fewer number of those that masticate.

Various, indeed, are the acquirements, and happy must be the temperament, of that man who is formed to be the idol of all good society. In order to be a receiver of dinner himself, it is needful that he should be a giver of dinners to others ; and this imparteth ease, comfort, and all the *accessoires* which rank, money, and an acquaintance with the best society, can confer and communicate. But, independently of these adventitious aids of fortune, he who wishes to be a choice " Amphytrion," must be most bounteously endowed, both by art and nature. From art he may teach the theory and practice of procuring and serving a good dinner ; but he must " snatch a grace beyond the reach of art," and comport himself with ease, affability, and good-breeding.

To the science of a Beauvilliers, he must add the graces of a Grève, the wit of a Sheridan, and the careless but playful levity of a Hamilton or a Killigrew. Nor is this enough. With the gay he must be thoughtless, and with the grave severe. To the one he must needs urge, with all the weight and gravity of argument, the pleasures and advantages of a "*piece de resistance* ;" while to the other he is bound to enumerate the more ephemeral and *spirituel* beauties of a *vol au vent*, or a *paté de Grèves*.

In the canons of cookery, " one false step" (like the first error of woman) " entirely damns" one's " fame ;" and he who takes salt with his soup, eats with his knife, or " discusses" the leg of a woodcock, must thereafter be prepared to be excluded from all civilized society, in consequence of such capital atrocities against the *code gourmand* " in that case made and provided."

Hence the difficulties and dangers with which critics in cookery are beset. It is no easy matter, as our publisher knows, to get " gentlemen at ease" into harness ; and it is still more difficult to enlist those "*soldats du table*," who seldom or ever become "*soldats de plume*"—commonly called story-tellers, sometimes led-captains, gentlemen *en-tout*, and anon jack-puddings.

Of a truth, your fellows who " set the table in a roar" are a most lazy tribe. They live no doubt on the " fat of the land," and, like Savage, they think they are not born for the ignoble purpose of ministering to their own necessities. Write they will not, because it is a labour—to beg they are ashamed ; but they are resolved at all hazards to eat and drink.

Of what purpose to society, however, are their feastings and junket-

* Code Gourmand ; Paris, 1828 and 1829.—Physiologie du Goût ; Paris, 1829 and 1830.—Cusinière Royale ; Paris, 1829.—Cuisine Bourgeoise ; Paris, 1809 ; and 24th edition, 1830.

tings, unless they "unfold the tale" with which practice has made them perfect, and disclose those secrets of the dinner-table whose mental taste is accompanied by present pleasure, though it may be too frequently followed by pain.

The reader will possibly conclude, from these observations, that there are but two sets of persons qualified to be critics in cookery—namely, those who give dinners, and those who partake of them; but of the two, the latter are by far the most useless members of society.

He who gives dinners is a benefactor of his race. He is the friend of the butcher, the baker, the wine-merchant, and the green-grocer. The productive powers of mankind are tributary to him; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are ransacked to grace his board. Seldom, however, does the host become the historian of his own exploits, unless in the "Morning Post;" and then the tale is told in half-a-dozen lines, full of "sound," it is true, but "signifying nothing." It is merely stated that Mr. Such-a-one, or Lord So-and-so, gave a grand dinner to half-a-dozen persons of distinction—that it consisted of all the delicacies of the season—but what these delicacies were, and in what order they were served, the record is altogether silent. Often, indeed, in England does the butler, or the steward, or the groom of the chamber, become the chronicler of the feast in some of the "broad sheets" with which the metropolis abounds; but he giveth but a "brief abstract" of the fare on which his betters fatten; and should *Ude* himself take pen in hand, it is not to be expected that he shall make the uninitiated as wise and all-learned as his savoury self.

The *desideratum*, then, is, that some of those who have a thirty-conversation power—whose wit sparkles with the champagne—and whose conversation is as creamy and as current as the best *Mousseux d' Ai*—the *desideratum* is, that some of these persons should put pen to paper. But, alas! with this tribe the great business of the morning is preparing for the dinner of the day. Besides, the gems of the table are as "rare" as they are "rich;" for, in the course of our lives, we have met but with four such men.

Alas! poor Tom Aikin! with all the gay vivacity of George Selwyn—with all the point and polish of Tickell—with much of the wit of Sheridan, and all his ready change of small-talk, why is it that you have retired from your thousand-and-one feasts, without letting forth freely that accumulative current of cookery, which, like the Prepontic, might flow on, and on, "nor feel retiring ebb?" In *thy* silence, what a loss has society sustained! *Thy* lessons might have been directed to all ages and to all nations; for cookery is alike essential to republics and monarchies, to democracies and oligarchies. Cosmopolite she is by nature; and whether she exercise her powers at Persia or at Paris, she is worshipped by an always grateful and sometimes a wondering world.

Yet we are not sure that the rich fruit of thy experience would not require codification and arrangement. To doubt thy knowledge were worse than heresy, but men sometimes become "fat-witted with drinking of old sack;" and if this be sin, all we say is, with good Sir John, "Heaven help the wicked." But a truce with both episode and apostrophe!

To cookery, be it said, arrangement is as necessary as to any other of the sciences. We have in our almanacks—in which, by the by, we are

glad to notice recent improvements—kalendars of the stars and of the seasons, but there is not a gastronomic kalendar of the edible productions of our “sea-girt” isle among them all. “They order these matters better in France;” and in that land, according to the words of the song:—

“Vaut mieux être ici bas,
Gastronome,
Qu’astronome.”

It will doubtless be concluded, from all that we have been saying, that we deem the subject of cookery a most scientific and difficult one; it is even so; and we are more induced to take it up from the failures of others than from any certainty of succeeding ourselves. Two requisites we have, however, for the self-imposed task, which are by no means unimportant. In the first place, we love good cheer most heartily; and, secondly, it has been our good fortune often to have enjoyed it in establishments not to be despised, not only in France and in England, but in most European capitals. Nor have we been so sensual as to have been insensible to all, save the mere animal enjoyment. On the contrary, we have sought in dining the theory of dinner-giving, and all that pertains to those pleasures of the palate, which may be enjoyed without fatigue, and repeated often, not only to the exhilaration of the system, but to the prolongation of existence. In order to the giving of a dinner, it is necessary that the Amphytrion should be cognizant of the fishes, meat, poultry, game, and vegetables, which are in season during each month, and on this head the *Code Gourmand* is full and instructive.

January (says the editor) is perhaps one of the most favourable junctures in the year for repasts. In Paris, during this month, beef, veal, mutton, wild-boar, roebuck, hare, grey partridge, woodcock, snipe, red partridge (*bartavelle*), and black game, are in the greatest abundance; and in the vegetable market you find cauliflowers, rich and succulent celery, and the truffle in all its meridian glory. In February, as in January, the beef is fat and tender, the veal pure and white, and the mutton (*le véritable près salé*) full of rich moisture. Though game is not so plenty as in January, yet the scarcity is atoned for in an abundance of poultry. March is the month, both in Paris and London, when fish is best, and most abundant; and when the oyster comes into season. April is only distinguished by its vegetable products, but the young peas and fresh asparagus repair the miseries of thirty days of sterility. May is distinguished, or rather degraded, by that worst of fish, mackerel, and the insipid pigeon; while June may boast of that best of young birds, a young turkey, French beans, cucumbers, Brussels sprouts, &c. Among river fish—always inferior to that of the sea—we may eat, in June, carp, trout, and perch.

In the French capital, during the month of July, the veal of *Pentouise* is most in use; quail also is common. To give a good dinner in this month requires the most elaborate invention; and success in this regard would obtain the host a higher reputation than that of a *Louvois*, a *Colbert*, or a *Condorcet*. August is the season of young hares, rabbits, and sucking pigs.

In the month of September game begins again to appear, but the birds have not acquired that degree of succulence which, a little later, makes their perfume preferable to that of the rose. In September

chestnuts form a culinary resource ; and also those willing artichokes, which, in lending themselves to the caprices of the *artiste*, now sport it, as a *hors-d'œuvre* ; now shine, as an *entremet* ; and sometimes (perhaps too often) run a race of glory even with an *entrée* itself.

In October culinary prospects begin to brighten. The sea, in recovering from the lassitude occasioned by the heat of summer, flings on its surface the shame-faced and modest whiting, whose *début* is crowned with an honourable and encouraging success. Beef, too, begins to acquire a respectable and continued rotundity ; and mutton and veal obtain that conscientious appreciation, which, when good, they unquestionably deserve.

In November, fresh herrings first make their appearance ; but it grieveth us to think they are not held in just appreciation by the great and little vulgar. Endowed with the most edifying modesty, the herring does not glorify himself ; but, like the violet, he hides his head, and is only betrayed by his perfume. In this month turkeys arrive at "men's estate," and may be, therefore, eaten "at discretion."

In December, butchers' meat, game, poultry, and vegetables, are all excellent. The golden plover and the lapwing again appear, "*pleins de suc et de saveur*." Thus is Christmas ushered in with circumstances the most favourable—"aux plaisirs de la bonne chère."

Thus have we gone the round of the whole year, and pointed out the products of the months of which it is composed. The most important task, however, yet remains to us. We have spoken merely of the "raw material" of "edibles ;" but we have said little or nothing regarding them in the "manufactured" state. It first behoves us, however, to define what a dinner is. A dinner, then, is composed of four courses, or, as a Frenchman would say, "*de quatre services*." The first course ought to present a solid and obstinate resistance ; because it is supposed to be assailed by hungering jaws and a virgin appetite. This course consists of *relevés* and *entrées*. The roasts are escorted by salads, as a kind of household troop ; and some complimentary vegetables give us their presence as a kind of honorary body-guard to the second service. The *entremets*, which grace the third course, appear with an aerial agility, attaining the eminence of the *salle à manger*, as it were, in a bound, range themselves round some grave and imposing dish, with a courteous acquiescence, and a deep sense of profound veneration. After this comes the dessert, "to greet the eyes and glad the heart" of jessamy men and languishing women. It should be observed, however, that the "*hors-d'œuvre*" remain on the table till the third course. They are the culinary stone on which the appetite is whetted. Nor must the attendants forget, that at each act of the nutritive drama, the table, like the stage, should be entirely denuded ; but the pause, as Hamlet says, should be "exceeding brief." The servants retire after the *entremets*. At the dessert, each guest serves himself according to his taste ; and those whose views extend beyond their reach, pray their neighbours to lend a helping hand.

This is the definition, and these are the maxims in whose spirit it should be demolished. It is needful, however, that we should speak of the manner in which the *matériel* should be dressed, and served—that we should say what soups are most sanative—what *rotis* the most renowned, and what *salmis* the most seductive ; but previously a grave question arises—should oysters be eaten before soup ? The

customs of St. Petersburg, Vienna, and Paris speak in favour of this practice ; but our own opinion is, that when one is *really* sure of a good dinner, the eating of oysters is a fraud on the appetite. At all events these light troops should only be allowed to skirmish in the stomach in small numbers, and their impetuosity should be restrained by a *quantum sufficit* of *vin de Grave Montrachet* or *vin de Pouilly*—or better still by a glass of dry Madeira, Johannisberg or Hockheimer. As to the *Chablis*—which is drank in France with oysters, for our own parts we have always thought it a petty-larceny liquor.

To soup let all honour and glory be due. It is liquid meat ; and if good of its kind would create a soul under the ribs of death. Of soups, according to the best authorities (including *Bouillons*, *Purées*, and *Potages*) there are 127 in the *Cuisine Française*. Of these, however, the best are as follows : *Puré des Carottes au Ris*, *une bisque d'ecrivisses*, *une potage à la reine*, *une julienne*, *aux pointes d'asperges*, and *un consommé de volaille*. Mock-turtle, ox-tail, and hare soup one can have in France, but, with the exception of the latter, they are rarely suitable to our English taste.

It has long been a question with us, whether the French or English soups claim the pre-eminence ; and even as yet we are unable to come to a decision ; but there can be no doubt that the French must bear away the palm on the score of variety, if they do not obtain it on that of excellence. Though it must be admitted that a good ox-tail is a strong, full bodied, mellow soup, yet it will also be conceded that it is often in England too highly seasoned, and fitted only for the palates of those whose lives have been gently *soddened* under a tropical sun. A mock-turtle soup, when well made, is better, to our taste at least, than a real turtle—and this is a dish which is rarely, if ever seen, in a genuine French house. Mock-turtle may, however, be obtained at Paris, at Mountain's, an English pastrycook in the *Rue Mont Tabor* ; and also at Ibbotson's, a Scotchman's in the *Rue Castiglione*. Hare soup is a dish worthy Diana herself. We have eaten it in a rough and home-spun state in Scotland, and found it marvellously recruiting : but we have never found it palmy and perfect except at Paris. There only have we discovered the alembicated essence of hares, who had the good fortune to be took on the sunny banks of *Valromey*, or the heights and fastnesses of *Dauphiné* ; of hares who, even when grated in the pipkin, gently simmered forth, for “even in our ashes live our wanted fires,” the satisfaction which they felt at the noble uses to which they were turned. When, however, we have enumerated the three last-named soups as the products of England, we fear that our “occupation” is wholly “gone.” True, one hears of gravy soup and mutton broth, but these are in general so execrably bad, unless at the first private houses, that they may be very fitly, and not at all too severely, denominated hog's-wash. There is another soup (pea), which we hope may last as long as the wooden walls of Old England ; but that is only to be had good on ship-board, and we would almost undergo a tossing in the Bay of Biscay, to obtain such a plate of it as we have had the honour of eating off Douglas, Isle of Man, on board his majesty's yacht the *Royal Charlotte*.

The soups of France, though not so strong and seasoned, or spicy as those of England, are infinitely more various, light and succulent ; if we except an English white soup made by a first-rate *artiste*. The French *bouillon*, too, is generally better, and contains the very soul and

quintessence of the meat in which the *casseroles* has carefully and cautiously performed its duty. All the vegetable kingdom, moreover, is put into play; and turnips, carrots, celery, asparagus, onions, cloves, tomata, cucumbers, lentils, chicorée, chestnuts, and (save the mark!) cabbage, gently meander through and mix with the soups, into which the taste or the caprice of the *chef* shall fling them.

Among the best, if not the best of French soups, we reckon the *purée des carottes au ris*—so rich, so red, and so racy. How gently does the carrot appear to have insinuated itself into the *bouillon*, “incarnadining,” the multitudinous broth, and making the brown “one red”—orient as the first tint of “russet-clad morn,” or as the first glow of the gently expanding rose. Ever dear and honoured *Laiter*, it was at thy *restaurant*, at the corner of the *Rue Castiglione*, that we last indulged ourselves, even to a gentle satiety, (which cheered but did not pall) in a carrot soup. Here is a *soupe à la reine* not at all to be despised, resembling our white soup in colour, and in a great proportion of the materials it may fairly rival it, if made by a good cook. To those who rejoice in *croûtes*, we may remark that they are always better managed in France than in England, and that they never in the former country give to the soup, in technical phrase, a colour “*trop ombré*.” A *purée de gibier* is fit for the “private eating” of any lad among them all; but in order to make it as it should be made, you must put down three pounds of sliced lean beef, four partridges, two pounds of veal, two pounds of sliced ham, a pheasant or two, carrots, onions, four heads of celery, three cloves and a small nosegay of fennel. With such materials, it must be your own fault if you have not a good soup.

In the matter of fish and in the preparing of it, as well as the dressing, the French are inferior to the Dutch and English. Much, but not all of this, is owing to our proximity to the sea; to the number of our sea-ports; to the fearlessness of our fishermen; and to the rapidity with which we convey the fish to market. Some of it also is due to our cleanliness, and to the art of crimping, which we owe to Holland. All the larger fish, be it observed, are best when simply boiled. This holds good of turbot, salmon, haddock, plaice, and John Dory. In dressing these one has only to follow nature; no scope whatever is given to the fancy or imagination of the cook. Hence the success of the English and the Dutch. The way is plain and straightforward, and lo! they walk in it *à merveille*. Not so, however, with frying: this requires taste and judgment, and accordingly, though the fish be on all hands admitted to be inferior to the English, you eat your whiting and your sole with more satisfaction at Paris, than you do in London. And wherefore? Because your sole *frite* is more crust, and crisp, and curdy; more mellow, tender, and full of juice. In truth, it appears ripe, and wears the light brown, autumnal tint of dropping fruit:—

—“the embrowning of the fruit (*read fish*), which tells”
How rich, within, the soul (*read sole*) of sweetness dwells.”

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words, but to the tune of shrimps, and a plague of such sauce say we. In this our land, the custom is different. As the "sound should be an echo to the sense," so should the sauce be worthy of the fish, and accordingly, instead of a "withered apple John" sort of sauce, such as shrimps are, we have the rich and unctuous lobster variegated with a vein of coral.

Haddock we have never eaten good in Paris: neither have we found it in London comparable to that which we have had in Ireland and Scotland. The sauce for boiled haddock, according to us, is parsley and butter; and we make the avowal even at the risk of being deemed vulgar. The *Rocher luncale* is certainly the best sauce for fish at Paris, but all its fish is inferior to (excepting the fried), and dearer than that of London. The larder, however, is excellent, and the wines choice and of a rich bouquet. It is "not for nothing," however, that we drive down towards the *Rue Montmartre*, and when the reckoning is paid, it is indeed a "swingeing sum."

On the subject of fish, then, let us admit that in the quality and in the boiling of it, as well as in the adjunct of sauce, the English are immeasurably superior to the French.

We come now to the *Entrées*, and here the call is reversed; for the French are immeasurably superior to the English in all the nic-nacs of life. At an ordinary dinner in France, they give you sixteen entrées; in which are comprised a great variety of *petits patés*, and in which you often find that exquisite dish the *fricassée de poulet à la belle vue*; the *filets de volaille aux truffes*, and the *filets de faisans à license*. Nothing in this nether world can be better than the *filets de volailles aux truffes*. This precious turbercle, whose unctuous perfume enriches the "lean earth" in whose bosom it is found (and with which the font becomes saturated), warms the stomach, gives tone to the wearied appetite, and facilitates digestion. The mind itself feels its inspiriting influence. To the pig—which, Cobbett says, has a "nose as keen as a parson"—are we indebted for this pearl above all price in the culinary art. Columbus himself must give place to the *Cochon*—for what was the discovery of America, in comparison to the discovery of the truffle? For one single truffle any king of taste would lose America, and be content to lose it. Notwithstanding all that has been said in praise of the pig, he is a selfish and sensual animal, and a *gourmand* of the first magnitude. It is for himself he scents this pink of *perigord*, and not for mankind. As civilization extends, however, humanity gains the "vantage ground," and now we employ truffle hounds, who on the umbrageous banks of limpid rivers, or in the sweet seclusion of woods, through which brooks murmuringly meander—snatch the odorous esculent, all sacred to the genius of a spot diversified by the presence of the towering oak—the ever-moving aspen—the sentimental weeping-willow—the white virgin birch, and the tall, stately, and sombre poplar.

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In London, some years ago, there was a man who went about in his carriage, dressing salads, for which the charge was half-a-guinea: but all the world can dress sallad in France, and the species are more various,

and better dressed too, than in England. You have a green salad—a sallad of cucumber—a sallad of beet-root with celery, and a *salade de chicorée*. All these are *mollified* under the hands of an ingenious and judicious artist by the force of one sage maxim—*Il faut avoir la salade bien fatigué*. What a word is *fatigué*! How perfectly pure, idiomatic, and untranslatable! How difficult to pay such a “coinage of the brain” in hard specie!

Vegetables come in under the head, *entremets*; and here, too, French superiority is great. The *choux-fleurs au jus* and the *culs d'artichaux à l'allemande*, are significantly tender and nutritive; but it is in spinach that French science more broadly glares out. The management of spinach is, indeed, a primary test of a scientific *artiste*, and under the hands of so dear and valued a person, we could dine on spinach any day for a month to come. Of the dessert we shall say nothing, but in the *compottes* and *bons-bons*, the Gauls beat us hollow.

Among the vegetables we had well nigh forgotten mushrooms—the delightful *champignons au sauce blanche*, which Nero called the flesh of the gods. How smooth and easily do they glide “*in tartareo specu!*” their transit is soft and velvety to the palate, and the sensation may be compared to treading on a bed of odorous flowers.

But we have detained the reader too long from the works under review.

The first of these, the *Physiologie du Goût*, is the production of Brillat Savarin, and had at Paris a remarkable success. The style is often quaint and humorous; and now and again full of learned conceits. It is a *mesne* between the manner of our Sterne and Montaigne.

It is, however, more a theoretical than a practical work. It treats of the senses, of taste, of appetite, of the nutritive qualities of viands, and their chemical effects; of sleep, of diet, &c. Interspersed are various elucidatory anecdotes, and separate chapters are accorded to fish, game, truffles, wines, coffee, chocolate, &c. In such a work of course there must be a deal of surplusage, but we have found in it much that is new: and which might be profitably introduced into our cookery books, whose barbarous simplicity—for instance, “Take a hare,” “take a leg of mutton,”—is still persevered in, to the shame of well instructed natives, and to the wonder of all foreigners.

The *Code Gourmand* is a *vif* and pleasant little work, and may be pronounced perfect in its kind. It treats of every thing concerning the “*Re cebaria*,” and of many other things to boot. We have a chapter on invitations, on the manner of serving, on the guests, on toasts, on table songs (*des Chansons de Table*), on awkwardness, on story tellers, &c., on the manner of behaving to the persons next you, &c., and there are three long chapters on breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Le Cuisinier Royale, is a most useful and practical work, adapted to all ranks. It contains 1,100 receipts, all excellent in their way, and prefixed are nine plates, with designs, to facilitate to the tyro the serving of a dinner of from twelve to sixty *couverts*. *Le Cuisinier Royale* is a work which should be in every family.

There remains but *La Cuisinière de la Campagne et de la Ville*, which should be the manual of good managers. This work contains the practice of carving, simplified by excellent plates. In it may also be found directions for arranging and building a cellar, and rules for

distinguishing those swindling *pseudo* mushrooms from the glorious vegetable whose name they assume unlawfully, and without licence of the herald's college of cookery—from the genuine *champignon*, our first love in youth and our comfort in old age.

We have now gone through the four works, whose titles are appended to this article. There are many others of a similar kind as excellent in their way, which, at present, we have not leisure to notice. France has always been prolific in such works, while England, on the contrary, can boast of few. This may be one reason of the superiority of the French *cuisine*, for superior it certainly is. Another reason is, that the French are a nation of diners-out, while we call ourselves a fire-side people, and, as such, only excel in plain roasts or boils. Frenchmen and French women of rank, at Paris, will not scruple to enter the *Café de Paris* or *Laiter's*, while a gentleman in England scarcely ever comes within the walls of a tavern. Hence your British rump steaks, veal cutlets, pork chops, stewed steaks, and other barbarisms, congenial alike to cossack and cockney taste. We are free to admit that among the nobility and gentry in England—among the classes who can afford to give from £100. to £500. a-year to a cook, we meet with all that is “brightest and best” in cookery; and that *sometimes* a decent dinner may be had at *some* clubs; but for the man who wishes for every-day enjoyment—for the rational and tasteful eater, without an over-grown fortune—and who has unfortunately for himself learned the art to live well, and “cleanly”—for such a man, without a perfect establishment, and for all such reasoning and right royal animals—Paris is the place to have your “local habitation”—and *Laiter's*, *Very's*, or the *Café de Paris*, the houses to dine.

We had intended to say somewhat on French wines, but the consideration of that important subject must be reserved for a separate article.

MIRANDA D'ARAGON; A TALE OF THE INQUISITION.

“COME, some more wine,” said Miranda. “Let us drink to-night—to-morrow we may sleep the long sleep.”

“Let us rather to rest,” said Henrico St. Lorent, “and gather strength for to-morrow's work. Have you no accounts to settle with conscience, Miranda?”

“Accounts?—yes; and that is precisely the reason why I would drink and forget.”

'Twas the eve of the battle of Blenheim: the mind of Miranda was overwhelmed by an extraordinary incident. For some days previous, a gipsy woman had pitched her tent amongst the troops, and, in her double capacity of suttler and fortune-teller, had conveyed something to Miranda's ear which depressed him more than the circumstance of an approaching battle was in itself likely to do. A friendship had been cultivated between Miranda and St. Lorent of no ordinary growth. The former, therefore, after some hesitation, consented to unburthen his mind to his comrade.

“I am not your countryman, St. Lorent, nor has my name always been Miranda d'Aragon. I am by birth a Spaniard. I will say little of my wild, passionate youth, but come at once to the subject on which I would unburthen my heart, and claim of your friendship the last

request I have to make. To fulfil a mother's wishes, I was about to adopt a monastic life, when I accidentally became acquainted with a young lady, who was also to take the veil. The similarity of our fate, the repugnance we both felt at our destined mode of life, drew our hearts together by ties to which persecution but gave strength. By the assistance of a female companion, who beheld with sacred sympathy her mistress's affection, I contrived to effect her escape, though the poor and faithful girl was left behind. We fled to a solitary valley in the mountains of the Lower Pyrenees. I had carefully guarded against any trace of discovery, and heard nothing of pursuit. We lived in this retreat in a happiness known only to those who love, to the forgetfulness of an exterior world.

"But my restless mind was not to be satisfied for ever in seclusion. By degrees I ventured from our asylum to partake of the pleasures of the chase. My imprudence shewed my pursuers the way to our abode. I was watched and discovered. Returning one day across the mountains, I looked down from the heights, and beheld with horror our little hut surrounded by soldiers. Isabella was carried off by an escort of troops, whilst others guarded the passes of the valley to secure me. My courage failed. The knowledge of the punishment that awaited the crime of having carried off a novice from a convent, rendered it impossible for me to advance. Like a recreant I fled, leaving my poor Isabella to her fate. I proceeded to a frontier town of France, where I met a recruiting party, and enlisted as a common soldier. My knowledge of the French language, and numerous acquirements, gained me favour and distinction. I was rapidly promoted; and, after ten years' service, obtained the rank of captain; and should have, perhaps, continued to advance, had not an extraordinary circumstance happened, which overthrew my schemes of ambition, by holding out to me again the phantasm of love—a feeling to which my heart still clung.

"In a skirmish with a squadron of the enemy, I was dangerously wounded, and left behind at an obscure village till I recovered. As I lay helpless in inexpressible torments on my bed, I prayed Heaven to give me relief, or instant death. A gipsy woman, named Zagurina—the lame hag who sells provisions in our camp—inhabited a shed of the house in which I lived. She had with her a remarkably fine, half-grown girl, who to me appeared an angel. She seemed to attach herself to me, and I felt such an interest in her, that her presence alone contributed to my convalescence. An indescribable sensation of delight took possession of my soul whenever she was near me. The old woman appeared to regard my attachment towards my young nurse with pleasure, though she always kept at a distance herself. Scarcely, however, was I restored to health, when she came one morning into my room, and said she was obliged to take her leave of me! I heard these words with grief and dismay; for I could no longer live without the child, and, intreating her to leave her with me, I threw down a purse of gold.

"'No, Sir,' said she, looking kindly at me, 'I do not sell my child; but, on condition you will behave to her like a father, she may remain with you. In the course of time, I will return to claim her.'

"Ashamed of my offer, I put away my gold; gladly promised every thing that the old woman required, who then left us. At first, the girl was in great distress at finding herself thus forsaken by her mother; but my caresses tranquillized her, and she became glad of my affection. She

filled up the dreadful chasm in my heart, left by Isabella, whom I sometimes thought of with the utmost anguish. I had no other idea than that of always keeping the girl with me, and contemplated with trembling the moment of the gipsy's return. This made me form the resolution to make her irrevocably mine, and to hide her from the world till a fit period should arrive. In a retired spot I have brought her up, where the heart I have moulded is now being cultivated, and in which I yet hope to find that peace and happiness which is the principal object of my life."

"And yet you have a second time left all that is dear to you," said Henrico, "to follow the tumults of a noisy camp!"

"The love of glory, I confess, has again roused my dormant passion for a soldier's life. I cannot lose the opportunity of acquiring fame. She whom I adore will not regret to see me return covered with honours. I will then make her mine for ever, and to peace and tranquillity consecrate the remainder of my days. Could I but destroy the recollection of the past, my happiness would be without alloy; but the gipsy who infests our camp has got possession of a secret of mine. She comes from Spain to be a spy upon my actions, and she will cause my ruin; but the spectre shall be driven away before my nuptials."

Henrico promised to see the gipsy, and to endeavour to make her give an account of herself.

"Good," said Miranda, "but to my purpose, and I shall go into battle with a lighter heart. You are rich and independent, and will most likely, when the war is over, retire from the service; promise me then, by the friendship you bear me, at the conclusion of the campaign, to endeavour to find out Isabella, and to make my peace with her. I can never return to Spain more!—promise me this, and you will restore peace to my mind. Take this ring the gipsy gave me—it was once Isabella's; wear it on your finger, 'twill remind you of your promise. And now touch cups, comrade; here's to a happy meeting after the victory!"

Henrico slowly placed Isabella's ring on his finger. At this moment the gipsy peeped through the curtains of the tent.

"Welcome! hag," cried Miranda, "you come in right time!" The tent was quickly opened, and the gipsy dragged in.

"Now," cried Miranda, "I will penetrate the inmost recesses of your heart, or tear your secret from your bosom!"

"That would help you little," replied the old woman, "but what do you wish to know from me?"

"Where got you the ring you slipped on my finger yesterday, and wherefore pronounced ye a certain name so earnestly?"

"Sir!" replied she, "I stole neither; they were, however, lost, and I think that I have brought both jewels back to the right master."

"I want not your presents," said Miranda, "but do not drive me to extremities; tell me who you are, and what you know of me?"

"We will exchange inquiries," said Zagurina, "confess to me, and I will then answer you. What have you done with my daughter?"

"Juggler, she is nothing more to you,—she is mine! nor shall you ever initiate her into your scandalous profession!"

"That is no business of yours," said the old woman, "I earnestly request you will deliver to me my daughter.—I, her mother, reclaim her from you."

Miranda laughed with bitterness. "No! we will not push matters so far; the girl is mine, and no power on earth shall take her from me!"

"Give her to me!" said the gipsy, "and I will permit you once more to contemplate this eye," drawing a morocco case from her bosom, and presenting it to him open.

Miranda snatched the picture from her hand, stared wildly at it, and the name of Isabella escaped his lips; but he threw the miniature from him with horror, and seizing Zagurina, he exclaimed, "Confess, sorceress, where didst thou learn my fatal history?"

"Sir, you are mortal," said she, with great earnestness, "your lips may to-morrow be closed by the seal of death, I therefore here first require of you intelligence of my child; if you refuse it, I will go hence and seek other interference. The whole camp shall know who the fugitive Miranda d' Aragon is."

"No! I will free myself from your clutches!" Upon this, Miranda drew his sword, and in his rage would have pierced the gipsy to the heart, had not his arm been withheld by Henrico.

At this moment an orderly entered the tent to summon all the officers to head quarters, to receive their final instructions for the battle. Zagurina recovered herself, and said to Henrico, "I thank you, Sir; he would not have killed me! He only thinks I wish to deprive him of my daughter, but he does not deserve the child, and is a stranger either to love or fidelity. I have, besides, a sacred right to inquire what is become of her. You are the friend of this arrogant, haughty man; I entreat you to procure me news of my child; the peace of many hearts depends upon it, and I do fear a something dreadful to think of!"

Henrico was somewhat revolted at the violent conduct of Miranda, but the orders to assemble at head quarters caused the party to separate.

The battle commenced on the following morning, along the whole line. It proved a most destructive day; victory deserted the French banner, and many a gallant Frenchman's breast was trodden on by the mettlesome hoof of the war-horse. As Henrico rode hastily across the field, he observed at a distance a woman kneeling beside a wounded man, and recognised him to be his friend Miranda bathed in blood: near him was the gipsy tearing her hair. On discovering Henrico, she stretched out her hands and called to him, imploring his assistance, but he durst not remain—he was obliged to push forward, and was denied the satisfaction of closing the eyes of his dying friend.

The obstinacy of the battle had cost the French many lives, the army required recruiting; officers were consequently despatched into the interior of France to procure recruits. Henrico was amongst the number. In this pursuit he entered a small town, situated on a chain of wooded mountains near Bagneres. Here a fine young man he had enlisted made his escape. He employed every means to discover the deserter, and went himself, with a party of his men, into the mountains in search of him. Every spot, every ravine, every hut was examined, and on perceiving a neat little cottage in a distant valley, he proceeded towards it with the same intention. Two females dressed in mourning sat under the shade of a large chestnut tree before the door; they appeared much perplexed as Henrico approached, and whilst the elder seemed to be remonstrating with the younger, the latter advanced to the officer and asked him with an air of inquietude what his wishes were?

"Do not be uneasy, young lady," said Henrico, "we will not be very troublesome to you, our visit is but short; we are only in quest of a deserter, and must beg permission to search your house."

"That is what I suspected," said the young lady, "and precisely on that account I wish to speak a few words to you alone!—I will spare you the trouble of search," said she, tremblingly, "and frankly confess to you the young man is concealed in this house, but you will not easily discover his place of concealment!"

Henrico misunderstood the girl, and answered quickly, "he did not wish to withhold the reward"——

The young girl looked at him earnestly, her cheeks reddened with a deep blush; then, after a pause, she continued, "I hold you to your word, and though you have misunderstood me, I require a high price."

"Well, and what is it?"

"The freedom of the youth!"

"Oh!" said Henrico smiling, "that is going too far, my lovely girl! Your lover must come forth, otherwise I shall begin the search, and may probably in the end carry off his sweetheart too!"

The girl stepped proudly back, and said, with warmth, "I have no connection with the fugitive; if I have built too rashly on your generosity, 'tis owing to what he related of your humanity."

"That is well! but in this affair, I may not act according to the dictates of my heart, but for the good of my country!"

"Good," said the girl; "if you have that in view, I will soon convince you that the country is as much in want of good citizens as of good soldiers!" She then related how the young man had brought upon himself the hatred of one of the magistrates whose oppression he had endeavoured to resist: how he and his family had, in consequence, been reduced to poverty: how two brothers had been already sent to the army, and he, the last and only support of his aged parents, just on the point of presenting them a daughter-in-law, was almost torn from the altar to be given up as a recruit, merely to gratify the spirit of revenge. She described with tears in her eyes the wretchedness of the parents, and the forsaken bride; and concluded with the assurance that had he not accidentally come to the cottage, she would have sought him, to implore the freedom of the youth.

Henrico listened with attention, then walked hastily up and down. "You may be in the right, dear girl, at last," said he, "but the man has been publicly delivered to me, and I cannot be privy to his escape."

"I know how to manage that also," said the girl; "suppose he could find two substitutes; he has assured me he knows many who would willingly be soldiers if they could get a good bounty."

"Yes, if he can substitute two fine young men for himself I will discharge him. But, as he is poor, how will he procure the bounty?—I suppose from his lovely mediator!"

"No," said the girl, and her eyes filled with tears, "I cannot help him! I am even poorer than he, yet I once conceived the idea that he might procure it from *you*."

"From me?" cried Henrico, astonished. "The money I have with me belongs to the king, I cannot dispose of it according to my own fancy."

"It was not on that fund I depended!" she timidly replied; "I was

told you were rich and benevolent ; to those who have heart and means, I think we may apply with confidence."

Henrico looked at her, surprised, and asked with earnestness ; " Who will guarantee, should I give the money, that the man will not run off with it, and then laugh at me ? "

" I ! " answered the girl ; " I have confided in you, do I require too much that you should confide in me ? Agree ! " said she, holding out her beautiful hand.

Henrico took it in token of consent, looked long with emotion at her dark eyes, and said, " I trust in you ! Here is my purse, give it the young man, and conduct him to me—but I will not hear a word from him about it."

Henrico took leave, and begged to be allowed permission to revisit the tranquil abode of this lovely girl, whose eyes were filled with tears of gratitude. She held out her hand to him in silence.

St. Lorent did not long absent himself, he hastened again to the solitary cottage, and was kindly received. The day was sultry, and feeling fatigued by his long ride, he begged a draught of wine. The young girl looked with embarrassment at the old woman, who shrugged up her shoulders, and went covered with blushes into the house. When she was gone, the old woman began to speak : " The poor child," says she, " feels herself much perplexed that she has no wine to offer you, as we gave our last bottles to your soldiers the other day. You doubtless, Sir, find every thing here elegantly arranged, but we have lost our benefactor from whom all this proceeds, and I must confess to you that we are now living in a degree of poverty, to which we have not been accustomed."

At this moment the girl returned, bringing a glass of milk. " This is our wine ! " said she, smiling as she offered it ; " this will also refresh you ! "

Henrico drank the milk with avidity, assuring her it was more delicious than wine ! She now related that the young man had kept his word, and had sent the two recruits. The whole occurrence was again talked over, and thus the hours passed lightly away till evening came, like an unwelcome guest. Mira, which was the name of the young girl, went in to fetch some fruits for supper, at which time the old woman took the opportunity to repeat her distressed situation ; upon which Henrico had the courage to force her acceptance of a purse of money. She took it, but as she said, only as a loan, and invited the donor to dine with them the next day, promising to prepare him a more comfortable repast. When Mira returned, the old woman told her of having invited Henrico for the next day. She gently shook her head ; " we ought in truth not to invite you, unless you can be content with very frugal entertainment ? " Henrico declared there was a sufficiency of every thing. " Leave me alone, child," said the old woman, triumphantly, " I will take care that nothing is wanting ! "

Henrico often repeated his visits, and soon found out he was only happy when hastening over the mountain path to the abode of Mira. The beautiful garden which surrounded it, and the appropriate arrangement of the interior, rendered it a most delightful residence, and shewed the taste of the possessor. The present indigence of the two females appeared to be only of recent date. Henrico, in his intercourse with the

inhabitants of the cottage, became astonished at the strength and polish of Mira's mind. United to a purity and simplicity of manner, she possessed an extensive knowledge of the different branches of the sciences. He expressed his surprise, upon which Mira began to speak with enthusiasm of her benefactor. "Alas!" said she, "no one is rendered so poor as I by this frightful war, for it has thrown me at once forlorn and helpless upon this wide world!"

But Henrico swore secretly she should not be forsaken, for in this solitary valley he first felt the sensation of love! The time of his stay had nearly expired, he daily expected orders for his return; pecuniary assistance he could not leave behind, for even the old woman would not accept of any more, and the timid Henrico yet dared scarcely to confess to himself, much more to the girl, the attachment he had conceived for her.

Thus glided away two golden months, during which he saw Mira every day. His recall to the army at length arrived, he had long expected it, yet it came upon him like a thunderbolt! After making the necessary preparations for his departure, he went early on the following morning to Mira. "Oh, you are very good to come so early!" said she, running to meet him; "you are come to stay the whole day with us, are you not?"

"Yes," answered Henrico, "but it is also the last!" he then told her of his recall to the army. Mira burst into tears, confessed with candour that she was forced to weep, as she felt it was her fate to be separated from every one that was dear to her. Henrico extended his arm towards the girl; drew her to his bosom, and confessed a mutual affection. He explained his independent situation, promised soon to resign his rank in the army, and painted a happy future in glowing colours. Mira said, "I willingly believe you, I am not insensible that you love me for myself, for you have never asked me who, or what I am? Oh! that I were a child of this valley! but I know not to what country I belong, and the dark mystery of my birth stands like a spectre by my side!" Henrico tranquillized her, and said; "I hold thee in my arms, thou precious pearl, and ask not what sea produced thee!"

"Well," said Mira, "you must at least see the features of the person who protected me when a poor child, educated me, and formed me to be worthy of your affection." She took him by the hand, led him into a room he had not yet seen, and shewed him a full length picture.

"My God!" said Henrico, shuddering, and covering his eyes with his hands. "That is Miranda d'Aragon!" It was now clear to him he was standing in the sanctuary of his friend, and that he had won a heart which could scarcely yet have forgotten the lost lover; in the agony of his feelings, it appeared to him an artful, deep-laid plan, that Mira in speaking of this man who had expressed so much love for her, had always spoken of him as a father, and had never betrayed the slightest hint of any warmer feeling. She was just rejoicing that he knew her benefactor, when she saw him rush from her as though horror-struck! She entreated him to explain the reason of his grief? When he looked at her lovely ingenuous countenance, every suspicion vanished. He related, without reserve, his connection with Miranda, and what the latter had confessed to him concerning his sentiments for Mira! "No!" cried she, after some silence, "I have only loved him as a grateful

child ! I could never have become his wife, and perhaps it is well that such delusive hopes should end."

Mira now cast her thoughts sorrowfully backward ; the image of her benefactor, which had hitherto held a place in her grateful heart, like that of a father in the affections of his family, now appeared strange to her, his features repulsive. While Henrico contemplated her, the sweet thought again took possession of his soul, that this girl had no earlier illusion to forget. The old woman indulged herself in invectives against Miranda ; she said " he had observed a deep silence in all his affairs, and though he had in his life-time provided them with every luxury and comfort, he had now left them solely helpless in the world."

Mira begged her to be silent, saying he was a worthy man, and that his memory would always be dear to her. " You may be in the right," said the old woman, " you owe him your education, but you must not forget that he stole you from your mother !"

" No !" cried Mira, " I was confided to his care, and often has he assured me he has vainly employed every means to obtain intelligence of my parent."

" He has deceived you !" said the old woman. " I know that he has taken care to remain untraced, and purchased this cottage to conceal himself from the world till you became his wife !"

" Oh ! my poor mother !" said Mira, sorrowfully. " Where will you not have sought your child ?" Henrico no longer doubted that he had seen in the gipsy, Mira's mother, and related what he knew of her, but without touching on Miranda's former history. Mira was delighted, for she now hoped she should behold her mother again, and related her own life. Her native country, she thought, was most probably Spain. She remembered having been brought up in a great city, and to have gone often with her mother to a convent, where she was always most affectionately received by one of the nuns. The convent was still so fresh in her memory, that she was convinced she should know it again. When she was about six years of age, her mother began to travel with her ; it was then she first saw her in the dress of a gipsy, she was also then dressed in a similar manner. After a restless wandering of many years, they had remained longer than usual at a small town in France. Here, in the house in which they last lodged, Miranda lay ill of his wound ; and as he appeared lonely and forsaken, her mother had, possibly out of pity, undertaken to nurse him, in which occupation she had assisted : and when her mother, from some inexplicable cause secretly forsook her, she clung to him as her only protector."

As Mira finished the relation, the increasing shadows of the mountain reminded Henrico that he must depart. He promised to quit the service the first opportunity ; to live only for her ; and took his leave with the assurance of being beloved.

St. Lorent returned to the army, and begged his dismissal ; it was given to him with regret. He immediately flew from the tumults of war, to the solitary valley, the abode of Mira.

At the time of his return, the old woman, the companion of Mira, laid on her death-bed. What delight thrilled through the girl's brain, when she beheld her lover so unexpectedly soon before her, saying he was come to make her his for ever !

The first pleasures of meeting over, the lovers resolved to celebrate

their marriage without delay, to quit this solitude, and repair immediately to Henrico's estate. During the preparation for the nuptials, Henrico took up his abode in a neighbouring village, in the cabin of the young man, by whose means he had become acquainted with Mira, and who was now a happy husband and a father. The old woman died. Mira shed tears of sorrow over her grave. A few days after, a priest pronounced the marriage rites, which bound the two lovers; and Mira presented the cottage, and all that belonged to it, to the poor, but happy couple, whose hut had afforded a temporary shelter to Henrico. They then left the valley, taking with them Miranda's picture alone.

While Henrico lived with his young wife in tranquillity and happiness, in a beautiful retirement, and forgot the world around him in the felicity he enjoyed, peace dawned over Europe. Amongst those who hastened to the friends and homes they so long pined after, was Miranda d' Aragon. He had been left severely wounded on the field of battle, and had fallen into the hands of the enemy, who, considering him a distinguished officer, had removed him to a very remote place of security. Full of ardent passion for the lovely being he had himself nurtured, he now hastened in joyful expectation to the valley where he had left her. But who can describe his feelings, when he saw strange people come out to meet him from that dwelling to which he had hoped to have been welcomed by a friendly eye; and when he heard that the eldest of the late inhabitants was dead, and that the youngest was married to Henrico de St. Lorent, and gone with him, no one knew where! Pale and horror-stricken, Miranda slunk away like a repulsed beggar, and threw himself down under a tree on the mountain, from whence he could overlook the valley beneath. Here, feeling himself irredeemably lost in wretchedness, he seized his dagger to end at once all further illusions. But the thirst of vengeance quickly arose in his wild and fiery soul, and inspired him with a wish to live.

"No!" cried he, "perfidious wretch, thou shalt not carry away, like flimsy booty, the happiness I had amassed with so much pain; thou shalt not, with impunity, violate the sanctuary of my home, and trample on my best hopes! I will find thee out, and, like the angel of vengeance, hold judgment upon thee!" He raised himself up, and took the road to a neighbouring town, where he had placed his property in the hands of a commercial house. He there purchased arms, and hastened back to the valley with the determination to get possession of his estranged property, either by money or by force! He represented himself to the present inhabitants of the cottage as a stranger so enchanted with the solitude and beauty of the spot, as to be extremely anxious to purchase it, and offered a sum so much beyond its real worth, that he found force unnecessary to obtain it. The money was paid down on condition the house should be immediately vacated, leaving every thing within which formerly belonged to it.

He walked from room to room in the deserted mansion, and entered the chamber, where once, now no longer, hung his portrait; here the anguish of his feelings overpowered his mind, and he sank down sobbing loudly, on the spot where his Mira had bloomed in all the delusion of innocence. Roused at last, by despair and revenge, he started up quickly, seized a sharp axe, and rushed out to commence the work of destruction. With violent rage he levelled every thing to the earth; the fine fruit-trees fell, the flowers were crushed, the

bowers torn down, and having raged about the whole day like a maniac, he found himself, at eve, at the solitary spot where Mira's aged companion lay buried. Here he exclaimed, in a sepulchral voice, "Old woman, arise, and tell me where I shall find the traitor! Open once more thy putrid and corrupted lips—and then may'st thou for ever be silent!" He tore up the green sod of the grave, and raved anew—but no one heard his lamentations. A flight of rooks alone gave answer, as they croaked above his head, hastening, at the approach of night, to their wooded home. Miranda now shuddered, as struck by some dark presentiment, and hastened back to the house. He here piled up every combustible and set it in flames. "Here shall no swallow more build her nest!" cried he, "henceforth accursed be this spot!" The thick dense smoke rolled through the apartments, and the flames bursting through the falling roof, spread a fearful gleam over the still darkness of night; the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages were roused, and came to render assistance. But, like a fiend, Miranda ran round the burning building, driving every one back with his naked sword, thus protecting the flames in their frightful ravages. Day at length dawned on the smoking pile of ashes, when he quitted the spot and set out in the disguise of a peasant, his mind bent on revenge, to the paternal estate of St. Lorent, which was well known to him, and where he expected with certainty to meet the young couple. But the present possessor could give no information where they were. Revenge drove the unhappy Miranda from place to place, till the thought struck him, that they had possibly gone to Spain. He determined, therefore, to bend his steps that way, and thus once more entered his native land after an absence of twenty years; he passed the threshold of his birth-place, but, alas, no one knew him; new buildings were erected on the spot where once stood his father's house; strange and unknown faces passed by him in the old and familiar streets. Exhausted he sat down on a stone in the market-place, and big, heavy, tears rolled down his cheeks. The church-door of the Dominican convent, where he was first educated, was open; he entered it, and compared the days he had passed here, with those spent in the wide world; he felt also the influence of the heavenly peace which reigned around, and which seemed to beckon and invite him to adore it. His rage gave place to a deep sentiment of melancholy: he knelt down before the altar, laid his burning forehead on the step, and wept bitterly.

In this state the sacristan reminded him that it was time to quit the church. Alas! the prayer hung on Miranda's lips, rather to shew him a quiet cell in this peaceful cloister! but he had not power to utter it, and went away. The more forcibly did the remembrance of the wild career of his youth take possession of his mind, the more rapidly did the frightful storm of passion subside, which had driven him above the world and kept his mind in constant agitation. The next day he walked back to the convent church, he entered just as they were reading masses for the dead, and heard the priest utter the names of his parents. He saw their menacing spirits pass by him. He thought their curses pursued him, and determined on leading a life of penitence. He hastened to the abbot of the convent, made known who he was, and gave himself up as a criminal and a repentant child to punishment. He obtained pardon, and after a short noviciate, at his own request, was

admitted into the order and received the tonsure. The example of a sinner voluntarily quitting the world to return to the bosom of the church, and bestow on it his property, was too flattering not to be welcomed with exultation instead of punishment.

Scarce a year had elapsed ere the monotony of a convent life palled upon Miranda, and he secretly wished himself in some active employ. It chanced that the convent had business of importance to transact in the capital. The choice fell on Miranda; they were aware of his experience and talent—he, therefore, set out for Madrid, furnished with the necessary commission. Every eye was fixed on the prudent and energetic monk, and the convent was congratulated on having so discreet and useful a member amongst their number. In the mean time Miranda formed an acquaintance with the Grand Inquisitor, who soon conceived such a high opinion of him, that he offered him a situation at the tribunal of the Inquisition. Since love had vanished from Miranda's breast, he appeared as though created for a cold-hearted cruel judge, who could weigh and condemn, not according to the actions of man, but from the innermost thoughts of the soul. The immense power over the lives and happiness of his fellow-creatures, now placed in his hands, excited his haughty spirit. He obtained the consent of his convent, and became a member of the dreadful tribunal. The work of horror and misery he was now engaged in, shed a kind of savage joy over his heart, which was filled with hatred against all mankind—so that the inquisitor had rarely to boast of so stern and heartless a coadjutor.

Henrico de St. Lorent had now lived several years in tranquillity with his Mira. They were little aware of the evil spirit which wandered about to seek them out, and effect their ruin. They thought Miranda long since mouldered in the dust, or they would not have given way to the irresistible desire which possessed them of visiting Spain, to which Mira was prompted by the desire of finding out her mother; and Henrico by his promise of seeking out Isabella, and delivering the ring of one who was now laid low in the grave. They arrived at Madrid, determined to remain there some time to prosecute their mutual researches. One day as they were passing by the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Mira stood as though rooted to the portal, and assured her husband that this, and no other, must be the convent to which she had been so often conducted when a child. They entered the church, and had not been there long, ere Henrico felt some one touch his hand. On looking round he observed it was a lay-sister of the convent, he looked at her first with astonishment, but when she called him familiarly by his name, he recognised, by her voice, Mira's mother. Mira remembered her the moment she spoke, flew into her arms, and called her by the tender name of mother! But Zagurina led her hastily out of the church, where she, in her turn, gave way to the delight which overcame her. "I praise God that I see you again," said she, "but leave me, my children! I have sacred duties to perform on which depends your future felicity. Tell me where you live; early to-morrow I will be with you!" She dismissed them hastily, entreating them to remain tranquil till she saw them again.

The woof of fate was now being fast spun out: it so happened that a few minutes after they separated, Miranda came out of the Palace of the Inquisition, and recognised the well-known forms before him.

The terrific man stood pale and trembling, fixing his basilisk eyes upon them both ; Mira's excessive beauty, and the cheerful countenance of her husband, shewed him what he had lost ; his newly awakened passion roused him to the most dreadful resolution. " There they are ! " fell from his pale lips, " but they are now in my power ! "

Miranda made a sign which his people understood ; ere they could regain their dwelling they were seized on by the minions of the inquisition, and before they had time to conceive what was required of them, the iron doors of separate dungeons had closed behind them.

In the full sense of his tremendous power, Miranda swore their perdition ! The love he had felt was not to be rendered an illusion to him with impunity—no one should rob him of his happiness unrevenged ! The two innocent beings were given up to the judgment of the inquisition. Miranda himself urged the accusation against them. The principal crime of which Mira was accused, was her being the daughter of an infamous gipsy, and of her having induced Henrico to marry her, and his initiation into her blasphemous ways. As they could not deny they had seen Zagurina, principally under the disguise of a gipsy, little other proof was wanting. They were pronounced guilty, and placed amongst the number of those condemned to death.

Miranda feasted on the despair of his victims. The unfortunate pair were doomed to know by whose hand they died ; they were to know the avenger who had risen, like a spectre from the grave, to destroy their bliss.

As Henrico and Mira were conducted, after their last examination, to their dungeons, Miranda ordered them to be first led to his apartment. They entered at separate doors, and, on seeing each other, rushed forward with open arms ; but he sprang furiously between them, exclaiming, " Do you know me ? "

They recognized Miranda, but felt no fear, as, in their innocence, they rather hoped that their newly-found friend would be their deliverer. They cried out, in an imploring tone, " Father, save your children ! " The name of father, formerly so delightful to his ear, now only fanned his rage afresh ; he dashed Mira from him, loaded her with curses and reproaches, and assured her, that it was his powerful hand alone that had devoted her to death ! He then quitted the unhappy victims, who were conducted back to their gloomy dungeons. As Henrico sat on his damp straw in deep thought, and vainly endeavoured to console himself, the gaoler entered with a light and some provisions. As he set them down before Henrico, he recognized the son of his old master, who had protected him under circumstances of deep suspicion against his character, and had subsequently saved him from being executed as a spy. " Sir," said he, " I will now discharge part of the debt of gratitude I owe you, in aiding your flight from the dreadful hands into which you have fallen. The road from this prison leads but to death ! " Henrico rejoiced to find a friend in his distress, but how could he leave Mira behind ? The grateful gaoler convinced him they could only be saved one at a time, and solemnly promised to venture every thing for Mira's liberty, if he would but comply with his plan for enforcing the belief that he had committed suicide, which, after a great many struggles, was acceded to. The plot succeeded ; and St. Lorent was enabled to gain the frontiers, where it was promised his wife should join him.

In the mean time, Henrico and Mira were condemned to death ; the *auto-de-fé* was fixed, when their lives were to become a prey to the flames. Miranda was impatient for the day of execution. Since the sentence of death had been pronounced, and that it was supposed Henrico had destroyed himself, sleep had forsaken his pillow ; he desired the arrival of that moment when he could fully glut his revenge ! Miranda had arisen very early the morning of this last day, when a lay-sister of a nunnery requested to speak with him ; and upon being admitted, delivered a verbal request from the abbess, begging him to repair to her immediately, as she had something of great consequence to impart to him. Miranda instantly followed her. She conducted him to the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, and shewed him into the parlour, saying, she would go fetch the abbess. Finding himself alone, he cast his eyes on a portrait on the wall, representing a beautiful woman in the habit of a nun. As he continued observing it, his heart beat quickly, for he recognized the features ; and it appeared to him as though the lovely lips would open, and call him by his name. As he stood doubting, not knowing to decide whether he saw Mira's picture, or whether he saw a form out of past time before him, some one touched him on the shoulder, saying, "How does this picture please you?" Miranda started, for behind him stood the gipsy Zagurina.

"Stand off, sorceress !" cried he, in a rage ; "I have nothing more to do with thee. I came here to speak to the abbess of the convent ; how darest thou penetrate this sanctuary ?"

"Sir," said Zagurina, "the abbess has just sent me to you, for you have much to explain to me ere she can see you ! Sir," continued she, "by all that is sacred, tell me the truth ; do you know aught of Mira and her husband ? I found her like an apparition, but lost her again ; and after having sought her every where with inexpressible anxiety, the idea at last struck me, and I fear it is not without foundation, that they have fallen into the hands of your dreadful tribunal."

Miranda looked at her with an infernal smile, and said—"Yes ! to you they are now lost ! my powerful hand has at last reached the infamous wretches, and will also annihilate *you* !"

"Sir," said Zagurina, in a supplicating tone, "by the remembrance of yonder picture, I implore you to tell me what crime my poor children have committed ?"

"And canst thou still ask me that, thou gipsy hag?" cried Miranda. "They have robbed me of all my happiness, I will therefore crush them. Listen ! thy daughter was once dearer to me than aught on earth, she was the angel I worshipped ; but the perfidious St. Lorent, the only one to whom I was weak enough to entrust my secret, broke, like a robber, into my house, during my unfortunate imprisonment, and stole the affections of my destined bride ; she followed him, and left me in beggary to hunt her up and down the world, and bury the best affections of my heart beneath a monkish cowl."

"And is this her only crime?" asked Zagurina.

"It is a crime which calls for vengeance !" said Miranda : "but the tribunal of the Inquisition has condemned them to death, because they are thy children, thou heretical sinner !—The cowardly St. Lorent has already destroyed himself, and to-morrow thy daughter shall meet her doom !"

"Merciful God !" cried a voice behind the grating, and Miranda be-

held the abbess, who had sunk on her knees, extending her arms to him in a posture of entreaty. Zagurina drew him towards the grating, saying, "dost thou know that woman?" He looked, and saw the original of the picture; the veil of time gone by was lifted up. Striking his forehead, he exclaimed, "Isabella!"

"Do you know me again?" said she, mildly; "have you not forgotten the faithful, forsaken Isabella?—she who now throws herself at thy feet to implore thee to spare the life of our child?"

"All gracious God of Heaven!—be silent!" cried Miranda, as he started back, shuddering; "be silent!—what hath thy lips uttered?"

"The dearest,—the most sacred secret of my life!—Mira is our child!—"

Miranda, at these words, sunk on the ground, as if annihilated.

"When they forced me away," continued Isabella, "from our retreat in the mountains, I was conveyed as a punishment to this convent. Here your daughter was born in secret, and here I was forced to take the veil. I confided our child to my faithful Clarita. She brought it up with a mother's care. In a gipsy's disguise she took it with her, and endeavoured to find you out, to learn if you were worthy of your daughter, and to resign it to your care. After many years' long and fruitless search, you were discovered in a miserable hut, in France, where Mira became your nurse. Your heart clung with a fatherly affection to the girl, who was imprudently left in your hands till I was consulted on what further steps should be pursued. During that time, your frightful passions turned to madness,—you stole away your own daughter!"

"Oh! heavens! why did you conceal from me she was my daughter?" exclaimed Miranda, in an agony of grief.

The gipsy during this time had thrown off her disguise: she now entered in the dress of a lay-sister:—"Do you remember," said she, to Miranda, "how I placed Isabella's ring upon your finger? do you remember how I implored you, when I conceived you were in your last moments, to confess to me the abode of my child, and how I endeavoured to awaken in you old recollections?—But you dashed Isabella's picture to the earth,—you wanted to murder me! I then prayed to God he might terminate your existence on the field of battle!—Heaven seemed to have heard me; I saw you fall!—No danger withheld me from seeking you amidst the ranks of death, to explain the secret of the birth of your child, and to request from you the avowal of her residence. But you were already senseless, and the enemy tore you from me. I myself remained a prisoner, until the peace; I then hastened back to Spain, and to my astonishment found you here beneath the habit of a monk. All might have been happily explained, as fate had also conducted your child hither: Alas! at the very moment I thought of bringing you together, you were sitting in judgment on your children!"

"Oh! my poor innocent children!" cried Miranda, in despair: "yes, I loved the child to distraction, though I did not understand the source of the affection,—I see it now; I beheld in her the youthful image of Isabella!"

Isabella implored of Miranda the life of her child, but he sat with clenched hands; his head sunk on his breast:—he sobbed bitterly. Isabella begged him even to hazard his own life to save their child. His faculties at last seemed to resume their energy; he exclaimed "I will

save her, or perish with her!" Without another word he hastened from the convent to the palace of the Inquisition.

Pale and haggard he entered the chamber of the grand inquisitor, to which he had always free access, and begged a private audience. The inquisitor complied with his request, astonished to see him, so uniformly cold-hearted and taciturn, in such violent agitation of mind. Since the feelings of a father had taken possession of his breast, and that he laboured to save the life of a child, he was animated amidst his despair with the purest feeling. He related to the grand inquisitor the principal circumstances of his life, without the least disguise; and accused himself with a soul-harrowing frankness, of being the only criminal. When he had finished his story, the old inquisitor held out his hand to him, and said, "Unhappy father! thy child is nevertheless lost!"

Miranda clasped his knees, and implored him in deep groans to save his child!—but the judge remained inexorable. "The sentence once pronounced by our tribunal, cannot be revoked!" said he, loosing himself from the grasp of Miranda. "You have yourself accused your daughter to us: acknowledge therein the wise dispensation of Heaven. Her death must be the atonement for your and Isabella's sins."

"Venerable father!" cried Miranda, distracted, "if a victim must be sacrificed, let me die."

"No! thy trials are not yet at an end. The more pure and innocent thy child is, the more tranquilly shouldst thou view her career finish. I once myself considered death a punishment, but now see that it is only the road out of darkness into light—only the sun's ray, in which the ripe fruit falls."

Miranda saw that it was impossible to save his child. The grief which had overwhelmed him gave place to the most furious rage. He drew a dagger from beneath his cloak, and swore he would deal death and destruction around, ere his child should perish by the hand of the executioner. The grand inquisitor left him with severe threats, and desired his people to keep an eye upon him, and not to permit his entrance to the palace of the inquisition till the auto-de-fé of the morrow was over.

In the agony of Miranda's grief at not being able to save his daughter, nor make himself known to her, he went to the confessor appointed to attend her, intrusted him with the secret of her history, implored him to relate it to his daughter, and reconcile her to her unhappy father. The priest promised, and kept his word.

At length the morning dawned which was to witness the appalling scene of death. The Spanish court in full state, and the greater part of the population of Madrid, were assembled in the Plaza de la Inquisicione, to witness the tragedy. The stern judges of the Inquisition were in their places, and even Miranda did not fail to be present. The old grand inquisitor fancied that the father had, by a severe struggle with himself, at last conquered his feelings, and smiled graciously upon him; but he could not help shuddering at the dreadful look Miranda returned. At last the procession approached under a strong military escort; in the centre were the condemned, who advanced in mournful silence; quite the last was a female, too weak to support herself, conducted by the officers of justice. It was Mira. But scarcely had she reached Miranda ere he rushed among the guards, like a lion determined to defend his young; dashed the officers aside, seized his child in his arms, pressed forward with her towards the crowd, calling out to

them to save her from the hands of the executioner ! But the timid populace remained quiet. In the mean time, prompted by the grand inquisitor, the guards sprang forward and attempted to separate the father and daughter. But her tender hands were riveted round his neck. In a fainting voice she cried—"Kill me ! ah ! kill me, my father !" Miranda imprinted on her pale forehead his first—his last paternal kiss, and drawing forth his dagger pierced the trembling victim to the heart ! She sank on the ground !—From her bleeding corse was torn another victim, who, despairing of her release, had, on resolving to perish with her, arrived but in time to witness the sad catastrophe of a daughter imploring death as a boon from the hand of him who gave her life !

S. B.

ON THE POPULAR LITERATURE OF FRANCE.

It is a common-place remark, that revolutions in literature are no less frequent than those in politics, and that it is not less subjected to the capricious dictates of fashion than painting, music, all the imitative arts, even dress, whose strange and ephemeral changes baffle all attempt at analysis. This proposition, as applied to the history of France, appears completely established by the facts and writings, from the origin of the *fabliaux* and the *Romande la Rose*, to those later days, when the despotism and literature of the empire fell with its glory. It was then that the symbols of unity, the dogmata of passive obedience and adulation, reflected from the political on the moral world, gave way to that burst of frantic independence which English writers have qualified as intellectual eccentricity.

It is not here our object to seek to appreciate this change by the merit of its productions. We have only to draw from it, as from those which have preceded it, this deduction, that old age affects books even more rapidly than men. With a few exceptions, easily enumerated, there are, in fact, but few writers who do not survive their works. Twenty-five years is the utmost mean of immortality they can promise themselves. The most successful then obtain an honourable place in libraries, where they are treated like those gothic pieces of furniture which the beauty of their workmanship preserves from destruction, and which are collected and preserved, unused, by the curious.

Are all the productions of the press inevitably subjected to these vicissitudes ? Do the lower classes of them take part in this progressive movement ? Does what may strictly be called national literature take its colour from popular literature ? The impartial examination of the strange productions, a selection from which we shall present to the reader, will answer these questions by proving the immense difference which exists between these two species of literature. No one in France has hitherto bestowed any attention on the bibliography of the lower classes, which, however, is deficient neither in interest or importance, since the aphorism—"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are," might be applied with much more propriety to the reading than to the food of the people. No researches, not the slightest notice has been made on this subject, which appears to have been thought unworthy the attention of the busy idleness of the academies. From Sorel to La Harpe, all the critics have affected not to be aware that their porter could read, and that their cook sought news of missing forks and strayed

lovers from the cabalistic pages of the *Grand Albert*. The example, however, of foreign literati was not wanting to induce them to tread in a new path, and to rouse them from their indifference. In Germany, a grave bibliographer has made the popular literature of his country the subject of profound researches.* The north has distinguished itself for its zeal in discovering those literary monuments of former ages, which exist only in the tradition of the writer's fire-side, and in the memory of the villager and peasant. And very lately, an English author has published a most curious dissertation on the Nursery Rhymes, with which, from time immemorial, nurses have soothed the cradled infant to sleep.

These works, which would be sufficient to establish the importance of the plebeian muse, might naturally excite astonishment at the disregard shewn to it in France. And, on the other hand, if the number of initiated were sufficient to establish the merit and importance of a class, if the principle of majorities could be applied in appreciating it, if a writer's first object should be the number of his readers, there can be no doubt that this disregard will meet its full condemnation from a consideration of the facts which we shall now attempt to describe.

If we considered only the number of works, the names of which appear during the last fifteen years in the *Journal de la Librairie*, and which, from their price, and the subjects to which they relate, appear doomed to be inaccessible to the common people, we should be tempted to draw perfectly opposite conclusions from these premises. The following are the numbers:—

1815	3,357
1816	3,763
1817	4,237
1818	4,837
1819	4,568
1820	4,881
1821	5,499
1822	5,823
1823	5,893
1824	6,974
1825	7,605
1826	8,273
1827	8,198
1828	7,616
1829	7,823
1830	6,739
		<hr/>
		96,086

Of these 96,086 works, one-fifth are in one volume, two-fifths in two volumes, one-fifth in three or four volumes, and the remaining fifth is composed of reprints, containing from fifty to eighty volumes, of which 5,000 copies were printed.

* The popular works of Germany, or exact appreciation of the small works on history, medicine, and meteorology, which chance has preserved among the people to the present time, by J. J. Gærres, Heidelberg, 1807. One volume 12mo., containing the analyses of forty-eight popular works.

It will be inquired how these productions of human thought are distributed ; still bewildered by those who three times a-year talk pathetically of the progress of science and the diffusion of knowledge, we naturally expected to see those beneficent works, whose pure morality secures for their authors medals and crowns of virtue, penetrate into the inmost recesses of the remotest hamlet of the kingdom ! Alas, we are thunderstruck on seeing within how small a circle is circumscribed the influence of those works, which were intended to regulate the heart and mind of all the taxpayers of the eighty-seven departments. The common people, and more particularly those residing in the country, are in general slaves to an instinct of routine, which is carried to a point of invincible obstinacy. They are doggedly attached to what is old, and reject without discrimination, without even examination, every thing which wears the least appearance of innovation. To read any other book than that which from their infancy they have seen tossing about in the dust among the consecrated palm-branches and rusty firelocks, would be an achievement far eclipsing those of Cook, Magellan, or Columbus. So in other provinces, variable as is the taste in dress in France, the peasants' hair has hardly yet abandoned the costume of the good old days of Louis XIV. This will enable us to judge what progress can have been made by the multitude in an art, the first effect of which is to cause a reaction in domestic life, by the improvements which it reveals and teaches us to introduce there. Philanthropic societies have thought to remedy these inconveniences, by voting books calculated by their form and price for popular circulation. These books had two great faults. They were rational, and were distributed gratis. Now the honourable class of readers of which we are now treating, will almost always say—"I choose to be deceived," as the wife of Iganarelle said—"I choose to be beaten." Whether the year be good or bad, it must always have its quota of trifles and prophecies, which it would look for in vain in the works so lavishly distributed, with a zeal laudable indeed, but quite inexperienced. Hence, during the administration of M. Decazes, almanacks, published by government at 3½d., and which, in order to secure the circulation, were even delivered to the public at 2½d., were scouted with unanimity by the catechumens of the *Messager Boiteux*. The *Société Elementaire* failed in a similar manner in 1827. They could not persuade any one to take their almanacks. The common multitude look with distrust on these publications, simply because they are given away ; they are filled with some vague idea, that the real spring of this bounty must be some dangerous spirit of proselytism. It is a repetition of the story of the fellahs of Central Africa, who, not conceiving the possibility of the mere love of science inducing men to expose themselves to the dangers of long voyages, saw in the emulators of Mungo Park, Laing, and Clapperton, only magicians or treasure-hunters. The French peasant, in fact, only values what he has paid for ; and in this respect they imitate the politician, who willingly makes a sacrifice to subscribe to works which interest him, and does not even deign to cast his eyes on those with which an obsequious perseverance is continually loading his table gratuitously. In England this mistrust would be in some degree justified by certain precedents, which prove that almanacks were often employed as the medium for opposing or propagating such principles as appeared to be hostile or favourable to the existing powers. James I., for instance, paid marked attention to these

works, and even deigned himself to revise the manuscript of the *Merlinus Anglicus*, and to promise to his loyal subjects a prosperity which, were it but for his credit's sake as an astrologer, he ought at least to have realized. His successor, affecting an implicit belief in the same speculations, prompted, but, alas ! in vain, the voice of the same oracles. Thanks to the Company of Stationers, who had obtained from the university the monopoly of this branch of industry. The usurpation of Cromwell was by no means deficient in that devotion to the moon and stars which had characterized the preceding reigns of legitimacy. These heavenly bodies enjoyed in peace their full moral and political influence, until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when a terrible annihilator of magicians arose in Swift. His efforts, however, were fruitless when opposed by ignorance and routine. John Bull did not lose his confidence in the almanack ; and during the wars of the republic and the empire, Napoleon was regularly killed every year by Poor Robin. About the same period the French government included the almanacks in its solicitude for the productions of the press ; and every one knows the story of the luckless editor, who, by order of the *Directeur de la Librairie*, was compelled to transfer to St. Petersburg the plague which he had unthinkingly predicted to the territories of the *roi de Rome*. The Restoration left the almanacks in peace, subject only to the general formality of the *depôt* ; and it was not until 1830 that the *Double Liegeois*, printed at Paris, by M. Stahl, was seized on account of the following passage :—

“Those most disposed to indulgence will be compelled to admit the conviction, that nothing can go on in a system in which words and deeds are in direct opposition to each other.”

The date of this prediction renders it remarkable. It was fixed for the 25th July.

Doubtless this is a formidable argument in favour of the infallibility of the *Double Liegeois*, but it must be admitted, that almost as much magic science was required to foresee and punish the offence by anticipation, as to commit it. It, however, is not less true, that if the uneasiness which a publication may occasion to those in power, be in proportion to its influence and the number of its readers, no work ought to occupy the attention of government more seriously than the almanack.

The almanack is the basis of the popular literature of France. In some departments they form the whole library of seven-eighths of the population. And what almanacks ! Barbarous imitations of the soothsayer of Basle, with his Oriental fatalisms, his absurd prognostications, and his meteorological calculations, in which, as in the time of Dubartas, the sun is designated as *le duc des chandelles*. Then come the medical prescriptions, in virtue of which, doses sufficient to kill a squadron of cuirassiers, horses and men, on the spot, are administered to the most debilitated patient.

It would be almost impossible to ascertain the number of the almanacks with which France is annually inundated, by the speculators particularly devoted to this branch of commerce. This impossibility arises from the extent and irregularity of their production, and more especially from the profusion of spurious editions. We can therefore only assume, as the foundation of an approximate calculation, the result of the operations of the great centres of production. Thus, Troyes, Rouen, Paris, Beauvais, Lille, Montbelliard, Epinal, Nantes, and Limoges sup-

ply a mass of *Matthieu Lansberg*, which may be estimated at nearly three million copies. Troyes alone supplies one-sixth of this number; and the beginning of this fecundity is lost in the remote obscurity of the history of almanacks. Its existence may be explained by the cheapness both of labour and materials, two conditions indispensable to the success of speculations which depend on so small a profit. In this respect, Paris would appear to be in a less favourable position; yet it furnishes a supply nearly equal to that of the second capital of Champagne. The average yearly sale of the *Double Liegeois* of Stahl, is from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and eighty thousand; and that of the *Astrologue Parisien*, published by the widow Demoraine, and Boucquin, successors to the celebrated Tiger, at the *Pilier littéraire*, is still greater. The last mentioned work, conducted with a *bonhomie* frequently not destitute of spirit and talent, has evidently the advantage over its rivals, although, or perhaps we may say, because, it concedes something to that thirst for prophecy, which is the generic character of its readers. But, united with these characteristics, which are essential to its existence, we find rules of conduct full of wisdom and reason; medical and meteorological hints, founded on just observation; a table of the penalties attached to the crimes most frequently committed by the common people; and a summary of political events, in the form of an annual register. The number for 1831, however, we may observe *en passant*, has one remarkable peculiarity: following the example of certain reports, which may, perhaps, be hereafter taken as the basis of history, it gives an account of the expedition against Algiers, without even naming the general who commanded it. Thus, good traditions are preserved.—“God is great,” a Turk would say, and we are very little.

But the other day, history was mutilated in a similar way, and the extreme verge of absurdity passed, in order to metamorphose Napoleon into the *Marquis de Bonaparte*; admirable device of those saviours of monarchy, who, triumphing even over Chinese apathy, would find means to create an opposition, *ventas*, the *Burschens-chafft* and barricades at Peking, and drive King-li out of his capital with pitch-forks, if the custom-house of Canton would ever allow them admission into the Celestial Empire.

In addition to the cities we have mentioned, there are numerous places in which almanacks are made specially for local purposes; such as indicating the fairs, agricultural directions, and other particulars, which vary in each department. Then the double *Matthieu Lansberg* has not lost its old supremacy. It is to be found in all the provinces, reprinted, in every direction, except at Liege, whose name it still insidiously bears. Not that this veteran of popular literature no longer exists; a great number even are printed on the banks of the Meuse; but the elevation of the price limits the exportation in France. It is there seen flanked with venerable marks of authenticity, and adorned with the portrait of the illustrious mathematician, holding in his right hand a celestial globe, which he is examining with the contemplative air of a gastronome purchasing on trust the deceitful cantaloup. Independently of its details in domestic and rural economy, and chiromancy, it contains the celebrated *Calendrier des Bergers*, also called the *Almanach des Anes*, where signs and figures are substituted for letters, for the benefit of those who have not fathomed the mystery of reading. Nothing is more curious than the hieroglyphics and drawings of this popular *Keepsake*. A pitch-

fork indicates the time for manuring the ground ; a pair of scissors, that for cutting the hair ; a fan is heat ; a covered pot, cloudy weather ; a pot overturned, wet weather ; and an owl, piercing cold. These cyphers, joined with figures corresponding with the order of the days of the week, point out the various labour to which each is to be consecrated. It is, in fact, the infancy of art, and we may easily believe that this calendar has remained stationary since the sixteenth century, when it was in high fashion. It is mentioned, among others, in a work of that period, containing minute details of the interior life, which might be envied by the novelist of Abbotsford. The following fragment relates immediately to the subject of this paper, as it enumerates some works which have now fallen into the domain of popular literature :—

“ In the parlour of the house (for to have two is only the privilege of grandeur) is the stag’s horn tipped with iron, and suspended from the ceiling, whence hang caps, hats, leashes for the dogs, and the great chaplet of paternosters for common use. On the dresser, or two-storied buffet, lie the translation of the Holy Bible, made by order of King Charles V., *Les quatre fils Aymon*, *Ogier le Danois* *Melusine*, and the *Calendrier des Bergers*. Behind the great door are a number of long and high perches of hung game, and at the bottom of the hall, upon shelves fixed to the wall, half a dozen bows with their quivers and arrows, two good large *rondelles* (shields), with two short broad-swords, two halberds, two pikes twenty-two feet long, two or three coats and shirts of mail in a small chest filled with bran, two strong cross-bows, and in the large window over the chimney, three *hocquebutes* (which we must now call arquebusses). Near it is the hawk-perch, and below are the nets and other sporting apparatus. Under the great bench, three feet wide, is good fresh straw for the dogs to lie on, which makes them better and more apt to hear and smell their masters.”

At this time the *Calendrier des Bergers* is still reprinted at Troyes, but the demand for it diminishes every year, in the inverse proportion of the increase in the number of individuals who learn to read. If the labours of the council of enlistment did not furnish us with more direct evidence on this point, we might obtain a sufficiently satisfactory result from the fact, that the *Almanach des Anes*, of which, even in the time of the empire, 300,000 copies were printed, has now scarcely 20,000 purchasers.

The *Cantiques Spirituels*, which long contested the palm of literary popularity with the Almanachs, have lost ground in the large towns, but preserve their footing in most of the provinces. Not a country fair or market is held without its being attended by some itinerant vendors, with a sanctified and artful deportment, straight hair, and covered with chaplets, scapularies, and agnuses, proclaiming to his half-penitent audience the healing virtue of certain relics. Each separate locality having thus the means of extolling its own relics, these lyric manifestos supply the place of those *chevauchées* (cavalcades) of the middle ages, when the desire of possessing such objects was (from their value in attracting crowds of worshippers and pilgrims to the temples in which they were enshrined) not unfrequently a sufficient motive for going to war. “ Is not the immense number of holy bodies in the abbey of St. Saulve de Montreuil,” says the historian of Abbeville, “ a sufficient proof of the cupidity of the Counts of Flanders? Were not all those holy bodies stolen? Did not the nose of St. Wilbrod come from

the priory of Wetz, in Holland? and the navel of St. Adhelme from a Norman monastery?" These spoliations gave rise, as may be easily supposed, to severe reprisals, so that a particular relic taken, recovered, and retaken by open force, sometimes travelled backwards and forwards for months, before it found a permanent resting-place. St. Hubert and his infallible greyhounds, St. Aignau, St. Clotilda, St. Lucia, St. Vigor, St. Barbe, St. Michael, and St. Marcouf, and numerous other beatified personages, are always the principal heroes of this pathological poetry. Each of them has the cure of a specific disease; but as it sometimes happens that the patient is ignorant of the precise nature of his malady, he has recourse to a sort of diagnostic, which also may be traced to some ancient tradition of paganism. A certain number of ivy-leaves are placed in the evening on the surface of some water contained in a vessel; care is taken that the upper part of the leaf remains dry. To each of these leaves is given the name of a saint known to cure one of the complaints with which the patient supposed himself to be attacked; and the leaf which is found the next morning penetrated by the water, indicates the saint to whom application is to be made. It is not only on the strands of Bretagne, in the midst of the landes, in the depths of the forests of Morvan, but within thirty leagues of Paris—in the departments of the Eure, Calvados, Seine-Inferieure—that these superstitions still exist; as is proved every day by the judicial proceedings, in which the correctional police is substituted for the inquisition.

We have next the *HISTOIRE ADMIRABLE DU JUIF ERRANT lequel depuis l'An XXXIII. ne fait que marcher*; the tri-logic complaint of the chaste Joseph; the misfortunes of Généviève of Brabant—the model of innocent, unhappy, and persecuted women; the *Lieutenant-General Holopherne mis à Mort, par Mme. Judith*; the biographical legend of St. Onuphre, whose prodigies have been realized by Franklin, in ruling the thunder; and, lastly, that pathetic canticle, *Notre Dame de la garde*, in which the poor sailor implores the protection of the immortal virgin against the furies of the storm:—

“ Claire étoile de la mer
Montrez-vous dans le danger
Dans la nuit la plus obscure
Servez de phare et de nord (boussole)
A ceux qui sous votre augure
Espèrent de prendre port.”

The Virgin is also *la belle lune*, and *l'ancre maitresse*; then returning to themselves, these tarry penitents add—

“ Chacun de nous est fâché
D'avoir si souvent péché
O Dame de Bonne Garde!
Faites nous ressouvenir
Que partout Dieu nous regarde
Pour mieux vivre à l'avenir.”

There is generally much less poetry in the favourite works of the populace of cities than in those inspired by the solitary life of the hamlet, or the adventurous career of the mariner. In cities almost all the leisure moments of the lower classes are passed in noisy pleasures. They rarely read any beyond a few couplets from a popular vaudeville, slang dialogues, witticisms of the barracks, the life of some hero of the gibbet,

Cartouche, Mandrin, Desrues—or, lastly, a few romances, imitated from Ann Radcliffe, which form at once the delight and despair of the portresses ; interrupted at every paragraph of these fascinating studies, by the fatal “ *cordon, s'il vous plait* ” (pull the string to open the gate, if you please). We must also include in this list *L'Histoire du bon Homme misère, le Capucin sans barbe, les Cinq Maris et la Pucelle, le Testament de Michel Morin* ; mock sermons, remarkable for their obscenity ; numerous *discours*, in defence of the god *Crepitus*, in which the celebrated enigma of the *Mercure Galant* is commented on without the slightest affectation of reserve in respect to style. We often also find in cities the *Catéchisme des Maltotiers* (Tax-Gatherer's Catechism), a pamphlet composed against Bouvalais, the Ouvrard of his day, who, to render the resemblance complete, passed some time in the same prison in which the celebrated contractor just named was lately confined. If the old French reputation for gallantry were not already deeply compromised by the devotion of the present race of men to politics and écarté, there would be good grounds to tremble for its existence, in looking at the manner in which *le petit sexe* is treated in the *Miroir des Femmes, la Mechanceté des Demoiselles, le Catéchisme à l'Usage des grandes Filles pour être Mariées, &c.* Ancient and modern writers, Grecian philosophers and Persian moralists, Scripture itself, all are brought forward, to prove that woman is “ the source of quarrels, the scum of nature, the scourge of wisdom, the firebrand of hell, the touch-word of vice, the devil's bait, a most greedy animal, the shipwreck of the soul, a forest of pride, the vanity of vanities, a goat in the garden, a magpie at the door, an owl at the window, an angel in the street, and a devil in the house.” Fortunately, every one has it in his power to find out that this is a pure calumny ; nevertheless, from the energy of the preventive and repressive system of the heads of some families among the people, we may see reason to fear that the opinion of the calumniators is sometimes adopted literally.

By a singular contrast, we find that, in conjunction with these absurdities, some of the old chivalric romances, inflated with lofty sentiments and superannuated gallantry, have retained their place in the popular estimation ; marvellous epopées, in which all the world, with the exception of a few licentious giants and perfidious magicians, brought in by way of contrast, pass their time in annihilating crime, or cooing madrigals. These works, with the *Cabinet des Fées*, form the staple of the *Bibliothèque Bleue*, some of the works of which deserve particular mention :—

“ Conquests of the great Charlemagne, king of France, with the heroic deeds of the twelve peers of France, and of the great Fier-à-Bras, and the battle waged against him by Oliver the Little, who conquered him ; and of the three brothers who made the nine swords, three of which Fier-à-Bras had to fight against his enemies, as you will see hereafter.”

This romance, the title of which is a model of its kind, is the translation of an ancient chronicle in verse, in which the history of France is traced up to the fall of Troy and the adventures of Francus, a companion of Æneas. Pyramus is the first King of France, Mercurus the second, Pharamond the third, &c. ; excellent historical lessons, as may be perceived. Charlemagne, in all the works of that period, is a sort of Pill Garlick, whom every one delights in making a dupe of. The con-

queror of Abderame is no better treated in the *Quatre Fils Aymon*. This work, which has been called the Iliad of the middle ages, and which, by the powerful interest of its composition, merits the title, is the best known of the innumerable poems which formed the delight of our ancestors; whilst all the others insensibly fade away and are forgotten, this alone enjoys undiminished popularity, and every year the magic adventures of Renaud de Montauban and the traitor Maugis re-issue from the press. They have, however, a formidable rival in the history of *Valentin Urson*, the hero of which, a savage nurtured in the woods by a bear, and suddenly removed to a court, shews himself the worthy nursling of his foster-mother. Always fighting, never conquered, he carries off wives, beats the husbands, lays waste the larder—playing, in fact, nearly the same part as the clowns and harlequins of modern pantomime. *Robert le Diable*, so famous in the Norman traditions, is but an heroic variety of this personage.

Huon de Bordeaux, the most voluminous of the romances of chivalry which have retained their popularity, contains some curious information on the fairy superstitions of the middle ages. The foundation of the Oberon of Wieland is to be found there. The comic character is a *laiton de mer*, the prototype of all those goblin servants which still exist in the imagination of the peasantry. We also there observe the strange and constant alliance of the fairies with Christianity. Thus Oberon, a most orthodox fairy-king, never fails to exhort his knights to remain faithful to Jesus Christ, and oppose the followers of Mahomet. Perhaps this romance, and other works of the same kind, have contributed not a little to originate and confirm those numerous superstitions, partaking equally of paganism and ascetism, which even now are far from being annihilated. In opposition to these chivalrous paladins who do every thing lance in rest, we have Jean de Calais, a plebeian hero, the son of a merchant, whose destiny, however, is equally brilliant, as he marries the daughter of a king of Portugal. There is some reason to believe that his biography is founded on the exploits of those intrepid navigators of Calais and St. Valery, those Angots, who, in the seventeenth century, shewed such fatal hostility to the Lusitanian flag. *Jean de Calais* has had the honour of being made the subject of scenic representation, as well as three other heroes of popular literature, *Jean de Paris*, the Aladdin of *la Lampe merveilleuse*, and *Fortunatus* translated originally from the Arabic, and afterwards from the Spanish, and in which La Harpe found the materials of *Tanga et Félimé*. The drama has also borrowed several situations from *Tiel Ulespiègle*, a personage, the precursor of *Guzman d'Alfarache*, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and the whole tribe of Spanish *Picaros*. The *Bibliothèque Bleue* has also its *Gargantua*, but this is nothing in common with the *Gargantua* of the curate of Mendon. It is established that the literary existence of this giant was much anterior to the publication of Rabelais' work, and yet, judging from the following passage in the introduction, his history cannot be of any great antiquity. "The giants which they shew us every year at the fair of St. Germain, would have been but very little dwarfs," &c. &c.

A volume would not suffice to analyse the whole of these works, more than 1,200 of which are enumerated in the catalogue of a single bookseller at Rouen, who, in common with the members of his fraternity at Troyes, deals specially in works of this description. We may safely

affirm, that out of the whole 1,200, there is not a single one containing a rational and pure morality, which would bear a moment's comparison with "Poor Richard," known in France under the title of *La Science du bon-homme Richard*. We must, however, in justice remark, that, except the *Catéchisme Poissard*, these works diminish in circulation every year, particularly the obscure compositions, such as the *Aventures de Roquelaure*. This observation is the summary of all we have said. It is evident that a portion of the common people is beginning insensibly to despise the works which they had so long found sufficient for them: but there is nothing to supply their place; the public are at once too much and too little advanced in intellect; they no longer relish the *doctrines de sapience* of the fifteenth century, but they cannot yet understand the works which writers, who have either too much or too little genius, are daily bringing out for their especial use. The *Civilités pueriles et honnêtes*, in which the faithful are recommended "not to comb their hair at church," as if we were still in the reign of Louis XIII., when the fops of the court only shewed themselves in the holy edifice to ogle their mistresses and repair the coquettish edifice of their head-dress, are no longer adapted to the comprehension of the public; but they would be equally far from understanding the *Code de la toilette* and the *Manuel de l'homme de bon-ton*. In this situation a wise direction to the popular press would assuredly be an immense benefit in its immediate effects, and even in its reaction; and a spark of the genius of Paul Louis Courier would not be superfluous in directing, to the desired end, a reform of which it was his mission to be the Luther; but the traditions of his method exist, and there is sufficient talent to make the application of them. Ameliorations have already been introduced; may they continue, with the precaution derived from experience not to attack violently the habits, and even the prejudices, which cannot be conquered in a day. Instruction must be gradual and prepared for the multitude (to use the words of the author of *Emile*), "as bread is cut up for children by the nurse." Then if the government interferes at all, let its action be invisible. From time immemorial it has been regarded with a distrust, alas! but too justifiable. But in proportion as official interference is fatal, an indirect and supervising influence will be advantageous; and in order to exercise it, a minister of the interior should, perhaps, revive the mysterious excursions of the Caliph Haroun-al-Rasched, to inquire not what the people say, but what they read.

LODGINGS IN THE STRAND.

WHAT a charming place this London is for high heads and low pockets, for a man whose pride and whose pence preserve an inverse ratio to each other! Talk of the declension of the drama, the degeneracy of acting—it is all "*vox et præterea nihil*"—there are more livelihoods gained by histrionic representations at the present day in London than there ever were. It is not necessary for an actor of genius to confine his exertions within the walls, or to the boards of this or that edifice dedicated to scenic illusions; it may not be politic for many to have their names exhibited in relation to their calling in a play-bill, that the world may recognize them as disciples of Thalia or Melpomene; or never to follow their art, but in the sock or buskin, its types and badges—no! be the

world the great stage on which their "exits and their entrances" are made, and let their "little hour" be swelled to the duration of a life. There is then no manager, decked with a little brief authority, to come between them and the public—no partial critics to write down their merits—no capricious audience to conciliate; no one sees the exertions they make, and therefore it is in no one's power to interfere with them. How many dislike the society of an actor, merely because he is an actor, although probably a very amiable man! "We wish," say they, "for no collision with such characters—they are very well in their way—that is to hear and see; but who would think of admitting, as intimates, professed dissimulators, and therefore dangerous associates? Can we expect that there is one ingenuous sentiment remaining within those whose whole study is imitation, whose highest ambition is to be transformed into fac-similes of others?" Should this poor wight profess a warm and generous friendship in real life, there are twenty to exclaim, "How natural—but recollect what an excellent Pierre or Antonio he makes!" Should he come as a sympathizer in misfortune—"Capital! Iago to the life!" A lover—Romeo, Iulius, *et hoc genus omne*;—in all, he only gains credit for playing a part, and his success is adequate to what it would be "in his proper sphere." How different is his case who preserves all the paraphernalia of stage trickery within himself, who is obliged to no sensible helps, and can, on occasion, alone "play many parts," or even press some of his audience into his dramatic corps, without their being privy to the capacity they fill. Such is the actor of real merit, and in London there are many such.

I am one of them—start not, reader, I am not going to act upon you, at least not to your disadvantage, I hope. I have an extensive circle of acquaintances; a large connection being a primary requisite in all professions, but an indispensable one in mine. I have my breakfast acquaintances, my dinner acquaintances, and my supper acquaintances; these compose my gallery, box, and pit audience. In the first class are young men in chambers and lodgings, literary persons, whose finances have not reached the matrimonial degree; and even, in the session, some members of parliament, come to town without their wives. The ladies are seldom included in my matin speculations; however, they enter largely into the next class; that is composed of mothers, who love shopping and a cicisbeo, misses whose sway at home extends to an invitation for dinner, brothers ditto, bon-vivants who need a boon companion, and authors aspiring only to fame, delighted to secure an after-dinner victim to their lucubrations; this is by far the most numerous class, and, as is proper, is my staple resource. The third and last is more heterogeneous and undetermined; being made up, for the most part, of the other two, with a few stragglers, peculiarly its own—such as tavern friends, street-acquaintances accidentally encountered, and three or four old maids, who, by a supper, reward the exertions of a novel-reader, when his throat refuses to squeak forth a line more after five or six hours' uninterrupted duty. This *tiers état* completes the list.

But the reader, if he knows me, will say, "How did you contrive to get into so much, and such good company? You have no means of returning all those breakfasts, dinners, and suppers?"—True, but there lies the secret; I have lodgings in one of the best houses in the *Strand*—witness my inviting ticket; and who knows that I *may* not one day entertain. Look at the mansion I inhabit; the first floor of it lets for four guineas

a week, and *perhaps* I am the occupant. Is not my popularity accounted for? Add to these presumptive attractions, the evident ones of exterior and manners; my *outside* is unobjectionable, thanks also to my "credit-able" residence; and, from my conversation, it is very evident that I am neighbour to King Charles, who bestrides the "high horse" at our end of "the Strand," and this, believe me, goes a great way. In these facts simply, lies the mystery.

But the course of good fortune never did, for a continuance, run smooth. A storm, some time ago, impended over me, that I foresaw not, in proper time to avert; although appearances, for one entire fortnight, loudly proclaimed it. These were attentions the most marked from all my friends, who seemed simultaneously affected with a violent attachment to my person and society. Among those of the first class, I became, *tout-à-coup*, a "devilish good-hearted fellow," "my worthy friend," and "the best creature in the world." Half-a-dozen breakfasts a morning I usually had on my hands, and had eggs been bantlings, Professor Malthus might have "grinned a ghastly smile" of satisfaction, to view the Saturnean feats I was compelled to perform. But it was in the second class that I had the most overpowering tokens of affection to encounter; nothing could be done without "dear Mr. —'s" advice and co-operation.—"Mamma was so angry that Mr. — did not dine with them yesterday."—"Emily, Fanny, Jane, and Polly were *au désespoir* last evening, not to have their favourite Mr. — among them." "Major Bottleblossom vented his spleen upon the claret and madeira, in the absence of his friend Mr. —." In fact, so warm had the young ladies become in their attentions, and so well-favoured did I appear in the sight of those in authority over them, that I began, for the first time in my life, to entertain serious notions of matrimony. It was evident that I had only to throw the handkerchief to secure my sultana among a hundred eager candidates for the distinction; there were the five Misses Bottleblossoms, daughters of the gallant major before mentioned; the three Misses Slashemall, an eminent surgeon's lovely brood; the pretty Fanny Syllabub; the four honourable Misses Rustaway; the three extraordinary Misses Cockletip; my literary friend Mademoiselle Aubifoin, who had about six months previous come

"O'er the deep waters of the dark blue sea,"

on a visit to my two singing friends, the clear-throated Misses Huskison. Shall I forget the beautiful Sally Wimple? when I do, I must forget excellence of all kinds. These do not form a sixth of my list, but they are the most prominent, as being most capable of supporting the dignity of my "lodgings in the Strand." And now the difficulty was to decide: the last-mentioned was my favourite, but the five first had each some thousands of arguments in her favour more than any of the others; they had obtained "golden opinions" from many persons, and, as a philosopher, I felt bound to distinguish sterling merit, even though it presented itself under an unfavourable aspect. Three nights, on my return to my lodgings, did I sit for four hours inwardly debating this knotty question. The competition now lay exclusively between Angelica Celestina Bottleblossom, the youngest of the five—for six years aged five-and-twenty—and the fascinating Sally, scarcely seventeen. On the fourth night I had something else to think of.

"Well, girls," said Major Bottleblossom, entering the breakfast-room, where Mrs. B. and the five *buds* were assembled, with a news-

paper in his hand, "his Majesty has accepted the invitation to the civic dinner on the 9th."

"Gracious me, has he?" ejaculated Mrs. B., Miss Dorothea Matilda, Miss Susanna Augusta, Miss Julia Honoria, Miss Georgiana Monimia, and Miss Angelica Celestina, in a breath. "How delightful!" said Mrs. B. "How charming!" followed Dorothea. "How pleasant!" succeeded Susannah. "How gratifying!" lisped Julia. "How agreeable!" sighed Georgiana. "How fortunate we are," exclaimed Angelica, "in being acquainted with Mr. —, who has 'lodgings in the Strand!'"

How unfortunate was it for poor Mr. —, how unlucky for him, that the King had consented to dine in the City! I was now beset on all sides; not only the three classes co-operated in worrying me to death, to obtain accommodation at my "lodgings" for themselves to view the show, but their relations and acquaintances, and their relations' and acquaintances' sons and daughters, thrust their recognitions and familiarities upon me by dozens—invariably followed by a request to "let them stand any where, just to have a peep at the procession." Large as my acquaintance necessarily was, I had no idea that I possessed such an overwhelming assortment of friends; they seemed to start up at every corner of the street, and the cards left at my "lodgings in the Strand," were incalculable. Of those who considered themselves entitled to precedence on this, to me melancholy, occasion, the number was somewhat above two hundred; these I could not refuse. To each, individually, I was under obligations, and they all expected a return, now that, as they considered, I had it in my power to make one.

But what was the real state of the case? My "lodgings in the Strand" consisted of one miserable attic, ten feet by seven, illuminated only (when I was not there myself) by a single window, two feet wide; this latter looked out on the parapet, which indeed commanded a view of the Strand, but my share of which would scarcely accommodate ten persons, with all the ingenuity I could use in their behalf. Add to this, that the favoured ten, when they had succeeded in attaining their dizzy station, would find themselves in very unusual company—the friends of my next-room neighbour, one of Warren's blacking-stirrers, who possessed similar advantages with me, and consequently was entitled to half the parapet. But, independent of this respectable collision, what was I to do with the remainder of the visitors that I calculated upon—between three and four hundred persons? There were but 146 thrust into the Black Hole at Calcutta, and 123 of them perished in a few hours; how then should I cram more than double that number into the still smaller space of my attic apartment?

Oh! the days and nights I spent revolving my desperate situation!—no courage had I to explain to a single individual the cause of the utter prostration of mental and bodily energy I exhibited, and which was becoming every day more and more apparent. I still moved among them, but my identity was scarcely discoverable; my cheeks grew lank and colourless, my eyes sunken and glazy, my figure attenuated, and my dress comparatively neglected—I strove to laugh, but the attempt was hysterical—I listened to the joyful anticipations of young and old, all directed towards the gratifications I was to afford them—I beheld new dresses, pelisses, shawls, bonnets, caps, &c., arrive to each of my female acquaintances, and I was told they were intended to grace my

windows. The prudent portion of my intended visitors requested me not to put myself to any extraordinary trouble for their reception; "a few cold fowls and some wine," said they, "laid in a back room, will be quite sufficient."—"How delightful a little dance would be after the show!" whispered pretty Fanny Syllabub, "if it was only to the piano; I dare say Mr. ——— has got one?"—"Oh!" responded Angelica Celestina, "I know he has, for he told me he sometimes amuses himself, learning to play on it." Thus, another thorn was added by the thoughtless fair ones to those which were already stinging me to death; they determined on having a dance, and I—*cur non omnia?* assented. A miracle, thought I, can only save me now!

The first week of the awful month I passed in a sort of desperate resignation to the certain fate I saw gradually approaching. I made no preparations. All the under part of the house, I understood, was to be thronged—no hope, therefore, remained in that quarter; and, although to bribe my next-room neighbour for a loan of his apartment I had every wish, alas! my coffers held my inclination in bondage. Sunday the 7th, dawned. "Well," said I to myself, "if I can't shew 'fair play,' let me exhibit a 'clear stage,' at all events;" saying which I jumped from my sleepless couch, and immediately laid about me with a vigour that astonished myself. "In the twinkling of a bed-post" I knocked four of them from their perpendicular on the floor, and in a few minutes had thrust the whole sleeping paraphernalia from the room; then I seized hold of two crazy chairs, and excluded them likewise; a table shared the same fate, and, in short, a complete vacuum was in half an hour obtained. The window was now wrenched from its moorings, and a strict survey made of the territory I could command: this, as I before stated, was certainly capable of accommodating about ten persons, and these I determined should be the Bottleblossoms and the Wimples, who would thus complete the number.—Fate might dispose of the rest. All that day I laboured intensely to render this eyrie tenable, and the entrance to it somewhat less hazardous. The apartment itself, too, by wheedling my gruff landlady, I got into some sort of receptionable order, and, by two or three personal sacrifices, I contrived to furnish my table with a pair of tolerable looking decanters of wine, and a cold roast goose. Altogether, towards evening, the thing did not present a very bad appearance, and I contemplated it with feelings much relieved. The subsequent day I determined to spend entirely among my friends, that it might not appear that I was obliged to be personally concerned in the arrangements for their reception at my "lodgings in the Strand;" besides that, I might afterwards throw much of the onus of the disappointment which awaited them, on my landlady and her servants, who, of course, were to take advantage of my absence, &c. &c. That night I spent with the Bottleblossoms, and made desperate advances to Angelica Celestina. I thought her eyes betrayed a particular interest for me, as they rested on my haggard countenance; and as I boldly asserted that love was consuming me, I hesitated not to assign it as the cause of my altered appearance: this made no little impression on her, and as, towards the close of our conference, her voice assumed a tone of tenderness, testifying that love's relative was pleading my suit, I scarcely two or three times restrained myself from making a frank avowal of my real circumstances, and throwing myself on her compassion and indulgence. I forbore, however, for the present, but resolving to reconsider the step

against the morrow, and then act decisively one way or the other. At parting for the night, the Major made me promise to breakfast with them in the morning.

Monday the 8th.—“I will pour my sorrows,” said I, as I strolled towards the Major’s, “into the gentle bosom of my Angelica; this day is the last of my reign, unless by some bold stroke I secure a retreat from the ills that environ me; with Angelica’s assistance I may brave them all—why should I hesitate?—nothing else now can save me.” Musing thus, and thus determined to make the awful confession, I entered the Major’s library: “Good morning, Mr. ———; sad news for us all,” whispered he, laying down the newspaper he had been reading, “the King won’t join the procession to-morrow, after all.” I felt my heart literally leap within me—I seized the blessed journal in a transport of delight—(I shall continue to take that paper as long as I live!)—’twas true! Oh! who would not envy me my feelings, if I could describe them!—I was emancipated from a living death. Grumble on, good citizens, I join you; but, pleased as your Englishman proverbially is with the privilege and enjoyment of grumbling, few there are, I ween, who feel more satisfaction in the performance of this national anthem than a certain “lodger in the Strand.”

Regardless of the gloom that quickly overspread the sensitive Angelica Celestina’s fair visage, reflected from half a dozen others around the breakfast table, I positively smiled—in my sleeve; while I never ceased all day, nor indeed have I yet ceased talking loudly of “provoking disappointment,”—“great preparations,”—“insufferable Sir Claudius,”—and “unfeeling ministers,” though, as far as these last are concerned, I cannot help thinking them, in this particular instance, the wisest that ever took office; and out of pure gratitude, and upon the principle that flowers were strewn by some unknown hand upon the tomb of Nero, I shed several very water-like looking tears when they resigned.

By the by, as I understand His Majesty *will* honour the “good citizens,” although he has put it off, at least once, since the above occurrence, whenever the happy day is positively ascertained, I shall be delighted to give up the eligible apartment mentioned above, in favour of any lady or gentleman ambitious of obtaining “lodgings in the Strand.” A.

GOOD NIGHT TO TAGLIONI!

“Good night to Taglioni! The thought comes down like a drop-curtain upon all my scenic remembrances! Many a time in the past and present month has this parting benediction been on our lips. Prince Leopold has wished good night to Belgium, and Leontine Fay to the Haymarket Theatre. Curious and manifold have been the changes of place and circumstance. Mr. Ward has vacated the city for Lord’s Cricket Ground, and Horace Twiss the House of St. Stephen for the dwelling of Magog. Praed is out of Parliament, and a tallow-chandler is lighted in his stead. May they all live a thousand years—I shall gain nothing either by their presence or absence. I could say good night to a million of them, without a trembling of an eye-lid. But Taglioni—I should like to see the man who could say Good Night to Taglioni! A sack and the Thames, near the Isle of Dogs, would be his appropriate recompence.

I am poor, yet I have been three times to see Taglioni. The first time was after Pasta's sublime impersonation of Medea; I shall never forget it—the contrast was wonderful. It was like one of Anacreon's songs after the Agamemnon of Æschylus, or one of Moore's Melodies bound up with Paradise Lost. She came bounding forth from the dimness of the back scenes like a golden roe out of a rose-brake in Palestine, or a Hamadryad from some myrtle-nook in the Valley of Tempe, who hath heard the pipe of the shepherd among the sun-lit trees. If the reader has not seen Taglioni, I cannot hope to offer any adequate picture of her countenance. It seemed to me, though not what is generally called handsome, to be perfectly interesting, as she stood—but that is not the word—with arched arms and flushing cheek, before the enthusiastic audience. And then her attitude! Titian might have breathed it into colour, or Canova might have kindled the marble with the life, as the sculptor did aforetime, when he had given the last touch to one of his most beautiful statues, and flinging the chisel from him, exclaimed—"Dice!" Speak! I will not attempt it—words would be weak and idle. I never heard silence so intense; the motion of a fan in Lady Londonderry's box fell on the ear with startling distinctness. If Juno had been petitioning Venus for her girdle, or Lady Lyndhurst twining her delicate fingers in Lord Brougham's hair, the attention could not have been more breathless. Do not suppose for a moment, however, that Taglioni is a posture-maker—Brocard is a figurante, but Taglioni is a lady. I have frequently read of performances far more scientifically wonderful than any of Taglioni. William Methold, an old traveller, in his *Relat. des Royaumes de Golconda*, speaks of a girl, not more than eight years of age, who could elevate one leg perpendicularly to her head, supporting herself meanwhile upon the other, so as to be parallel with his uplifted arm; and he has frequently seen the dancing girls place the soles of their feet upon their head.

Who ever heard Taglioni's feet touch the ground? I never did. Sometimes, indeed, I thought I could distinguish a faint melody—a *ψυρισμα τῆς ποδός*—like the tremulous murmurs of the water round the foot of a Naiad, as she stands doubtfully by the fountain side, ever and anon shaking the ripples into silver light as she bendeth over her own shadow. Mercandotti's step was always audible, Brocard's shoes had the density of Suffolk hiles, and Mdle. Emile alighted with an echo like Kean falling backward in the last scene of Othello.

But Taglioni—she seemed to float an Iris in the filmy light—a dove's-wing might bear her up—the gossamer cloud of summer would not fade beneath her—and when she did touch the stage, it was with an aerial and lingering motion—if I may employ so fanciful an illustration—like a humming bird with its purple wings winnowing the air as it sinketh down into the golden bosom of the flower where it sleepeth.

It was observed to me, by a clever artist, that her arms were too long; for my own part I perceived nothing to detract from her enchanting appearance, as she glided along with her limbs wandering at their "own sweet will," and the eye acknowledged with rapture that "her body thought."

It can never be said of Taglioni, that she is first in a first class; she is the first and the last—we have had nothing like her before, and we shall see nothing like her in after time—Brocard by her side is like Mori accompanying Paganini. The dancer and the violin-player are

the only individuals on record to whom history presents no parallel. We look from Turner to Claude, and from Chantrey to Canova, and from Fanny Kemble to Mrs. Siddons. They are only great in relation to a greater. I can pardon Brocard her pretty spitefulness. It happened on the last night of Taglioni's first engagement (this season), that she was vehemently encored in a dance—she had retreated back, and Brocard was commencing—the audience cheered, and Brocard danced, but it would not do—at length Brocard walked up to the beautiful Italian, and making her a bow, awaited for the conclusion of the encore.—Poor Brocard!

It is certainly a pity that no patriotic individual has made any proposal for the endowment of a College of Dancers, privileged to confer honours and medals like the sister universities. Taglioni might read the first lecture on the *Poetry of Motion* (and sure I am her voice is lovely), illustrated in her own inimitable manner. In India the dancing girls are peculiarly protected by a provision in the Gentoo law, which permits any punishment to be inflicted by the magistrate, except the confiscation of their jewels, clothes, and dwelling. The dancing girl of Hindostan with the rings round her ankles, and her silver bells, and golden garments, and her tresses glittering along each cheek like the locks of the archer God in the old statues, affords the most picturesque resemblance to the figures of the bacchantes sometimes found on the antique bas-reliefs.

But to return to the proposal for a new college: surely it is needed. Have we not already a London University, and a King's College, and an Academy of Music? What glory will shine upon the *Monthly Magazine*, as the originator of the scheme! The spirit of prophecy is rushing upon me, and I see already in the leading column of the *Morning Herald*:—"We have much pleasure in stating that Mdle. Taglioni has been appointed professor in the New College. The first meeting of the proprietors will be held on the 26th inst." Who would not be a pupil! Aspasia taught Socrates to dance. Among a list of names distinguished in literature and science, I have only time to mention the Lord Chancellor and the Bishop of London. The Rev. Edward Irving has solicited the appointment of secretary. May the "good cause" prosper!

I am not surprised that the dance, in the old time, formed part of the religious ceremonial. It is the language of the heart, in its season of joy and freshness. So Eve danced into the nightingale-thickets of Eden; and Glycera, in the love-glow of a Grecian evening, when she bound (the first of her country's daughters) the garland of flowers about her forehead, and went leaping in front of the choir up the radiant steps of the temple of Venus.

Jeremy Taylor pronounced an anathema against dancing. Had he ever seen Taglioni, he would have taken a *stall*. In her his eyes would not have been offended by the "indecent mixtures of wanton dancing." Her gestures cannot be called prologues to voluptuousness. They address themselves, of a truth, to the senses; but they also wake up thoughts of beauty which sleep, like odours, within the spirit. The eloquent author of the "Holy Living" might have applied to Taglioni his own quaint, yet exquisite, image of light dancing in the eyes, like boys at a festival.

Good night to Taglioni! Yet she is still dancing before me in the light of imagination. That bound!—if the doctrine of the migration

of souls be true, Taglioni will be changed into a fair and dark-eyed gazelle, in the gardens of Araby the Blest. How the nightingale will hush the voice of its joy as her feet pass, like a summer wind, over the spice-blossoms. She ought not to die!

Good night to Taglioni! I am sick and ill, and a poor student; and my eyes are dim with *thought* and study. What have I to do with thee, sweetest of Italy's daughters? Most likely I shall never see thee any more. Yet sometimes it may be, in my silent and lonely room, my heart will travel back to the days that are gone, and the gentle light of one who walketh in her own brightness, may break upon the gloom; and I may behold thee, yet once again, springing out, like a phantom of the spirit, from the darkness of memory. Good night to Taglioni!

W.

THE RAVINE OF THE UNBURIED DEAD.*

AFTER the bloody plain of Cuzco had witnessed the victory obtained by the successful Spanish brothers over their unfortunate compatriot Diego Di Almagro, Ferdinand Pizarro (a noble born brother of the celebrated adventurer) aware of the policy of employing the active and insubordinate officers by whom he was surrounded in some fresh enterprise, despatched several powerful bodies to seek new wealth in farther conquests. One of these, leaving the plains of Peru, penetrated into the higher districts of that country, where the inhabitants, though not less advanced in civilization than their lowland compatriots, possessed more of the warlike spirit of their Chilese neighbours. Here the Spanish adventurers waged for some time dubious warfare with Alpahula, the chief of a tribe which dwelt on the first region of the Andes, and possessed both the courage and the skill to defend their mountain country against its rapacious invaders. Alpahula, although he had acknowledged the Incas of Peru as his sovereigns, and had even done cheerful homage to the wise and celebrated Huana Capac, yet exercised in some degree the dignity of an independent cazique, and when civil war and foreign invasion seemed to have deprived Peru of its native rulers, he determined,—not without a sentiment of contempt for the tame submission of his peaceful countrymen of the plain,—to hold out his mountain district to the last against these haughty intruders on its independence. Private motives were soon added to the public feelings which animated the patriot cazique. His beautiful young daughter had, in an early stage of the invasion, been surprised at one of her father's palaces, and carried off by the foreign conqueror.

Undismayed by the artificial thunder of their eastern enemies; undaunted by the centaur-like combination of steed and rider, the bold cazique and his followers rushed on the fires of the one, and dismounted the other with a bravery which astonished the Spanish chiefs: nay more, Alpahula and some of his most venturous officers dared even to mount the chargers of their fallen foes, and, in one instance, even turned a few wrested carbines against the invader, who had first made their simple

* The following story is founded on an Indian tradition, though the scene of its singular events is somewhat removed from the spot that is said to have witnessed them.

highland district roll in dismal echo to the thunders of European warfare. Alpahula was no common cazique of a petty Indian tribe. He was a man of superior talents, as well as indomitable bravery; but neither talents nor bravery could long avail a primitive American warrior against the military skill and superior arms of his eastern adversary. Juan Di Alcantara, the Spanish General, received strong reinforcements from his powerful kinsman of the same name, and Alpahula, after many desperate encounters with his foe, was at length totally defeated and made a prisoner. The fallen chief had, during the action, sought for death in vain. It was no part of the policy of his enemies to bestow on him such a boon. A report had reached their ears that treasured hordes, the decoration of many a palace fitted for an Inca's residence, the ornament of many a profaned temple of the glorious god of day had been concealed by Alpahula in some mountain cave, deep amid the recesses of the Andes. Riches, which might more than satisfy the most rapacious adventurer, were, it was confidently believed, to be found in compendious abundance by once discovering the place where the vanquished cazique had hidden his treasures. Neither threats nor persuasions could, however, prevail on him to reveal this important secret, and he was left on the thirtieth day of his miserable confinement with an assurance that he would be visited by the torture early on the succeeding morning if, ere that period, he failed in divulging the hiding-place of his vast wealth.

Cazique Alpahula was confined in one of the meanest apartments of his own palace. Like most of the public edifices of the less heated regions of his country, it was a heavy, low building, constructed of stones taken just as they fell from the mountains, or were dug from the quarry, and only made to unite with each other by a tedious selection of correspondent angles and indentures, projections and hollows. Unacquainted, however, as they were with any cement, the tediousness of this process prevented not the persevering Indian from joining these huge masses with an introgressive nicety of union which might astonish a civilized eye. As windows did not enter into the luxuries of a western palace, and the conquerors of Alpahula had supplied him with no substitute for that blessed light whence they had banished him, the cazique saw not the dismantled state in which lay the residence of his ancestors—its golden vessels and decorations removed, and its plates of precious metal torn from the walls they had so recently encrusted.

A soft footstep was heard, and a faint light streamed into his dismal apartment. The Indian chief deemed that his appointed hour of bodily endurance was arrived. The weight of his chains prevented his rising to an erectness of person which might have fitly corresponded with the determined attitude of his indomitable soul; but he spoke in a tone of stern composure. "Morn hath broken," he said, "and you come to execute your foul purpose. Do your worst pleasure. Here—your prisoner and your victim—I defy you." The lamp was instantly set down. It shone on a tall and slender form. Alpahula felt his knees clasped with fervent devotion, and beheld his daughter at his feet. Natural affection overcame for a moment every sterner feeling in the bosom of the Indian warrior, and clasping his child in his worn and fettered arms, he shed tears of parental tenderness on her head. For some time they remained in each other's arms without speaking, and as the lamp with gradual increase of light began to shew objects more distinctly in the

chamber, the father and daughter seemed, with mutual gaze, to be marking what changes time and affliction had made in their personal appearance. The cazique was the first to break silence. With a relapse into his sternness of tone, he demanded, "And what treatment hast thou received at the hands of yon robber-idolaters?"—"Gentle, and kind, and honourable treatment," replied Ualla, meekly. "Go to, daughter; this is no time to jest. I may hardly believe that the whole land of the Sun hath been pillaged of its treasures, drenched in the gore of its inhabitants, and trodden under foot by its lawless conquerors, while one feeble and defenceless damsel hath found solitary grace in their eyes. Answer me truly then, as in the presence of that orb whose rising I may no more behold, what treatment hast thou met at the hands of your cruel victors?"—"They are not *all* cruel," answered Ualla, timidly. "The second chief who commands our foe hath a gentler and a kinder nature than his brethren. His protection hath procured Ualla life, fair treatment, and honourable respect. To him our fallen country oweth aught that hath softened the conqueror's fierceness; and, oh! my father, but for his guardian hand these loved and honoured limbs would, ere this, have been either stretched to torture on their demon-engine, or whitening in the mountain breeze."

"Star of stars—I praise thee!" ejaculated Alpahula.—"What though thou hast suffered the foe and the idolater to triumph in thine own land,—what though thou hast withdrawn thy beams from the hoar head of thy prostrate worshipper—yet hast thou not forsaken his child. Enlightener of darkness, I bless thee."—"But, oh! my father," said the daughter, sinking from the neck to the knees of her parent, "will you not avoid the dark hour that now awaits you?—To what purpose—with what hope can you now conceal your glittering hordes?—Shall they serve the cause of our country in yon dark caves where the blessed sun never calls to light their dazzling brightness, where the damp veil of night shrouds and tarnishes their lustre? The gentle, the noble Spanish cazique, Fernando Di Valverde, hath sent me here to move your purpose. He throws himself at your feet in my person, and beseecheth you to think well on the fate that awaits you. He hath prevailed on his brother chief to delay his cruel fiat until your daughter could be summoned from the refuge her brave captor had assigned her, to supplicate you to shew mercy on yourself. The young Fernando hath even delayed my coming, to give you yet time to change your stern decision. Ualla's voice may be powerless with you, but Fernando's you cannot resist. The sun, rising in his strength, and looking red and angry through the storm-clouds of heaven, that would hide his shining course, is not more terrible than the glorious young Spaniard to those who cross his path. The moon, shining softly on a dwelling of woe, is not more gentle than he to the feeble and vanquished; and the evening breeze of the south, sighing sadly over the flowers that close at sunset, is not softer than his voice to woman in her hour of darkness and extremity. Let the beautiful Eastern cazique see you, beloved giver of my days, and your purpose shall be changed. I vaunt not idly the power of his words—I have myself known and felt their wondrous influence. Aye, strange to utter, even your words, my father (the reason I divine not), come not on my ear with such sweet persuasion.—Shall he be summoned to save you from your own stern purpose?"

The cazique, while his child spoke, eyed her with an inquisitiveness

of gaze which seemed to have no reference to his own situation, but solely to the state of her feelings. "Ah! guileless daughter of the mountains," he said to himself, with a mixture of sternness and sadness, "thy simple young heart hath, all unguessed by its owner, passed into the hands of another. To thy country's foe thou hast yielded feelings whose nature stands out in guileless revelation to others, while unsuspected by thyself." Aloud he said, with fierce sarcasm, "And this friend of miserable Peru—this enemy to blood and rapine—joins the tiger-gang which desolates our valleys, and now springs insatiate on our mountain recesses. So mild, so kind a nature might, perchance, find more genial companions and fitter occupation."—"He had quitted both," answered Ualla, with the fervour of simplicity, "but that his power, once withdrawn, would have left our tyrants without a check on their lawless violence. For me too, father" (she began to weep) "he prolongs his power, because he would not leave me defenceless in the hands of these invaders, nor yet force me from a country where, while my father lives, his daughter will remain, either to find an asylum or a grave."—"Alas! poor Ualla," said Alpahula, "I can recal the days when, ere Spanish treachery had taught me dark suspicion, I would myself have lent, like thee (aye, like the royal, yet fallen children of the sun on yonder vanquished plains), an easy ear to the professions of our proud and guileful conquerors; but the treacherous sons of the East now spread their toils for me in vain. If thy Spanish protector were of such gentle mould, as he would make thee credit, how would the haughty and unpitying chief of our captors brook, amid his band, this marrer of their plunder,—this resistance of their cruelty?"—"Fernando is come of a powerful race, his blood ranks among the noblest in the land of our conquerors," replied Ualla patiently, "and his soul is of such unquenchable bravery, that even the soldier he restrains both fears and loves the bold hand that would check his rapacity. The merciless chief himself has no mind to chase from his side the high-born and dauntless Fernando. Would that he had earlier consented to yield the task of protecting your child; would that he had been here to lighten the chain of your captivity!—Say, will you hearken to the voice of your daughter's preserver; or, can her tongue alone draw from you, my sire, the *useless* secret of your treasures, and rescue the venerable remainder of your days from shame and anguish? What answer shall I take to him who sent me to save you?"—"Go tell the foul idolators, that when the deathless god I worship stoops from his golden height, and sinks beneath yon western waves to rise no more over the land, where his worshippers await him—tell them thou, *then* I will yield the treasures which once adorned his sacred fanes, to those who have profanely trampled them under foot. Go—go—I see by the faint light which streams from the outward opening of the palace, and makes its way even to this furthest cell, that the glorious god of my fathers is shedding his first morning-smile on our land. I may not, as once, go forth to greet his rising, and rejoice in his presence. Guests will soon be here thou would'st not look on. Work that would make the blood hide itself in thy young cheek, will shortly be done in this chamber. Retire—go prostrate thyself before our god in his crimson glory, and pray that thy father may be constant. Embrace me, daughter! it may be we meet no more, until we tread the beamy palaces of our golden father.—Farewell."

But the daughter clung to his knees in agony, and refused to leave

him ; and when his mandate was repeated, " Go, prostrate thyself before our day-god, and pray not that thy father's pangs may be brief, but that his endurance may be unshaken"—she sprang to her feet, stood for a moment, as if bent on some desperate avowal, yet uncertain how to make it, and then said, " Father, revered giver of my days, I cannot prostrate myself before yon bright and beauteous star, because in my captivity I have learned to see in the shining orb you worship, the work of a greater than himself ; I have learnt to believe that he shall one day be blotted from the face of the heaven he now gilds, and rise no more o'er the earth he now gladdens, while the Creator who kindles his beams shall remain unchanged in his brightness, and immutable in his glory."—" It is done," said the chief, sinking on his pallet, with a violence which made his chains resound, and startled the sentinel without—" It is done—my child forsakes the god of her fathers ! O hide thy face in clouds, glorious light of earth and heaven ; shroud thyself for ever, and leave in darkness the land where even the race of its chiefs hath forgotten thee. Fallen daughter of the sun, depart ! I have not yet the strength of soul to curse thee, but thou hast not my blessing."—The daughter, with bended head, and arms crossed on her bosom, moved not, but stood meekly before her grieved and indignant sire, as if prepared to endure whatever his displeasure might inflict ; and, when his feelings had somewhat subsided, she began in humble and pensive tones to plead the cause of the creed she had adopted. The cazique heard her for some time with the patience of sheer astonishment, and then burst forth with that frequent, and too natural query of his Indian compatriots—" And what manner of God can *he* be, who hath such hell-hounds for his servants and children ?"—" Alas ! father," said the daughter patiently, " I have learned that the *possessor* and not the *professor* of a faith, must be looked to for the shining marks of its living power. It is because these Spanish caziques and their followers have *forgotten* the laws, and cast off the spirit of the God whose name they bear, that they trample on their fellow-men, and worship the golden ore for which they are willing to peril their soul and body.—Oh, father, the God of the children of the East is not the cruel God his false and apostate sons would shew him. In my captivity I have learned the language of our conquerors. I have been taught by my generous captor to trace the strange mysterious characters which convey the message of the true God from generation to generation of his children. Yes, I have *read* (strange word, how shall I convey its meaning to my sire ?), I have *read* his written law. O turn, gracious father," she exclaimed, warming with her subject, " turn from the bright vicegerent, whose golden eye the Creator hath kindled from nothing : look above him, to One who can, even in this dark hour, shine into your soul, with a peace and a joy which shall make you lightly hold, even the loss of a cazique's power, or the surrender of his glittering treasures."—" And shall I," exclaimed Alpahula, scornfully, " renounce the radiant lord whom my fathers adored, and who poureth his eternal and unwasting beams on our land, to worship the God of the Spaniards, who is subject to death, and who hath not the power to restrain the mad cruelty of his followers ? Was it for this that the blessed children of the sun left their beaming chambers on high, and descended to teach and reclaim our sires ? Was it for this that the glorious Capac and his heaven-born spouse brought peace and glad plenty and social union amongst us ? Go to, daughter—I have seen the miserable record which our christian

tyrants call the book of their God.* It shone not; it beamed not. I held it to my ear; it spoke not. I looked within it. Strange characters which told me nothing were all I beheld. I threw it from me in disdain, and marvelled that they who beheld with open eyes the glorious beams of our god, and partook of the fruits his genial warmth calls forth, and walked and wrought in the light he sends, would prefer a miserable and incomprehensible record, of such petty size it might be hidden in the woollen folds of our priest's garments; to the *felt*, the *visible*, the resplendent cause of all things. Listen, idolatress; when the God of the eastern lands, to whom you bow, hath power to restrain, or justice to punish his merciless sons; then will your sire fall down before the Deity that can make even Spanish hearts prefer mercy to gold!"—"Alas!" exclaimed Ualla, clasping her hands, and perceiving the hopelessness of pleading for a religion, the chains of whose false professors galled her captive sire, "you believe that the light set in yon heaven is the glorious governor of earth and sky. With grateful homage you offer him a part of those productions his kindly warmth hath called to existence. To him you present the choicest works which his beams have guided your hand to perform. Even the timid lama hath sometimes bled its sacrificial tribute to the being who supplies its gentle race with food.† Yet, look around, my sire; tell me have *all* in Peru who bowed before the golden orb, and confessed the sacred obligation of imitating his beneficence, *have all* shed on the little world around them the same kindly influence? No. Yet my sire saith not that the God of the *Western* world is a cruel God. Unhappy Ata Hualpa, the usurping Inca, still bowed before that sun whose temples he had robbed, and whose children he had destroyed; yet will not my father pronounce that the golden light Hualpa worshipped was a false and a merciless lord. O my father, the fallen Inca was not falser to the character of his god, than these unworthy christians to the author of their pure faith."

Ere the unshaken cazique could reply, a sound of feet and voices startled his child, and made her heart throb with a sickening horror. It seemed as if some heavy weight were placed in the adjoining apartment. The father looked haughtily prepared. The daughter turned pale as the snow on her native Andes. "God of mercy," she ejaculated, "stay their cruel hands. Spare yet awhile—Look in mercy on the soul for which the sharer of thy throne expired."

The Spaniards entered. The answer of Alpahula was demanded. He sternly folded his arms, and seemed scarce to heed their queries. They approached, and laid their hands on his person. "I have nothing to say," replied the chief—"I only pray that my child may depart. Farewell, Ualla, once the light of thy father's eye. I have not the heart to let thee behold what these walls must now witness. Farewell, go, and repent." Pierced to the heart by the kindness which made her doomed parent see in his sufferings only the pang they would inflict on an apostate child, the gentle, young Peruvian strove, in despairing energy, to release her sire with her own slender fingers from the grasp of his enemies. She was forced back. The cazique's garment was removed. He was lifted in the arms of his oppressors towards the fatal engine. Ualla saw his eye turned to the east, as if to implore the support of his

* We must suppose this to have been a Popish breviary.

† See Robertson, &c.

rising deity. With a fullness of agony that could scarce find vent in utterance, she supplicated her inexorable parent to change his stern purpose, and yet save himself, in this last moment of hope, by divulging his precious secret. Finding her intreaties useless, and seeing her father about to be stretched on the fearful instrument of anguish, Ualla flew to the opening of the apartment, and shrieked with a violence which made the dark chambers of the Indian palace resound to her cries. "O Hernando! Hernando! In the name of our mutual God I charge thee come and save my parent."

Awed by the name of the famous chief on whom Ualla called, and aware of the tender eye with which he regarded the Peruvian beauty, the executioners paused for a moment, and seemed to suspend their work of anguish, as if to see whether the brave Spaniard were really near to answer the cries of his young protégée.

With breathless attention Ualla now listened at the entrance of the apartment, to catch the faintest sound of her lover's footstep. The morning breeze, sighing through the obscure dismantled chambers of the dwelling of her sires, was the only response to her listening ear. Yet there was a sound at length. It came nearer and nearer. And now it resembled the tread of an armed warrior. Hernando, himself, appeared, but he came not alone; Juan Di Alcantara, the chief of the Spanish foe, and the object of Ualla's terror and abhorrence, accompanied her brave protector. They entered as men whom different motives had drawn to the same spot. The noble Castilian, Hernando Di Valverde, advanced with stern brow and authoritative mien. His look of surprise shewed that the hour of the Indian's extremity had been accelerated by the impatient rapacity of his European conqueror. With a manly tenderness, which rendered him indifferent to the scornful smile of his compatriot, Hernando supported the terrified and half-fainting young Indian, and spoke words of comfort and encouragement in her ear. He then waved his hand authoritatively to the ministers of Juan's tyranny, who, receiving no countersign from their chief, withdrew. Hernando approached the fallen cazique. Struck with the unquenched fire of his eye, and respecting the courage and former exploits of his brave adversary, Hernando, not without somewhat of deference in his manners, raised the chained and fallen cazique from his appalling situation, and placed him beside his daughter. "You are brave, Don Juan," he said, unable longer to smother the indignation which policy and the desire of retaining power to protect the father and daughter had, hitherto, urged him to conceal; "you are brave, but, methinks, it asks small courage to wage warfare with women and captives. Had I not reasonably appeared (God knoweth, little guessing your diligence began so early), yon white-haired old man had, ere this, scarce owned a limb to stand on. *For shame, Juan Di Alcantara, for shame!* In blind and unacceptable zeal, you bid your servile priest to sprinkle these unbaptized subjects of your sword, with the healing wave of our pure sacrament, while you fearlessly and foully pollute its holy waters with the innocent blood of those you pretend to convert. But you shall not thus trample on man's rights and God's mercy, without warning; I, for one, will dare to lift up my voice against you. What, ho! executioners, remove this foul engine, and bring it hither again at your peril."—"At your peril touch it;" exclaimed Juan furiously. "Base patron of wretched idolators, besotted lover of an Indian savage,

know that Juan alone commands here. Know that I hold in my hand thy life, and the life of thy western beauty, and the sinews and heart's blood of that stubborn old man. Aye, look tenderly on your terrified maiden. You hold her but at my pleasure, and I may, at a moment's warning, interpose between you and the smiles you feed on."—"Have a care, Juan," answered the noble Spaniard fearlessly; "I know that thy military followers twice out-number mine, but a loyal subject of Spain, the scion of a powerful stock, and the beloved leader of a chosen band, is not so lightly made the prey of vindictive cruelty. Remember my voice is not without power in my native land. Nay, smile not scornfully. I know I might in vain essay to make it heard athwart this wide-stretched continent and yon wider ocean; but there be Spaniards, even in Peru, who would lift the voice, aye, the sword, for Hernando, and carry the tale of his wrongs to the shores of his native land. Nay, turn not away, Juan Di Alcantara; thou know'st that thou and I had scarce kept doubtful peace so long, hadst thou not held *prudent credence* in what I now tell thee."

The two chiefs had now cast off the outward semblance of an alliance, which, from motives as widely different as their hearts and characters, had, hitherto, subsisted between them. Juan, who had till now endeavoured to conceal his most atrocious acts from a colleague whose power at his native court, and influence among his own soldiers, might enable him to demand heavy retribution; now, peremptorily, and in his very teeth, demanded that instant torture should extract the secret of the fallen cazique's treasures: while Hernando, who had, hitherto, avoided any open rupture with his more powerful companion in arms, lest in the mutual struggle for supremacy, he should lose the means of protecting his young captive and her race; now vehemently protested that he would oppose by force, the cruel determination of his compatriot. To Ualla, who well understood the Spanish tongue, the fierce conflict was agony. It seemed that her father's inflexibility would prove the ruin, not only of himself, but of one, perhaps, still dearer to the heart of Ualla. The cazique, though only slenderly acquainted with a few Spanish phrases, seemed, from the occasional mention of his own name, and the frequent pointing of his foes towards the engine of torture, partly to divine the subject of dispute. At the moment, however, when Ualla deemed all lost, the Indian chief suddenly smote his dark brow, as if some thought had kindled there like a spark of fire: then, notwithstanding the ponderous and degrading weight of his irons, rising to his full height, he said, with a commanding air—"Christians, *my will is changed. I am ready to reveal to you the secret of my hidden treasure.*"

This sudden and unexpected concession, seemed to end the differences between the two chiefs. Juan's selfish and rapacious mind instantly wandered from Hernando and his late dispute, to the glittering hordes and golden treasures of his prostrate foe. Not, however, without secret purposes of future vengeance at a safer opportunity, did he extend his hand to the daring curtailer of his power. Perhaps, the gallant young Spaniard, of taller stature than his compeer, stood in too erect an attitude to *mark* the proffered hand: at any rate, he took it not, but made such inclination of his person as might exhibit a remaining sense of displeasure, without the intention of farther exhibiting it by any hostile act.

Juan only saw in this sudden change of Alpahula's determination the act of a man terrified by the immediate prospect of physical suffering; Hernando believed that it might result from some generous wish to save his daughter's protector from the consequences of forcibly resisting Alcantara's cruelty; but Ualla saw by the keen, the undaunted, the almost exulting expression of her father's eye, that some deep and nameless reason had prompted his sudden compliance. Juan now eagerly leaned over the victim of his avarice to catch from his lips that golden secret which would prove the clue to riches and splendour. The chief, however, protested that the cave which secured his treasures lay in some deep and lone recess of the Andes to which it was impossible to direct his conquerors, but he offered himself to be their guide to the precious deposit. Juan Di Alcantara hesitated for a moment—then eagerly closed with the cazique's offer, and fearful of allowing his prisoner time to change his resolution, named the morrow's earliest dawn for the commencement of the expedition. Ualla, scarce knowing what she demanded, what she feared, vehemently supplicated to be allowed to accompany her parent. Juan heard her request as he would that of a silly child; and the three rival chiefs agreed in peremptorily refusing her compliance; Juan, because, he deemed she would prove a hindrance to the expedition; Hernando, because he feared she might be exposed to danger; and the cazique for reasons of a similar nature, or for others which he did not choose to reveal.

Long before the sudden and glowing blush of a tropical sunrise had crimsoned the eastern sky, Ualla appeared, on the succeeding day, within the walls of her father's prison. "Thou comest to bid me farewell," he said, apparently unable to restrain the kindness of his parental feelings; "I could have wished that thou hadst this morn forgotten thy filial homage. But it matters not. Come hither, apostate child of the sun"—(he embraced her tenderly)—"God of my days and of the light that hath so long gilded them, forgive this embrace—forgive the feelings of nature, which cannot close themselves against this forsaker of her shining creator. Farewell—Ualla, farewell! Yet once again" (he bestowed another embrace); "and now I charge thee begone. Yet hold—thy Spanish protector—he who hath seduced thee from thy god hath dared yestern—even to ask, aye, to supplicate, thee of me for a bride. Ualla, I do confess that there is in the speech and bearing of that sightly youth what might, perhaps, feebly plead thy excuse for the abandonment of thy maker, and the misplacings of thy young affections: some difficulty have even I found in closing my bosom against him: but I charge thee, Ualla, by the soul of thy mother, now walking in light, and clothed with sunbeams, reward not the betrayer of thy soul by yielding him thy hand. He is the most wily, and therefore the most dangerous, of our powerful invaders. Source of light and life, I now behold the wisdom of thy ways! If all the children of the east resembled that brave and persuasive Spaniard, thou wouldst soon look in vain from thy shining throne to behold one suppliant knee in Peru. O close my bosom against him! Daughter, thou may'st yet return to the truth. Thou may'st yet bow before the radiant cause of all things. Close not up for ever thy way to him by giving thyself to his enemy. Farewell!—Thou weapest as if thy very life were bound in this idolator. Hold!—Look me stedfastly in the face, Ualla. Thou hast seen that of late I am become a strange changer

of my purpose. It is moved again. *If thy Hernando return in safety from this expedition, he is thine. I give him to thee.* Light of the heavens! *I ask of thee a sign?* Not another word, Ualla. The god of thy father shine on thee in his mercy—and now farewell.” He pressed her wildly to his bosom for one instant, and then thrust her violently from the apartment. Her foreign protector received her, and, struck by the quivering lip and bloodless cheek of his young captive, demanded, while he gently supported her trembling limbs, what in such brief parting had thus wrought on her feelings? Fearful of revealing her father’s strangeness of manner, lest by deferring the proposed expedition she should expose him anew to the horrors of torture, yet afraid to conceal her confused suspicions lest she should endanger the life of Hernando, Ualla could only answer, “There is some busy voice within my bosom which tells me that this shall be a day of wailing and woe; which whispers to me that I shall see my sire no more; which warns me of—I know not what—O, Hernando, go not with this expedition.” “And leave your sire, Ualla, the unprotected prey of Juan?” “Alas, surely no.” “What do you dread, gentle Ualla? I will be the protector of your father; and for me—though I would not exchange that kind look of solicitude for the fair empire of your Incas—it were idle to entertain a thought of fear; your countrymen—” “It needs not to be told,” interrupted Ualla, with something of Peruvian feeling, “my countrymen are fallen far too low to be dreaded. For two moons the bow hath lain powerless in my native mountains, nor shall it be strung again. You are masters of the land, nor do I dread that the hand of its servants shall ever rise more against you. No dweller in Peru need be reminded that you have known how to render your dominion sure and inevitable.” Hernando smiled, half amused, and half admiring. “And is your father’s patriotism so infectious, gentle Ualla?” he said. “But what then do you fear?” “I cannot tell—I know not,” answered she anxiously. “Deride me not, noble Hernando, for my dark misgivings. Withdraw from me that soldier’s smile—you are too brave to know fear yourself, but too generous to deride it in a feeble woman. My father’s eye wore a keen and strange look this morning, but—no—I reck not what I say—’twas nothing—’twas my own idle imagining. Tell it not to that fearful Juan. Look! there stands the frightful instrument of anguish still! My soul is dark this morning. They come—they come to bear my father hence. O, Hernando, farewell—farewell. Let your generous arm protect my father’s grey hairs, and look to your own dark locks. The god who made you my enlightener, the god who holdeth all hearts and all hands in his keeping, watch over you—farewell.”

The western mountains were still sleeping in the alternate light and shadow of a sinking moon, when the impatient Spanish chief, accompanied by a body of military followers, reached the exterior of the gaol-converted palace of Cazique Alaphula. Dreading the escape of so important a prisoner, in any of the dark mountain-holds and recesses, with which he was so well acquainted, and where the necessary separation of the parties, from the narrowness of the passes, might render escape practicable and pursuit impossible, the Spanish general ordered six slaves to be chained to the fetters of the fallen chief. Fernando generously remonstrated against this indignity; but the cazique, far from receiving this interference with gratitude, only answered, “Young

man, I have not asked for your protection." He positively, however, refused to move, until persons of distinction were substituted for the slaves. Juan peremptorily ordered the cazique to proceed, and pointed to the fearful engine. Alphahula resolutely folded his arms on his bosom, and assumed the calm, collected attitude and look of indifference of one who has made up his mind to remain at home, instead of taking a day's journey. The wealth in prospect was not to be lightly relinquished, and six of the most noble followers of the Spanish standard were therefore substituted for the slaves. Among them was Hernando Di Valverde, whose love for the daughter, and whose fear of exposing the father to worse cruelty made him generously offer himself, a volunteer to the Indian's pride or humour. He was placed nearest the person of the singular chief. Alphahula looked round for a moment with an air of triumph, almost amounting to rapturous exultation.

For some time the party proceeded amid the lower regions of the Andes in silence, which was only broken, as they reached every fresh turn in the passes, by the stern and authoritative call of the cazique, echoed by his interpreter—"to the right,"—"to the left,"—"through the gorge,"—"up the pass," &c. By the augmenting difficulty of their march, and by the increasing keenness of the atmosphere, Hernando soon perceived that Cazique Alphahula was conducting them to the upper region of his native mountains. A glow of crimson, which seemed kindled as in a moment, suddenly tinged the snowy tops of the highest elevations, and contrasted curiously with the wan moonlight in which the lower regions were still sleeping. Hernando thought he had never beheld a scene so stern, lone, and majestic. The white crests of the tallest mountains, the sombre gorges, dark ravines, and overhanging precipices assumed even a stranger and sterner character from the dubious and mixed light in which they were beheld. At each step of the train the scene assumed a more desolate, wild, and solitary aspect. The cultivated district they had quitted seemed to sink to an immense distance beneath them, while that to which they were advancing gradually lost the trace of human occupation, and presented the appearance of a region whose lone and awful majesty had never before been profaned by foot of man. Hernando listened to the ceaseless gushing of mountain torrents, which, sometimes with the overpowering roar of a near cataract, sometimes with the booming thunder of a distant fall, rolled down the steep sides of Andes, and bore their swelling tribute to the Western Ocean.

Here and there a red and baleful light, resting on the frozen summits of the highest range, shewed where the dire volcano was sending forth its restless and unquenchable fires. As their way became more toilsome, Hernando, despite the fallen Indian's repulsive returns to his proffered assistance, often grasped Alphahula's arm, in kind, and even respectful aid of his failing footsteps; and when the party stopped in fatigue, either to refresh themselves, or partake of the powerful and invigorating potations of their own country, the cazique was the first person to whom the young Spaniard tendered refection. It was evident, that Alphahula strove, but perhaps strove in vain, to remain insensible to these marks of respect and compassion.

The sun quickly succeeded the crimson rays, which—with the abrupt glow of a tropical harbinger of returning day—had announced his

approach. It was, however, only by the dazzling flood of ruddy and golden light which bathed the east in liquid fire, and by the lengthening shadows westward, that the rising of the Peruvian deity was discovered; for the cloud-capped range of eastern giants still concealed the ascending god from the eager gaze of his captive and solitary worshipper. Yet, conscious that the star of his adoration had appeared on the earth, Alphahula bowed himself with a prostration of posture, which forced Hernando, attached nearest his body, to stoop his own person in accommodation to the adoring chief. "God of my life!" exclaimed the Indian, looking on Hernando with an expression that was perfectly indefinable; "shall I take even this prostration of an *unwilling knee*, before thy eastern throne, as a *favourable answer*?" Again he gazed hesitatingly, almost mournfully, on Hernando; then shaking his head, as if in refusal to some unlawful wish which had crossed his mind, he proceeded.

Morning now rapidly advanced, but the gorges of the mountains became so narrow, that the precipices, sometimes, almost met over the heads of the passers, and excluded the light of day. Alphahula looked repeatedly, and with anxious gaze, at the opening of every fresh pass, as if eager to behold the shining face of that orb whose unseen rising he had already worshipped—"I will behold his golden eye yet *once more*," he said. They reached the opening of another gorge. A steep precipice, whose shelving sides offered narrow and precarious footing to the party, arose to their left. Alphahula looked up in exultation. "Yonder," he exclaimed, "lies our path, Christians! your task is near ended. Mount this tall giant of the moon, and your way down its farther side shall be easy, and conduct you to Alphahula's richest treasure." No music ever sounded sweeter in the ear of Juan Di Alcantara. They prepared to ascend the dizzy elevation, but the cazique paused for a moment—hesitated, folded his arms cross-wise over his bosom, and seemed to be praying either for direction or forgiveness. Then speaking hastily and abruptly, like one who would not yield himself time to question his own purpose, he said with authority—"I make not the ascent while this youth impedes my steps, and insults my vigour by his unasked assistance. Juan, chief of the Spanish tribe, come thou and replace this eastern boy; chief yoked to chief, were fitter far, than that Cazique Alphahula's fetters should be secured by the nameless leader of a petty tribe. Thou wilt not? It matters not. Find then thine own way to the golden vessels and glittering gems thou wert not wont to hold so lightly. Nay, frown not. Remember thy foul engine is not here; and for me, 'twere full as suiting to my humour, to sit and breathe out my last amid these rocks and torrents, or be hurled, by Christian hands, down this mountain side, as to return and wear out a miserable existence—a prisoner in my native palace—a captive in the dwelling of my sires!"

The interpreter, perhaps, weary of a toilsome expedition, which, at this rate, seemed interminable, did, what many travellers have since done without similar temptation to mis-statement, *i. e.*, he made a general rule of a single instance, and assured Juan that it was a law among Indian caziques, never to climb mountains of a certain elevation, without being accompanied by some chief, of a rank which they deemed equal to their own. He gave, also, such a translation of Alphahula's speech,

as might somewhat tend to conciliate the Spanish general, by rendering this piece of *Peruvian etiquette* gratifying to Juan's wish of assuming supreme authority among his compatriots. Di Alcantara's burning desire to consummate the enterprize, by the acquisition of his long-sought treasures, proved, however, a still stronger incentive to compliance; and, taking the place of Hernando, he consented to be attached to the fetters of his untameable captive.

Impatient of farther delay, the rapacious commander bestowed an accelerating push on the shoulders of Alphula: but the proud Indian, far from resenting such an indignity as he would once have done, looked round and smiled superior to the petty affront. To souls susceptible of finer impressions than that of Juan Di Alcantara, there might have seemed something almost portentous in that calm and ironic smile.

In straining exertion the Indian and his guards continued to climb the frowning eminence, while the now useless followers of Juan remained at its base. Hernando, little gratified either by the triumphant regards of his brother chief, or by the ungracious, and even ungrateful conduct of the cazique, followed the train at a little distance. Alphula led them to one of those fearful Andean paths, where a false step might precipitate the traveller to the bottom of a chasm which even the noontide beams of a tropical sun have not the power of penetrating. Here the cazique paused, for from this eminence the horizon widened, and the source of light, which had till now been concealed by the meeting brows of the precipices, rode revealed to view in the noontide heaven. A mountain haze hung like a light cloud on the orb, and softened his rays, without hiding his disk. The Peruvian, unable from the narrowness of the path to kneel before his god, hid his face for a moment in the folds of his garment, and then looking upward, eyed with grateful devotion the bright globe whose lustre, softened by the cloudy veil which enveloped it, forbade not the gaze of his worshipper. "Again I behold thee, eye of heaven!" exclaimed the chief. "I had not dared to finish the work of this day without thy beamy face to look upon this sacrifice of thy servant, and bless it. Twice have the milder lights thou so oft createst anew to make them regents of the night, and leaders of the stars of heaven, wasted into nothing and darkness, since my hoar head hath been gladdened by thy beams. The queens of the night have twice left their place dark and void in the blue heaven, since the land of thy worshippers hath been trampled on by those who deny thy power, and pour contempt on thy golden honours. Yet oh! in mercy spare her——let that thought pass. Forgive the weakness which hath still loved an apostate child, and hath shewn guilty pity on a generous, but idolatrous foe.—And now, god of prostrate Peru, if thou wilt favour this emprise, look forth from the clouds that would hide thy piercing eye, and give shining token that 'tis thy inspiration that stirs within me." He fixed a wrapt and intense eye on the passing cloud, as if waiting an answer to his mysterious petition. "I like not all this," said Juan, looking rather uneasily at the interpreter.—"Old man," he added, "I am not come here to listen to thy idle rhapsodies. Time passes—Move forward, or you may chance repent your tardiness. 'Tis true our mortal engine is not here, but it still awaits your limbs in yon dark prison. 'Twere as well remember that you are still in our power, and even amid

these rocky shelves and thundering cataracts we might still find ways to shew you that our means of torture are not confined to the cells of your miserable palace. Forward—forward. Forget not that you are in our power."

"No *you* are in *mine*," exclaimed the cazique, triumphantly, as soon as the words of Juan were made intelligible to him. He turned for a moment from the clouded object of his inquiring gaze, and fixed an eye on Alcantara, which even startled that obtuse commander. "Juan, chief of oppressors, man without mercy, conqueror stained with blood, hast thou counted over thy sins this morning?" he said sternly and awfully. "Hast thou thought aught on the innocent blood which calls out to heaven against thee? Hast thou remembered that a whole land is now sending up a cry of wailing which thou hast raised? Lift up thine heart for one moment, cry for mercy—aye, even to thy false God—for the hand of Heaven's judgment is upon thee."—"Drag him forward—force him up the mountain," exclaimed Juan. "Indian slave, pitiable idolator, move onward. I will see this expedition terminated, and terminated *instantly*, or thy aged limbs, old man, shall be torn from thy miserable body, and given to feed the fowls of the mountain." The Indian did not for a moment appear to hear the threats of his Spanish conqueror. His whole attention seemed fixed on the cloud whose last edge now began to brighten with the rays of the sun as it passed from the orb. The sun rode unveiled in the midst of heaven! Juan repeated his mandate. "I will know, and know without the delay of a fleeting moment, the hidden place of thy treasures—the golden offerings which adorned the fanes of thy false god." "Have thy wish," answered Cazique Alphula, loftily. "The best treasure of Peru is the heart of a patriot chief—the noblest offering to her god, the lives of those who have murdered his sons, and trampled down his temples. Adieu, native earth and covering sky! Farewell to all I have loved and looked on! Source of day, I come to tread thy beamy chambers. What, ho! for god and Peru!"

Hernando suddenly saw, as in the flash of a moment, the fatal purpose of the chief. He gave a shriek of warning: it came too late. Cazique Alphula, as he spoke, threw himself from the narrow and frightful path with such a sudden and effectual plunge, that he dragged, in clanging violence, after him, the tyrants to whom his chains were attached. Amid shelving rocks and frowning precipices, down—down descended the fettered victims into a dark and yawning chasm, whose dismal recesses had never, since the foundations of earth, been visited by one beam of blessed day, or resounded to the tread of human foot. All was the work of a moment—of the twinkling of an eye. In the first plunge of the cazique, Hernando caught, with the suddenness of the lightning's gleam, a passing sight of those descending victims; and, brief as was that fearful view, death closed the eye of the young Spaniard ere it vanished from his sickening memory. He saw the momentary, the flashing glance, of the triumphant Indian; the pale countenance of unutterable despair of his ruined tyrant; and the clenched teeth and vain struggles of his followers, as they were dragged in shrieking resistance to their dread and untimely tomb.

As the unwilling companions in death bounded from shelf to shelf of the dizzy precipice, the rocks gave back in wild echo the clang of their

fatal chains ; while many a bird of prey, aroused for the first time in its solitary haunts by human voice, added its screaming dirge to the wild wail of despair which arose from those dying men. Days—ay, months and years—rolled away ere those dismal shrieks ceased to haunt the ear of Hernando di Valverde. With difficulty, as his giddy eye followed the victims in their dizzy and headlong descent, could he keep his own footing on the narrow shelf where he stood. Like one in a trance, he held his head with his hands, and closed his eye to that sight of horror. The shrieks died into a low wail ; the wail sunk into silence ; the sound of those clashing irons became fainter and fainter, until they seemed lost in the depths below. Hernando raised his head. No sight met his eye save the shaggy rocks, overhanging precipices, and dark ravines of that wild region ; no sound saluted his ear save the low and restless murmur of some distant mountain torrent. A complete and deathlike stilness reigned over the solitary scene. Hernando cast one brief glance of horror into the dark abyss which entombed his former companions. His eye sought in vain to penetrate its obscure and invisible recesses, and, in speechless wonder at his own preservation, he lifted up his hands to God.

With steps still shaking from recent agitation, Hernando then began to descend the mountain by the path his fated companions had so recently trodden, when, all warm with life, and elated by hope, by avarice, by ambition, they had pursued, as they believed, the road to riches and worldly distinction : now, cold and shapeless masses, they tenanted the dark and unapproachable gulf beneath him. Often, as he proceeded on his downward path, he paused, and fancied that some stifled shriek, some dying moan, some cry for help, still arose from that dismal chasm.

The death of the cruel, rapacious Juan, and those next him in command, placed the brave and popular Hernando at the head of his compatriots in that quarter ; and as such, he was received by the consternated followers of Alcantara, who had been left, as we have seen, at the foot of the fatal precipice. With the instinct of military habit, rather than with any defined consciousness of the duty devolved on him, Hernando reduced the astounded soldiers to something like professional order, and proceeded in sombre silence to conduct them to the spot they had quitted in the morning.

Night closed on the party, and the fervour of a tropical sun had again given place to the refreshing radiance of the moon, ere the plain of ——— was within sight of the returning adventurers. Thought on thought came crowding thick and fast into the mind of the young Spaniard, while he pursued his doubtful path. Horror for the retributive fate of his wretched compeer ; pity for the high-minded Indian who had fallen a victim to his patriotism, gave place, as he drew nearer his destination, to a feeling of anguish at the heavy tidings he must bear the hapless daughter. Yet, even here, sweeter and gentler sensations stole into the bosom of young Hernando. He now gratefully felt that the departed cazique had, by a voluntary act, separated his fate from that of his doomed compatriots ; and coupling this preservation with the words of the Indian to his daughter—words which we may suppose Ualla had, in some form or other, known how to communicate to her lover—he could not but augur that, when time had dried the filial tears of the

young Peruvian, she would look on him as the authorized guardian of her happiness.

Meanwhile Ualla, surrounded by the maids and matrons whom Hernando's gentle care had placed about her person, sate without her dwelling to taste the faint breezes of a tropical evening, and to watch with unceasing gaze for the return of her sire and her lover. She gazed on Nature in the loneliness and majesty of the scene, until the calm of all around her insinuated itself, at length, into her own bosom. Busy feet, and busier voices, broke on her repose. Ualla inquires for her sire—for her generous protector. The restless tongue of female exaggeration—alike in all ages and countries, and ever loving better the importance attached to the bearer of evil tidings than the sober joy of communicating dull reality—reports to the young Peruvian that her sire and her lover are lying, side by side, cold and lifeless, in the "Ravine of the Unburied Dead!" Ualla received the intelligence as an archer of her own country would have received the rival shaft which pierced his vitals. She stood for a moment erect, unmoved; then fell a helpless, prostrate, yet unmoaning victim. But a gentle hand soon raised her—a gentle arm supported her—a voice, which brought returning life in its tones, came on her ear. With a gratitude to Heaven which sought in vain for vulgar utterance, Ualla recognized her promised husband, and, clasping his knees, demanded of him her sire.—"O! Hernando, returned to bless my eyes, where is my father?"—"Before *His* throne, my Ualla, who shall judge between the oppressor and the oppressed. Look up, my love, look up; there is mercy mixed with bitterness. I come the legal, the authorized protector of your gentle existence. I return armed with power to heal the wounds of your oppressed race. I come to fulfil the wishes of your sire; to watch over the happiness of his loved child; to restore weal and peace to his injured tribe. I come to dry the filial tears of Ualla, by a life devoted to her happiness. I come to call, with her, these wailing mountaineers—to kneel before the Being whom they shall no more hate as the God of the cruel Spaniards!"

STANZAS.

It is not in the mountains, in the palaces of pride,
That Love, the winged wizard, is contented to abide;
In meek and humble spirits his truest home is found,
As the lark, that sings in heaven, builds its nest upon the ground.

His cradle is the lily, by the breath of summer stirred—
For Love is often shaken by the whispering of a word;
His smile is in the sunshine, and his voice is in the glades—
Oh! that winter should o'ertake him with its silence and its shades!

B.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

ANY noble lord who takes upon himself the weight of an English government must expect to be encumbered with a vast deal of correspondence—silly and impudent, officious and self-sufficient. Of this kind Lord Grey has just enjoyed a finely diversified specimen, in a letter, signed by a personage who describes himself as the Right Reverend Dr. Machale, a popish priest, who has taken it upon his own brains to lecture his lordship on the art of government—habeas corpus, Irish politics, boroughmongery, and “all that sort of thing,” in the Dr. Doyle style, and “all that sort of way.” We give a sentence or two of this shewy miscellany. The first instance is what Cobbett calls a strong hint. The Right Reverend Dr. has been talking of “contagious mutiny,” and other fine things of that species of verbiage, when he thus fondly touches on the popular mode of rectifying wrongs:—

“Yes, my lord, I was alarmed lest they should learn the recent mode of tracing their distress with the spade—a *style* which surpasses all the ancient specimens of the art in the boldness of its characters, as well as the ingenuity of the invention. Nay, it throws all the rules of rhetoric into the shade regarding the powerful effects of writing.”

It is in this gay metaphor that the Dr. treats of the utter ruin of property by the brute vengeance of the populace. The destruction of thousands of acres by a furious mob, is a “*style surpassing all the ancient specimens of the art of writing*” by its “*boldness and ingenuity!*” Well done, priest. The concluding sentence is merely barbarism, equally defying common sense and grammar, but is not the less a proud specimen of the Doctor’s best penmanship. “It throws all the rules of rhetoric into the shade, *regarding* the powerful effects of writing.” Blockhead! Why did he not confine himself to his native Irish?

We have then, after a long tirade of stuff, a sample of the Right Reverend Doctor’s politics mixed with his potatoes:—“The boroughmongering parliament no longer exists. It has paid the just forfeit of its want of a kindred feeling with the people, in the speediness of its dissolution.”—What possible connection boroughmongering has with petitions for alms, no man can tell. But the subject was tempting, the doctor was scribbling to a minister, and in his condescension he wished to shew him how closely a priest could imitate a brawler at an election. But the conclusion is prodigious! quite a peroration. Ciceronian to an immense degree. Says the Doctor:—

“I have done *my* duty to the government by seasonable and *repeated* warnings of their state. The hopes of the people are wound to a high pitch. The *chord may snap by the rigour of the tension*. The seasonableness of a boon adds considerably to its value. Human lives are too precious to be *sacrificed* to procrastination. The prompt measures of a day may preserve what the tardy deliberations of years could not retrieve.—I have the honour to remain, your Lordship’s obedient servant,

“+ JOHN MACHALE.”

The self-importance of this remote and utterly unheard-of personage is incomparable. But let Lord Grey look to it. He here learns, on the oracular authority of the doctor, that others, even first lords of the treasury, must do their duty, now that the right reverend prelate has shewn them the way; if they let the empire fall to pieces, history, impartial

history, will record that they cannot shelter themselves under the example of the Bishop of Mayo. He is now fully informed that the people, *nemine contradicente*, will expect from his hands money enough to answer their present purposes. In other words, the Irish peasantry, wanting money, demand it of the English; and think themselves entitled to take any measures which their wants may suggest, unless the Englishman puts his hand in his pocket, and furnishes promptly the sum in question; Lord Grey, as minister, not being the distributor of a shilling which does not come from the pockets of the people—this people being already burthened to the last shilling, and having as many paupers to support as ten times the amount of the Mayo peasantry.

Large sums have been already subscribed, though we cannot discover that the subscriptions in Ireland have swelled their amount. It is true that common humanity feels anxious to put a stop to all actual suffering, and the famine of the Irish strongly requires a remedy. But why will the Irish so furiously set their faces against "poor laws?" The very mention of the name makes them all indignant. The truth is, that the landlords find it a much pleasanter thing to make an entry regularly once a year to England for relief to their tenantry, than to provide them with either employment or food. Twelve months never pass without some clamorous declaration of famine, rebellion, or the typhus, and followed by the doctor's *bold* and *ingenious* style of writing with the spade: and the same routine will go on, as long as any thing is to be got by roaring. Poor laws *must* be adopted.

Theatres like thrones have had their revolutions to a serious degree during the last quarter. Lee, one of the lessees of Drury Lane has resigned, and the management has devolved into the hands of Captain Polhill, who must carry on his contract for two years more, a formidable speculation, if conducted in the spirit of last season; when in an establishment, professing to be almost exclusively operatic, but one opera, and that a remarkably dull one, was brought out. This negligence was the obvious cause of the loss, for the principle is excellent. Any theatre which will confine itself to operas is sure to succeed, if it but produce good and new operas. No kind of performance is more popular, and by saving the enormous expense of two companies out of three, the tragic, comic, and operatic, the general waste would be changed into the general profit.

Paganini, after apologizing himself out of the scrape of demanding double prices, and which scrape has left the mark on M. Laporte's shoulders, has given six concerts, all superior to any thing that has been witnessed on the violin. To those who have not had the good fortune to hear him, no description can convey a sense of his powers; unless it be the fact, that he filled the King's Theatre, pit, gallery, and boxes, to overflowing, for six successive concerts, of which his violin was the sole attraction—the few singers, &c. having been introduced merely to give him a slight breathing-time between his performances; that the feeling of those immense audiences was unmixed delight; and that his exquisite and perfect mastery of the instrument, his brilliant variety of styles, and his profound sensibility, were equally subjects of wonder to the most practised artists, and to the general audience.

The theatres are pouring out their contents upon the high-roads, and all our *deliciae*, in the shape of actors and actresses, are loading the stage-

coaches. Vestris is fluttering round Ireland, while her clever rival, Miss Sidney, is playing "The Widow Bewitched" in her room. It is recorded in language not unworthy of the theme, that "The son of Momus, Liston, has been nibbling at the glittering bait which Madame Vestris threw out to join her "Olympic Games" next winter; but it was only a nibble—no bite! He is wealthy—and might have thought it *infra dig.* to quit the major for the minor. Cent. per cent. was a strong temptation; but it was resisted, and the monarch of Farce will resume his station at Drury-lane—engaging to play three nights a week, at £30, a week, in preference to performing in *three* pieces every night at sixty pounds per week.

Miss Phillips, as tall, as mild, and as undisturbed as ever by the fall of thrones and heroes, is gone to play tragedy in the west; and Miss E. Tree, the pretty, the clever, and the lady-like, is gone to the Milton-street theatre, into whatever known part of the earth that may be. We presume somewhere in the east. But whether of the metropolis, of Madrid, or the land of the Mogul, passes our knowledge. We wish her safe back in the civilized world again.

Captain Polhill, who, as we have said, intends to make Drury-lane decidedly operatic, has for that purpose engaged the two Woods; the announcement characteristically declaring, that he intends to *lop off* many other *branches* of the establishment—in consequence of which several of the performers are taking their *leaves*.

The world has probably forgotten little Clara Fisher, who has been a girl of five years old these twenty years, and who may be therefore congratulated upon her prospect of seeing out the whole living and coming generation, before she escapes from her teens. But we are told that her father, who, unsustained in this perpetual youth, acknowledges that he grows old—

"The venerable Frederick Fisher, (father of Miss Clara Fisher, in his 71st year, has at length yielded to the earnest entreaties of his family, and intends starting for New York about the middle of August. He will take with him a variety of models, executed by himself with great accuracy, and illustrative of the buildings in which the immortal bard commenced his early and auspicious career."

A famous name has just been lost to tragedy. Siddons died on Wednesday, June 8.

Siddons was the most extraordinary actress within memory, and, from all tradition of previous powers, was probably the finest performer that ever appeared on the British stage—we might even say, the finest on the European stage. From all that has been recorded of the various talents of the famous actresses who preceded her, she seems to have combined all their claims—her person commanding, her voice the richest, most sonorous, and most dignified that it was possible to conceive; her countenance one of magnificent beauty; her gestures classic in the highest degree; and her conception of character altogether unrivalled in her time. She, suddenly, not merely distanced all competition, but extinguished all hope of rivalry. Her Queen Catherine, Lady Constance, Mrs. Beverly, and Lady Macbeth were perfection. Her Mrs. Beverly has thrown whole theatres into an agony of tears; for such was the touching power of her voice, and her singular talent for penetrating the heart, that a single word, a simple gesture, or even a glance has often convulsed an audience. Her Lady Macbeth exhibited the grandest dis-

play of her genius. Wherever she appeared in this master-piece of Shakspeare, she alone filled the stage. All acting shrank beside her. Even her brother's noble figure and admirable declamation seemed to vanish in her presence. For her acting in this character there is but one word—it was magical. Descriptions like this will seem exaggerated to those who have not seen Siddons; but the evidence of a great performer's ability is in the effect produced on the public mind; and no being on the stage ever commanded admiration so universal, so lofty, and so permanent, as the extraordinary woman who has just been taken from the world.

Joseph Hume is member for something better than a leash of Scotch burghs; but he is still laughed at by the press. The Greek loan, that exquisite piece of more than Scotch economy—the memorable fifty-two pounds, two-pence three-farthings, which he so providently extracted from the fire in the general combustion of patriot finance—still remains a bar in his escutcheon; and if he were member for every county in England, and lord mayor besides, he will live in the pleasantries of the press, be embalmed in paragraphs, and be punned over when he is no more. Among the last shots fired at him, is the “Age’s” bill for his nursery, a morçeau which implies at once a matchless knowledge of nature and Joseph Hume, and is equally deep in the mysteries of pap and arithmetic:—

“*Cocker at Work again.*—The papers last week announced among the births, ‘The lady of Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P., of a son.’ This auspicious event took place on the 9th instant, and, at an early hour on the following morning, a paper, containing the following memoranda, was picked up in Bryanstone-square; it had fallen out of the pocket of an elderly gentleman, as he walked along in deep abstraction, making some calculation upon his fingers:—

Pap, 1d. per day for 365 days.....	£1	10	5
Half a bag of tops and bottoms, ½d. per day, as per contract	0	15	2½
Extra washing, 7d. per week	1	10	5
½ lb. soap per week, at 3½d.	0	15	2½
Half-rushlight per night—short nights coming on.....	0	7	7
Old wicker chair, new bottomed per contract.....	0	1	2¾
Half a pint of intermediate per day for nurse, in lieu of gin, for three months	0	3	6
Doctor's fee, per agreement	0	15	6½
Making two frocks, and one cap, out of three pair of old duck trousers, borrowed from the Recruiting Office.....	0	1	11½
Sealing-wax (to serve for coral) borrowed from the Home Office.....	0	0	0
Bonnet found in a hackney-coach	0	0	0
	£6	1	0¾

This extravagant outlay calls for retrenchment, and unsparing economy in the victualling department, for the next five years.”

The adage that “poverty makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows,” was curiously realised in an examination lately at the Mansion House. A number of vagrants were brought up for sleeping in the open air in Billingsgate market. One of those people said, by way of defence, “that he never intended to trouble the market with his presence again, as he altogether conceived it to be the most ineligible sleeping-place in

London:—in fact, it was next to impossible to sleep, the boatmen began to make a noise at so unseasonable an hour. He had a right to know, as he had tried the principal sleeping places;—he had slept on the flags in Old Fleet Market, in the pens of Smithfield, under the arches of London Bridge, on the pavement in the Minories, in the lime-kilns of Paddington, among the repairs of St. Saviour's, and in St. Michael's church-yard; but he never slept in so uncomfortable a place as Billingsgate market. He was sorry to give a bad character of any place, especially in a court of justice; but he must say, upon his honour, that a man had no business to go there, unless he had first got blind drunk, which, in his opinion, no respectable person would do."

A new institution, and, we think, one highly deserving of public patronage, has been lately set on foot in Ireland, entitled the "Arboricultural Society," a rough sounding name, but which is intended to mean a society for the encouragement of planting trees. We should greatly like to see such a society established in England; where we are as much in want of information on the culture of trees, as in Ireland; and where we want something of the kind, much more than our showy Horticultural Society, which seems to do little else than produce "improved specimens" of the Marygold, and so forth; and has not cheapened a single gooseberry since its creation. Every body would be a planter, if every body knew how, for of all propensities it is the most natural, the most pleasant in its indulgence, and the most profitable in its results. But the science is in the hands of a few, if indeed any one man in the country knows much about it. The Germans have a regular course of education for the "forest masters," and whole summers are spent in the woods under the guidance of professors, who give lectures on the modes of planting, lopping, preserving, cutting, in short on every point of the subject; and, as well as we can recollect, the course is considered incomplete under three years. Our rustic, whether peasant or gentleman, considers his education complete in as many days or hours.

A letter on the occasion, among many striking remarks, says;—

"There is, perhaps, no civilized country in which the want of timber is more strongly felt than in Ireland. Any person who, on a bleak autumnal evening, has watched the cattle deserting the pasture for the shelter of an old ditch or a solitary thorn-tree, must be convinced that shelter is necessary for their comfort. Any person who has remarked the gradual decline of vegetation, in proportion as the eye turns from the neighbourhood of the rising screen to the more distant parts of the same field, must allow that a defence from the cutting winds of spring is favourable to the growth of herbage—and he must have a hard heart who does not pity the poor, who are forced to waste the time, which might be otherwise profitably employed, in stealing from the hedges the only means of cooking their scanty meal, or of buying at a rate too heavy for their means, the only roof which may defend them from the inclemency of the weather."

But more than fertility and shelter may be concerned. The dishonesty of the lower orders generally begins in the plunder of the hedges:—

"Independent of the bleakness of the country, the want of timber has a serious effect upon the degradation of our peasantry. He who has no resource for supplying the necessaries of life, but those which require capital beyond his means, is necessarily debarred from improvement. How many a labourer has been visited by sickness for want of a *bit of stick* to render his roof a defence against the severity of the weather? How often has a rising spirit of

improvement been damped by the ravages of a trespasser, for want of a little gate, which his finances could not compass the acquirement of? How hard is it even for the wealthy to preserve their paling and young trees from the depredations of the shivering pauper, who infringes the law because necessity is paramount to law."

But it proceeds to make some animadversions which require an answer:—

"We have seen the Royal Dublin Society, established for the purpose of promoting improvement in Ireland, not only in the Arts, but in Trade, Manufactures, Agriculture, and every branch of Rural Economy. It was nobly endowed; 7,000*l.* a-year has been devoted to it from the taxes of the country, and what advantages have the tax-payers derived from it commensurate with so great a sacrifice? They have seen the Society impoverished by the vanity of the managers, in buying a palace too large for their use—where the few members who reside in Dublin find a convenient news-room and a circulating library—where twice-a-week the public are admitted, and nurses carry their children up and down rooms, filled with cases of minerals, unavailable to the student, from the confusion of their uncatalogued arrangement—where a few lectures upon the elements of science are given to noisy school-boys—where the greatest portion of the exertions of a National Society is devoted to the encouragement of the limner and statuary."

If this be true, the reforming hand would be of service. If it be true that the Royal Dublin Society is fed upon by a regular staff of the old job-work, which of old perverted and possessed every office and institution in Ireland, the matter ought to be inquired into. If the society have a secretary at the moderate sum of £500 a year, a pair of librarians at £300 and £200 a year, with not as many books to watch, as they have pounds to receive; if they have trebly-paid housekeepers, &c., and above all a palace, which, his grace of Leinster being paltry enough to sell, they were fools enough to buy, and for the half of which they can find no use; we say let reform put itself into the next steam-boat, and take a march through the apartments of this impugned and costly hospital for decayed literaturists, and lounging dawdlers over newspapers. But if the truth be otherwise; if the society be an active, intelligent and impartial agent of the public bounty, if it have no official locusts to swallow up its rents and salaries; then we say, and cordially too, let it have £14,000 instead of the seven.

The sex are fond of titles; but we have seldom seen the propensity pushed farther than in one of the late drawing-room lists—when was presented Mrs. "*Herbstreuer*" Fellowes. It will be recollected that she headed the flower-basket carriers at the coronation. Whether, however, she owes the title to the taste of the Court Circular, or her own volition, remains to be shewn. But the titular rage is strong, even where it may not have sprung up among the flowers of a coronation. Thus we have the wives of officers calling themselves Mrs. Colonel, Mrs. General, and so forth, names to which they have as much right as the wife of an artilleryman is to be called Mrs. Bombardier. It even stoops so low as Mrs. Captain; and many an old vulgarian fights her way through the Bath and Cheltenham card-tables at this moment on the strength of her having had "a gallant captain for her own" forty years ago. All the world naturally laugh at this paltry affectation. The thing, however, is French; and in that badge-and-ribbon-loving

land was carried to its perfection. There the wife of every man in office, down to the lowest grade, affixed the name of his employ to her own, and plumed herself upon taking rank accordingly. They had Madame la Fermière Générale, and Madame la Geolière. The village attorney reflected honour on his lady's virtues; and M. le Procureur was accompanied on the path of public distinction by Madame la Procuresse.

Whatever becomes of Lords and Commons, the sinecures must go. We point out one, which the public feeling will, we presume, forbid to survive:—

“*Comptrollership of the First Fruits and Tenth.*—The valuable sinecure of Comptrollership of the First Fruits, held by the late Lord Walsingham, is vacant by his lordship's melancholy death; the office has been long known to be one of the useless ones. It was bestowed on the noble father of the late and present peer during the time he filled the lucrative post of chairman of the committees of the House of Lords. Upon his lordship's retirement from that situation, his late majesty granted him a pension of 2,000*l.* per annum, the noble ex-chairman retaining the comptrollership of the first fruits, in which the late peer succeeded him.

A fierce fight is going on in Ireland between the newspapers and the defenders of the episcopal church. Dr. Ebrington has written a pamphlet, or sermon, or some such thing, which has brought up a whole host of bitter stories on the opposite side. The *Evening Post*—a clever paper, and always the chief opponent—gives an anecdote, which we hope is much exaggerated:—

“*Church Building in Monaghan.*—The Protestants of Monaghan wished to have a church; but the board of first fruits were not forthcoming. Being a pious people, however, a church they resolved to have, and a subscription was set on foot. Lord Rossmore's family subscribed 100*l.*, and Mr. Henry Westenra, the member for the county, promised to be forthcoming with the music, and to present the church with an organ of 200*l.* value. We have not heard whether the other Protestants of Monaghan were so religiously inclined as our Lord Rossmore, and we cannot, therefore, state the amount of lay contributions. But we certainly expected to hear that the dignitaries and beneficed clergymen subscribed. Did Mr. R. Robinson, the rector, give anything? Nothing. The Bishop of Kilmore, who lives within ten or twelve miles of the place? No. The primate, who is archbishop of the see, and has 25,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* a-year—did he subscribe? Not a penny. But surely the bishop of the diocese, of which Monaghan is the capital, Doctor or Lord Tottenham, as we believe he is called, Bishop of Clogher, and who takes 14,000*l.* a-year from the place, himself having 17,000*l.* a-year in another county, and living in a third—surely this right reverend lord did something towards the erection of a temple on his little Zion? Not a halfpenny.

On this subject we shall only say, that we are convinced the primate, at least, is not in fault. Ireland has had no better nor more generous prelate for centuries. He is a Christian, and makes a Christian use of his power and his income. As for the others, let them put down the accuser by shewing evidence. It is indisputable that the Irish bishops possess very large incomes, and it lies upon their own shoulders to shew what they do with them—what monuments of their piety, benevolence, or public spirit they leave behind them. Let Lord Robert Tottenham shew us any church, or set of alms-houses, or hospital, or anything built

by him for the honour of God or the good of man, and we shall be happy to give him full credit for the exertion. There, too, is my lord of Derry, the receiver of the enormous sum of fifteen thousand pounds a-year, and upwards, for the last five-and-twenty years; let him shew anything done, for this four hundred thousand pounds, except the signature of his receipts, and we shall be ready to applaud even the Bishop of Derry.

All the Epsom and Newmarket world know that the racer, Colonel, broke one of his sinews at a late race; and we give the following statement, as, we hope, a lesson to those dukes and earls who would have sold Colonel, if he had been in their possession, for fifty pounds to the first innkeeper; with the moral certainty, that after one year's chaise-dragging, he would be sold by the innkeeper for five pounds to the driver of a dung-cart; who in six months would have sold him for twenty shillings to the whipper-in of the county hunt, who would have given Colonel to the hounds. The racer has, luckily, now another tale to tell.—

“The accident which befel his Majesty's horse Colonel, in running the second heat for the Oatlands, will prevent his again appearing as a racer. Although offered a very large sum for him, his Majesty has declared his intention not to part with a horse that was so special a favourite with his late Majesty, and that is so well calculated to improve the breed of English horses. In consequence of the accident, the gold cup now rests between Lord Exeter and Sir Mark Wood.”

We care not a straw with whom the gold cup rests; but we are glad, for the sake of humanity, and for the singular pleasure of finding it in high stations, to record this of the king. We hope the example will be followed; that it will be felt as a matter of deference to royal tastes, by those to whom it would be a burlesque to talk of duty or feeling, to treat that noble animal the horse with some attention to his capacity of suffering. There can be no doubt that to torture an animal is a crime; and we can see but little difference between torturing him ourselves, and handing him over to be tortured by others.

The discovery of the course of the Niger at last, might give room to an amusing essay upon the blunders of our *doctores positivi*. The Burrowes, Leslies, McQueens, Playfairs, with the whole tribe of African Society people, walk through the streets, hanging down their heads, and in modest blushes shunning the face of society. Every man was not merely wrong, but on principle wrong. It was not “a guess,” a “probable conjecture,” a “theory added for want of a better;” the timidity of ignorance was never less in vogue; there was not a *savant* of them all who could not prove by rhomb and rule, by chronometer and the Scotch fiddle, that “there, on that very spot, the Niger rolled into Lake Ichad; and there, and on this identical spot, it rolled into the flats of Gondor, bored a way through the Mountains of the Moon, sunk into the bowels of the earth, expired in the sands of Ethiopia, fell into the Straits of Gibraltar, and made the north-west passage.” We have clubbed all the discoveries together; but each man would have sworn to his own whim, and all would have sworn falsely. There never was such a scene of geographical perjury since the days of Bishop Wilkins—never such groping through the marshes of meteorology—never such mole-eyed digging through geological darkness. But the Landers have set-

tled the question, and put the philosophers to shame. As to the fact of their shunning the face of man, we see that the last pamphleteer on the subject, who had handsomely conducted the Niger up the sides of the great table-land of Ethiopia, across the African Alps, by tunnel, or otherwise, has fled to Carlsbad; and a newspaper tells us, that "Sir Rufane Donkin was fined five pounds last week, by Lord Chief Baron Lyndhurst, in the Court of Exchequer, for not attending as a special jurymen. It was stated that he was unwell; but, being seen about town the preceding day, his absence is imputed not to ill health, but *indisposition*."—Whether the discovery of the long-contested river, about which the general wrote so ably and so positively, had any share in this, we cannot say. But as he is fond of the classics, and nobody quotes better, we say, "*Hic Niger est hunc tu Rufane caveto.*"

The Emperor Nicholas is buying a racing stud. "Coming events cast their shadows before." Is the Emperor discontented with the speed of his Russ postilions, and anxious, in case of emergency, to be able to distance mankind at the rate of fifty miles an hour. He has sent to purchase not less than one hundred "good horses"—a stable that would furnish him with relays as far as Kamschatka. The first consignment was embarked on board the brig Catherine, lying in the St. Katharine's Dock, and bound for St. Petersburg, consisting of fifteen noble animals, including several valuable racers, purchased by Mr. Anderson, of Piccadilly, on account of the Russian Ambassador. Among them are Granby, winner of the St. Leger in 1829, bought for 355 guineas; Red Rover, a winner of the Derby Stakes in the same year; Miss Chance, winner of the Oaks in 1830; Jupiter, Tam O'Shanter, and others of good pedigree; besides three from the celebrated stud of Mr. Lyne Stevens, of Leicestershire. All the horses are in excellent condition; and the stalls and accommodations prepared for them in the hold of the vessel are of a superior description; and, exclusive of two Russian grooms, a native of England, and a veterinary surgeon, also go out in attendance on the animals. The value of the fifteen horses is not much less than £5,000, and the expense of their transmission to St. Petersburg will not amount to less than £500 more.

What a confoundedly locomotive age this is. Our farmers are going off by the thousand to the Canadas; our attorneys, dandies, and unmarried daughters, packing up by whole regiments for New South Wales, and the "parts adjacent;" and now our horses are emigrating to the dominions of the Czar. Why does no friend of freedom inquire into the transaction? The natives of the land of habeas corpus, trial by jury, and liberty of the press, are conveyed on board the Catherine, and destined to spend their lives under the sway of a despot. Here every day witnesses this "noble animal the horse" in our courts of law; our horse actions are perpetual, and many a toiling council pleads about them with not half the brains of his client. There a horse's only actions will be in his four legs, and he will have to bear the burthen of a despot besides. Where is Martin, the friend of asses, now?—but cruelty—Martin sleeps, and the day of quadruped glory is no more—the day of chivalry is no more—a day of horse-dealers and ambassadors, grooms and emperors has succeeded. The sun of the Hounnhyms is set—the fame of Newmarket is gone for ever!

A DIALOGUE.

Lord A. How could you be mad enough to touch the question? You should have gone on, like me, about and about it, professing and explaining, hoping and fearing, till you left the House fast asleep, after a speech of three hours; of which, after the first three minutes, no man living could make out a syllable.

Lord B. It was a monstrous blunder, to be sure. But recollect my inexperience. Yet, I don't think I talked much to the purpose after all. My worst enemies never accused me of that; and I really gave myself credit for speaking as unintelligibly as any one on my side.

Lord A. I admit it. But your speech was prodigiously to the purpose for all that; the purpose of turning you and your set out. Recollect what it was. "The noble Earl had recommended the expedient of Parliamentary Reform, and remarked, that he did not think that the government was as yet prepared with any plan on the subject. The noble Earl was right, for certainly the government *was not prepared with any plan* for Parliamentary Reform. I will go farther, and say, that I never heard that any country ever had *a more improved, or more satisfactory representation than this country enjoys at this moment*. I do not mean to enter upon that subject now, as it is probable that we shall have abundant opportunities to consider it afterwards; but I do say that this country has now a legislature more calculated to answer all the purposes of a good legislature than any other that can be well devised—that it possesses, and deservedly possesses, *the confidence of the country*, and that its discussions have a *powerful influence in the country*. And I will say farther, that if I had to form a legislature, I would create one—not *equal in excellence to the present*, for that I could not expect to be able to do, but something *nearly of the same description as possible*. I should form it of men possessed of a large proportion of the property of the country, in which the landholders should have a great preponderance. I, therefore, am *not prepared with any measure* of Parliamentary Reform, nor *shall any measure* of the kind be proposed by the government, as long as I hold my present situation."

Lord B. I say that's impossible. If I had any meaning that night at all, it was the direct contrary. The whole affair must have been the work of those impudent newspapers. They will be for taking down a man's words, and then holding him to them. Rascals! There, at least, we *must* have a reform.

We may expect no moral wonders from military men, but is it too much to expect that they shall observe the common decencies of society? We expect no remarkable strictness of discipline from the Horse Guards, where an officer of a "hussar regiment," a man of fortune, and, above all, a Dundas, is the delinquent. But the public voice will not be silent while this Major Dundas is allowed to flourish about with his notoriety full upon him. The gallant viceroy of Ireland is the Colonel-in-chief of the above distinguished regiment, in which Major Dundas, possessing the advantages of fortune, high connections, and parliamentary influence, has risen rapidly to be a field officer, without encountering the hazards of the field or the vicissitudes of climates. This gallant officer is the son of the Hon. Mrs. Robert Dundas, and the late Right Hon. Robert Dundas, Lord Chief Baron of Scotland, who died in 1819, bequeathing Major Dundas and his brother £91,000. He is also nephew

to Lord Melville, to Wm. Dundas, the late member for Edinburgh, and to Lady Abercromby. These glories should be enough for him; and as the service will lose nothing by the abstraction of his military fame, and society be much the better for his retreat, we recommend the attention of the government to the affair altogether. The late Duke of York changed the whole character of the army, by discountenancing the profligacy of individuals. Let Lord Hill, or whoever else is actual commander of the forces, do his duty, and he may rely on it that he will do more honour to himself, and good to the service, than ever will be done by suffering a man, characterized, convicted, and sentenced in a court of justice, as this dashing major has been, to remain among the ranks of the British army.

The speech of counsel on the trial denounced the act as one of the most barefaced profligacy. We altogether agree with the counsel. The silliness of the victim is nothing to the purpose. The tempter is not to be rendered guiltless in proportion to the helpless simplicity of the being whom he destroys. If this criminal be let loose without any mark upon him, the government, both civil and military, will have much to answer to the great cause of British morality.

The withdrawing of the Royal allowance from the Royal Society of Literature, is one of the unlucky demonstrations of the spirit of economy. For our part, we had rather, for the honour of the throne, that a ball the less were given in the season; for the expense of a single night's waltzing, wine, and Weippert's band, would have nearly paid the whole grant. The sum of a thousand pounds is withdrawn from ten men of high literary name and industry, who certainly have done more in their generation for the honour of the country than any five hundred who shall dance the mazurka, or play the foreign mummer in the royal presence for the next fifty years.

A little statement from one of the "Royal Associates," Coleridge, through a friend, has appeared on the subject.

"Mr. Coleridge.—On the sudden suppression of the Royal Society of Literature, with the extinction of the honours and annual honoraria of the Royal Associateships, a representation in Mr. Coleridge's behalf was made to Lord Brougham, who promptly and kindly commended the case to Lord Grey's consideration. The result of the application was, that a sum of £200.—the one moiety to be received forthwith, and the other the year following—by a private grant from the Treasury, was placed at Mr. Coleridge's acceptance; but he felt it his duty most respectfully to decline it, though with every grateful acknowledgment."

But there are others, not less meritorious than Coleridge, and to whom the hundred a-year, trivial as the sum is, may be of still higher consideration. Matthias is one of them, a man who is compelled to reside in Italy, for the double reasons of ill health and narrow circumstances. Yet Matthias has deserved well of the country; and those who remember his "*Pursuits of Literature*," the learning, vigorous poetry, and high British principle of that work, published as it was in a perilous time, and powerfully tending to uphold the cause of the monarchy and the constitution, will know how to appreciate the economy which deprives an eminent scholar, an accomplished gentleman, and a subject distinguished for active and manly loyalty, of the chief part, if not the *whole* of his income, at the age of eighty years. Sharon Turner,

the historian of the Anglo-Saxon Dynasties, is another. We may yet go more deeply into the matter. But we may say even here, that George the Third gave pensions of £300. a year to eminent authors, to the full amount of the allowance to the Royal Society of Literature; that the present pensions were understood by every individual who received them, to be *for life*; and that the bounty of George the Fourth, for sustaining and honouring one of the chief sources of glory to his empire, ought not to be superseded by any new spirit of economy.

We are not now to learn that a man may be puffed into any thing, and that the reputation of half the *magnates* of wit, philosophy, and physic among us, has been the work of vigorous puffing. Old Fuseli was one of those wonders. His coterie, a gang of infidels, male and female, who used to dine at a bookseller's, propagated his renown as the wittiest of human creatures. The fry of students in the Drawing School of the Academy instinctively looked up to the drawing-master as something supernatural in sketching; and the mob of native connoisseurs, who wonder at every thing with a foreign name, pronounced it as a maxim that no one could paint Lucifer as Lucifer ought to be painted, but the man with a Swiss one. Yet this wonderful person was but a shallow fellow in all his provinces of wit and wisdom—with pen or pencil, with broken English, or barbarous Greek:—which fact is thoroughly established by the late publication of his memoirs; a work containing more naked rudeness, vulgarity, and impudence, under pretext of wit, than is to be found on record of any individual since Jonathan Wild. This is no charge against the biographer; he has probably done his best with bad materials. But Fuseli's repartees, remarks, his notions of decorum, and his trifling pedantry, must be allowed to take rank among the dullest attempts at public effect within memory.

Old Abernethy is another of those fabrications of waggery and wisdom. The following specimens have been going the round of the papers:—

“A loquacious lady having called to consult him, he could not succeed in silencing her, without resorting to the following expedient:—‘Put out your tongue, Madam.’ The lady complied.—‘Now keep it there till I have done talking.’ Another lady brought her daughter to him one day, but he refused to hear her or to prescribe, advising her to make the girl take exercise. When the guinea was put into his hand, he recalled the mother, and said, ‘Here, take the shilling back, and buy a skipping-rope for your daughter as you go along.’ He kept his pills in a bag, and used to dole them out to his patients; and on doing so to a lady, who stepped out of a coroneted carriage to consult him, she declared they made her sick, and she could never take a pill. ‘Not take a pill? what a fool you must be!’ was the courteous and conciliatory reply to the countess. When the late Duke of York consulted him, he stood whistling, with his hands in his pockets; and the duke said, ‘I suppose you know who I am?’ The uncourtly reply was, ‘Suppose I do—what of that?’ His pithy advice was, ‘Cut off the *supplies*, as the Duke of Wellington did in his campaign, and the enemy will leave the citadel.’”

Now, what is to be thought of the practitioner who could have been capable of this vulgar nonsense, but that he was determined on his own ruin; or of the man, but that he was prepared to be kicked out of society. The fact is, that Abernethy was as eager for keeping his position as any *Æsculapius* of them all; and in the first place, he never ventured any of those coxcombs with persons of any consideration; in the next,

he was the sufferer for the sins of every other joker of the profession. From Radcliffe to Dr. Eady, every rough dialogue of the trade was fixed upon Abernethy; and as he probably found his account in it, for even singularity sometimes *tells* with the multitude, he was content to father the rudeness which, in turn, generated the fee. But he had too much sense to make such experiments on his respectable applicants. To these he was respectful, and however he might practise the grotesque with some overgrown ale-wife, or play upon the feelings of some clown, no practitioner in the college could be more cautious of exceeding the bounds of proper speech than Abernethy. We say this from a desire to see justice done to the memory of a man of talent, skill, and knowledge.

The cabinets may say what they will; but there is something odd on the royal cards, throughout Europe at the present time. Our forefathers would be infinitely surprised at events which to us, their more enlightened sons, are as common as the sun at noon-day, and excite as little surprise. What would Walpole, or Chatham, or even Pitt, conversant as he was in revolutions, have thought of having, not merely an Ex-king of France in Holyrood, with all his heirs, assigns, and so forth; but having a Queen of Holland, a Prince of Orange, a pair of Dukes of Brunswick, a Russian Archduchess, a pair of sons of a King of Holland, a son of a King of Naples, and half a dozen more potentates and heirs of potentates on the wing, packing up their goods and chattels for an escape from their loving subjects, and fluttering over to England—the sea-girt—the only spot on earth free from war; the natural refuge of the destitute in all directions:—without reckoning little Donna Maria da Gloria, nor Don Pedro, who has already taken a view of us from sea, and will inevitably honour us with a visit, if we let him; and our pension list too with the dignity of his name.

Then we have kings to provide for Poland, and Belgium, and Greece, and Colombia, and the Brazils, and Portugal, and half a dozen other thrones, which are visibly tired of their present incumbents.

A dashing correspondent of the *Courier* thus disposes of all the difficulties respecting Poland and Belgium:—

“I have thought of one mode of settling both the Polish and Belgian questions. Let the Prince of Orange be the king of Poland forthwith—the Prince Leopold, king of Belgium till the decease of the king of Holland—Luxembourg to remain with the latter during his reign. At his death, the Prince Leopold to be king of Holland as well as of Belgium, with Luxembourg annexed.” Our correspondent,” adds the *Courier*, “disposes of crowns as rapidly as Buonaparte or the congress of Vienna. May we be permitted to ask him why, if the Poles are to have a king, it must be a Dutchman? or why the Dutch are to be governed by a German? Besides, when the Prince of Orange shall have Poland, and the Prince of Cobourg, Holland, what is to become of Prince Frederick?”

What is to become of Prince Frederick? Does any human being care. He can, we suppose, get a troop of dragoons in some Austrian regiment; and he will there have half-a-crown a day, which in Germany, a cheap country, will give him his board and lodging, and perhaps his cigars. On the whole, we look upon the prince as very pleasantly circumstanced among the ditches of his native soil, and wish him joy of his being still allowed to remain among the Hollanders.

The Irish in Ireland are by no means so much enchanted with the reform as the Irish in the province of St. Giles's. The latter eminent patriots have decided, that Reform must be the very thing wanted for England, and the sojourners therein; inasmuch as it will gain them mahogany hods, satin-wood spades, superfine "Saxony" pantaloons, and a guinea a day to every independent and true Emeraldaler (for such is their favourite appellation); here, there, and everywhere. But the Irish in the mother-land having discovered that, in spite of that "glorious, blessed, healing, feeding, and paying" measure of Catholic Emancipation, they have got nothing yet but the martial law proclaimed against the South, a famine in the West, emigration in the North, and my Lord Anglesey in Dublin, begin to doubt the benefits of the glorious measure, and are actually daring to growl. The Marquis having on his first excursion exhausted all his faculties for catching the popular soul, having rode to Donnybrook Fair, having rode through the streets, having rode through his own stables, and having rode down to Athlone, beating the mail, can do no more; and is not less astonished than angry with "his beloved people" for having expected anything more from him. Yet all this will not, it seems, satisfy the insatiate appetite of the people for excitement; and a new lord lieutenant is rumoured, and a new commander-in-chief is on the wing. The former appointment is only postponed until Count Munster, or the Earl of that name, submits his merits to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., and has the good fortune to be approved of by this great authority on Irish affairs. In the meantime, a report having gone abroad that the Irish cabinet was lazily letting things go on in the old way, we are happy to refute so injurious an imputation by the following evidence of activity:—

"Attention of the Marquis of Anglesey's Government to the Wishes of the People.—'A straw thrown up, will shew which way the wind blows;' and in like manner can the feelings of the government towards the people be often ascertained by its conduct towards them in matters of little moment, as regards the nation at large. We are led to make these observations on account of the dismissal of the post-master of Kilmacthomas, who had made himself most odious to the townspeople by his ostentatious display of Orangeism. So convinced are the people of Kilmacthomas of the Marquis of Anglesey's wish to gratify them, that they have already set down Mary Hearn as the successor to the late *protégé* of the Beresfords. Should our readers wish to know who Mary Hearn is, we will inform them by saying, she is the little Lady Morgan of the town of Kilmacthomas, and, like her great prototype, the sworn foe of abuses in church and state; or, in other words, a female reformer."

So sayeth the *Waterford Chronicle*; and we hope that every friend to good government, and the brains of Irish viceroys, will duly appreciate the salutary rigour of turning out the refractory postmaster of a portion of his Majesty's lieges, so important as the population of Kilmacthomas; and that they will not less appreciate the firmness of purpose, dignity of choice, and impartial determination, which placed Mary Hearn, or any body else, in the room of the recreant receiver of letters. Indeed what punishment could be too much for an individual who, it appears, not thinking with the Marquis's government, had the atrocity, in a time of liberal opinions, to express an opinion of his own; and worse, to hold an office of the value of twenty pounds a-year sterling money, and put the emoluments thereof in his pocket, while he, con-

tumaciously and traitorously, thought that orange was as pretty a colour as green, and that the ribbon of King William was as good as the ribbon of King Dan.

The only point to which we object is the comparison of the new official, the Whig Mary Hearn, to our old romancer the Whig Lady Morgan. "A little Lady Morgan." Call you this backing your friends? Miladi is little enough of all conscience; and to what depth of invisibility a lower politician of the Morgan genus must descend, we find it impossible to measure. *Optime dixit iste Butlerus*:—

"Thus naturalists say, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And they have smaller still to bite 'em—
And so proceed, *ad infinitum*."

Poetry of old was always prophetic; and we shall bet our nightcap against *Miladi's* next quarto on the "Science of Governing every Kingdom of Europe," that Butlerus had Miladi, and her "picture in little," in his prophetic eye at the moment.

After having witnessed such a tissue of "delicate correspondence" as has lately been spun out between Sir James Scarlett and Sir James Graham, Lord Something Cecil and Mr. Tennyson, and our beloved and trusty councillor, Mr. George Dawson, of Protestant-popish, orange-green, and black-and-white memory; it is refreshing, as the Cockney Homers and Virgils say, to see, at last, a writer who scribbles straight to the point, who lays nothing on the necks of the "reporters," and who blabs out his whole meaning, not caring a drop of ink for the way of any man's taking it. The *Times* contains the following letter relative to Sir James Scarlett and Sir Robert Wilson:—

"Sir,—I beg you to inform the public that 'the injudicious, unbecoming, and unwarrantable interference,' mentioned by Sir Robert Wilson in his letter to Sir James Graham, published in your paper of this morning, applies to me. I trouble myself to make this avowal, solely with a view to put an end to the affair, and in the sincere hope that henceforward the parties concerned will think and care as little about it as I shall.

"15, Pall Mall East,
May 31."

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"THOMAS WALKER."

This is plain English. Sir Robert gets his epithets very handsomely returned on him: and the hero of Pall-Mall East is yet unshot, unsabred, and, we verily believe, unanswered. No delicious correspondence, worthy of the dexterity of a dancing-master, and the sensibilities of a school-girl, has grown out of this billet. We sincerely recommend the style as a model to all gentlemen who wish to bring matters to a short issue.

There is something curious, without being very important, in the adroitness of "the devil's chaplain," a title which the possessor seems to bear rejoicingly, in getting himself within the grasp of the law. He has now volunteered again.—

"A true bill was found by the grand jury, at the April adjourned sessions for the county of Surrey, against *Robert Taylor*, alias 'The Devil's Chaplain,' for uttering blasphemy. Not having complied with the order of court, he was taken into custody by Skilhorn on Saturday, and brought to Union-hall, when he entered into his own recognizances in the sum of 200*l.*, and two sureties of

100*l.* each, to appear at the next general quarter sessions for the county of Surrey."

The curious part of the case is, who pays? That many a man is blind to the future, and contemptuous of the inside of a prison, or may be amused with defying judge and jury, or may dream of the downfall of an archbishop, is now as obvious as that the Tories are turned out. But how is all this disbursed? for law must be paid; the walls of a prison will feed no man; judges and juries are among the most costly luxuries of life; and the best dream of episcopal subversion since the days of Jack Cade, is not worth a substantial sixpence. Who pays for the Reverend Robert's campaigns? We have heard something on the subject, which we may yet put into tangible shape.

Great and very just anxiety has been excited by the ravages of the new plague—the cholera, in the north of Europe. It is not for us to fathom the ways of Providence; nor to pronounce that this scourge has fallen upon the Continent for its crimes—first smiting Russia, red with the blood of an unprovoked war against the Turks, and at this hour heaping gore on gore, and crime on crime, by her attempts to repress the freedom of a brave and most injured people. There can be no doubt that the cholera has hitherto fought for Poland—that the Russian councils have been distracted by it—the Russian armies struck with terror by it—and the numbers of those brutal instruments of a despot's purpose fearfully thinned by its wide-wasting fury. We have no Russian hospital list—no gazette—to tell us of the thousands perishing night by night in the swamps of Poland, without medicine, physicians, or food.

But we have unequivocal evidence of the havoc of the cholera, in the universal check of the Russian armies; in their sudden pause, when nothing seemed to stand between them and Warsaw; in their sudden inability to move after victory; and the extraordinary timidity, vacillation, and ill success which have marked a campaign that once threatened the total extinction of the Polish name.

The scourge has fallen on Poland, too, but evidently in an inferior degree, and the suffering is well recompensed by the indemnity; for no plague could lie so dreadful as the fury of the Russian sword, followed by the long bitterness of the Russian chain. Other kingdoms may yet share in the infliction. It seems scarcely possible, that the cholera can be prevented from spreading through the greater part of the Continent. Perhaps, it may reach ourselves. But much may be expected from the cleanly habits of the people, to repel any peculiar virulence of an epidemic; much from the excellent food of England; and much from her medical science;—three things in which all the countries hitherto devastated by this plague have been singularly deficient. In India, excepting the stations of the Company's troops—in Persia—in the Russian provinces on the Caspian—in the government of Moscow—in the wild provinces of Poland—the habits, the food, and even the slight portion of medical science, tend rather to propagate the poison than to extinguish it. There every village fever envenoms into a contagion, and nothing but the thinness of the population prevents the fever becoming a PLAGUE. A commission of medical men has been despatched, or is to be immediately despatched to Riga, to ascertain the nature of the disease; and we may be satisfied that, if it should unhappily cross the channel, it will be met by every wise and efficient precaution.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Sketches in Spain and Morocco, by Sir Arthur de Capel Brooke, Bart., &c., 2 vols., 8vo.—Sir Capel Brooke—we must shorten his name—scribbles his tours very agreeably. The reader has nothing to do but accompany him from town to town, and take his chance of what the active traveller happens to fall in with. He very rarely generalizes or discusses, and the less the better—for the one, it is not his vocation, and for the first, if he indulges, he must be indebted to others—not because he has not time, for he has abundance—he travels for pleasure merely; but because he does not suppose time indispensable for the purpose, or he would give it. Go where he will, he is merely a bird of passage, and has no notion that first impressions, in new scenes, require correction. The closest observers have preconceptions of what they are going to see—and these are things not easily or in an instant disposed of. With all this Sir Brooke troubles himself little—his motto is, “keep moving.”

At the Tower he takes his passage in a steamer bound for Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, and has a fair weather voyage to Lisbon. A few hours serve him to scamper over the town and describe it. The first glance of Cadiz charms him so much, that he resolves to stop a few days—let his baggage go on to Gibraltar, and find his way thither himself by some other conveyance. A few days' residence at Cadiz enables him to discourse thus delectably on the ladies of Spain.

“I need hardly observe, that the Spanish women are well known for their love of intrigue, and that the marriage vow, as is too generally the case with the higher classes in almost every part of continental Europe, is entered into but to be broken,” &c.

Of course, Sir Arthur, though he adopts the account without any hesitation, must not be held responsible for its veracity; it is clear he can himself know little about the matter.

After scouring the neighbourhood, and attending a bull-fight or two, instead of making his way to Gibraltar, he starts off suddenly for Seville. Seville is filled with priests—the women are wrapt up in mantillas, and always going to mass—beautiful as houris—well-be-veiled at least—not so their ancles, it would be as well if they were—every body drinks delicious water, and every house seems full of Murillos and Riberas. The Seville gazette is just six inches long—the leading article, an account of an old woman who died at Falmouth, aged 140; and not a particle

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of news “foreign or domestic.” Returning to Cadiz, he meets with a wine-merchant going to Xeres, and as he has nothing to clog or controul his movements, and is passionately fond of sight-seeing—it is that for which he lives and moves—off he goes to Xeres, and is present at the vintage, picks up a prodigious deal of gossip about *sherries*, and especially about *amontillado*—a wine which puzzles not only Sir Arthur Brooke and the merchants, but from his account of it, might the devil himself. “It is,” he says, “something like a phenomenon (what does Sir Brooke take a phenomenon to be?) in wine-making, for no cultivator can be certain that the grape will produce it, though he may conjecture that such will be the case from past experience, knowledge of the soil, and state of the vintage. It is seldom obtained from young vines, neither is it the produce of any particular vineyard or grape, although it is conjectured by some that the Palomine grape is more instrumental in yielding it than any other. The difference which this wine assumes from the general character of dry white wines, is supposed to be the consequence of a more perfect or *peculiar* fermentation. It is never known what casks will turn out *amontillado* before the first process of fermentation is over, and frequently not even then. Out of a hundred butts, not more than five or six may turn out *amontillado*. Every thing, relating to this wine, is involved in so much uncertainty, that what has been supposed to be *amontillado* will, after some years, turn out the reverse, and *vice versa*. On these accounts and its consequent rarity, it is greatly prized and carefully husbanded by the merchants; not for the purposes of sale, but of mixing with their other wines, and improving their flavours, &c.”

To Gibraltar Sir Capel gets at last, and after telling what of course every skimmer of travels already knows, he crosses the straights to Tangiers; and as Tangiers is not every day visited by tourists, he has something a little less hackneyed to tell. His intention was to storm the emperor's quarters at Fez, but people cannot do precisely as they like in Morocco, nor move when and where they please; and the Baronet's movements accordingly were a good deal hampered. To Fez there was no getting, and besides, the emperor was himself coming to Tangiers. To Tangiers, however, he did not come, and Sir Arthur finally quitted the country without seeing this august personage, or any one

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more magnificent than the bashaw of Tangiers and the governor of Tetuan. His accounts of Morocco are, of course, very meagre. The Jewesses, who abound, are very beautiful, and the Moorish ladies, when you can get a glimpse at more than *one* eye, prove to have very charming pairs, though a little too sleepy—the handsomest, too, are probably all shut up. The Moors are more and more suspicious of travelers, since they have heard of Ali Bey and Burckhardt, and their disguises, and, of course, they cannot imagine strangers visit them for any purpose but to betray them. The recent occupation of Algiers will not tend to dilute the emperor's suspicions.

Returning with very little more knowledge of the country than could be gathered from a visit to Tetuan, and by riding a few miles here and there about Tangiers, he reached Gibraltar again, and traversing Spain, by the way of Grenada, Malaga, Cordova, Madrid, &c., finally arrived at Paris. When at Grenada, though in unusual haste, he paid a visit to the Duke of Wellington's estates, near that town; and as every body is not acquainted with them, we extract his account, in preference to his elaborate description of the Spanish Olla, with the cookery of which Sir Brooke is quite au fait.

"The Soto de Roma, the estate which was granted at the conclusion of the peninsular war to the Duke of Wellington, as a small return for the eminent services rendered to the country, is a royal demesne, situated at the extremity of the vega of Granada, and, in the time of the Moors, was a favourite retreat of the sovereigns of Granada. We reached it before noon, and spent some time in walking about the extensive and finely wooded grounds, which are watered by several beautiful streams, adding considerably to their beauty. The house is a plain building, with nothing remarkable about it, except, perhaps, the numerous cracks that are visible in the walls, the effect of shocks of earthquakes, which are at times severely felt throughout the vega. The adjoining buildings appeared also to have suffered materially. I was much pleased to observe the state of the different farms belonging to the estate. One does not expect to find agriculture in a very advanced state in Spain; and, although this is any thing but the case in general, yet I must confess that I never witnessed neater farming in any part of my own country than I did at the Soto de Roma, which is saying a good deal."

Few Words on many Subjects, by a Recluse.—A mass of notes, upon matters as they turned up in the writer's mind, and which, being preserved, have come, of course, to be printed. Though not always of importance, they are characterized generally by sound judgment and respectable liberality. They are classed under the heads of law, politics, religion, and language. If judges must

be made peers, they need not be hereditary ones; chiefly because the House is already too numerous.—Barristers are not warranted in undertaking all sorts of dirty cases, by calling them acts of duty; nor are they entitled to assume the high and independent tone they do, till they talk *gratuitously*.—It is idle to expect simplicity of law with the complications of *civilized* society.—It is absurd to imprison insolvents; but wise to hang for forgery, though it will be difficult to draw a line broad enough to place impunity on one side and death on the other, for acts that bear to each other an extraordinary degree of resemblance—and certainly, murder and forgery can never, with any shew of reason, be placed on the same level. Quibbles must be got rid of—a man is not to lose his action of damages because he has been driven over by a *mare*, when his lawyer called her a *horse*, nor a thief to be acquitted of stealing ducks because some of them were drakes—abominations which still exist in the administration of our laws, notwithstanding we have been lauding Mr. Peel for years—for what?

Among the "political" notes, he talks of the pervading passion for titles and distinctions, and augurs sad results—but contempt for them is perhaps all that is likely to follow from the existing abuse. He instances the case of charity societies, with

Patron,	Patroness,
Vice Patrons,	Vice Patronesses,
Governor,	Deputy Governor,
	Trustees,
	Chairman,
	Deputy Chairman,
	Directors,
Treasurer,	Deputy Treasurer,
	Auditors,
Physician,	Surgeon,
Counsel,	Solicitor,

&c. &c. &c.

Among the sources of corruption in language, he notices the general tendency to hyperbolism. If a person falls out of a window, and breaks a limb, he is sure to be "literally dashed to pieces," though literally picked up in one piece—"literally broke every bone in his body," is of common occurrence in the papers. If a man drives a dust cart against a post, the papers tell us the wheel *came in contact* with the post. Workmen are universally *operatives*, as being more genteel. Shopmen are *assistants*. The apothecary's shop is the *surgery*. The newspaper drudges are *gentlemen of the press*. The attorneys are all *esquires*—and *gentlemen*, we believe, by law. The new measures and weights, lately introduced, are, by statute, the *imperial*. The trust for managing the roads round London is also, by statute,

called the *metropolitan road trust*. The post-office cars are nicknamed *accelerators*, by authority. The one-horse chaises, lately introduced, might have been called *hackney gigs*, but *cabriolet* is foreign, and better because not so intelligible. A club of schoolmasters call themselves the *philological society*, as if it were an union for the study of languages, &c. The book will amuse for half an hour, and sometimes furnish useful hints.

Social Life in England and France, from the Days of Charles to the recent French Revolution—This little volume must be regarded as the sequel to Miss Berrey's former publication, the character of which was estimated highly, but certainly not more so than it well deserved. The work consists of a series of sketches, rather than any consecutive view, of what strikes her as the most prominent topics, important in themselves, or the precursors and causes of important results. In the present volume she comes within her own times, and doubtless her own opportunities have been peculiarly favourable for sketching the career of certain classes of society, both in England and France. It is only with the superior classes she is concerned; though lower ones are by degrees, and quite inevitably modified by them; for so active is the principle of imitation on us, that one class cannot change its habits, but the next lowest will be sure to be influenced, and in many cases the next highest, more or less. Manners ascend as well as descend. The upper ranks, in many respects, are neither so fastidious, nor the lower so coarse as they were, but a few years ago.

The times of Pitt and Fox constitute the first topic of remark. The political world had not been so decidedly split since the days of Anne. The opposition ranked among them almost the whole exhibitable talent of the day; the prince was at their head, and the fashionable world went with them. The two courts were the centres of political faction; nor was women's influence wanting on either side. The Queen on one side, and the Duchess of Devonshire on the other. The first all form and ceremony and prejudice; the other all freedom, gaiety, and liberality—not licentiousness. Not only were the arts patronized, but artists themselves were admitted within the pale of society; and homely manners, as well as stiff ones, gave way to ease and refinement.

The French war, by keeping young men at home, interfered with the advantages derivable from intercourse with foreign variety of character and manners; but the army and navy, which absorbed many of them, became schools

of intelligence and improvement. For from the extraordinary state of public affairs, they were brought into contact with the diplomatic world, and proved eventually as dextrous and polished and reserved, as they had before been coarse, blunt, and ignorant.

But nothing produced so striking a change upon the higher classes as taxation. The great got rid of their useless retainers, useless carriages, useless horses. From the moment these things became taxable, every body began to consider how many they could dispense with. Nobody since then keeps more than he has occasion for; and the effect has been, beyond doubt, to produce better managed establishments, and more effective services. The same cause brought about retrenchments in costly entertainments, and hospitality in their rural domains shrank to nothing.

The commerce of the country meanwhile increasing, large fortunes fell into new hands; and these, disposed to spend their new gains, had no other means of forcing themselves into notice than courting the chaperonnement of the hitherto exclusively great. These had ceased to squander, but they were ready enough to assist others in squandering, and especially in rendering them ridiculous. Fêtes and entertainments followed, where the entertainer knew not the names of one-half of his guests. Rank and wealth were getting rapidly confounded. To check the career of this mortifying confusion sprang up Almack's—a scheme professedly and essentially exclusive, but proceeding, in part also, from the inability of numbers, in the higher ranks of life, to compete with the *nouveaux riches* in entertainments at home.

The writer's glances at France are more interesting, in as much as they are less familiar. She sketches the return to habits of civilized society, under the Bonapartes, with considerable effect; and has many remarks of great truth and acuteness. Under all the political changes she detects one great purpose of the nation—a determination to obtain a general participation of rights. From the return of the Bourbons who struggled to recover their old privileges, and force back the stream of opinion; and through the whole fifteen years the influential part of the people have as steadily prosecuted what may fairly be deemed the will of the nation. In domestic habits the difference is very memorable; and such as may well be balanced against the very horrors through which the people have fought their way to the possession of political independence. From the abolition of convents and seminaries, children were educated at home, and the practice has generally con-

tinued; and from the general agitations without, domestic habits were cultivated, and continue now that the occasion is less imperative. People no longer live for the world, but more for themselves; and those who ministered to the follies of the fashionable world and hung upon the great, have been driven to other sources of livelihood. The consequence is, that in all classes of society appears a general improvement in tone and manner—independence is the characteristic. The great are stripped of their privileges—properties are broken down, and the owners are more simple and natural; while the middle ranks are no longer blind slaves of the rich, but depend for custom, employment, and patronage, on the superiority of their services, and less on intrigue, &c.

Journal of a Residence in Germany, in 2 vols., 8vo. by Wm. Beattie, M. D.—Dr. Beattie accompanied, in quality of physician, the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, on three visiting tours, 1822, 1825, and 1826, to the courts of their respective relatives—Meningen, Hesse Homberg, and Stuttgart; and, like other young men, just fresh from college, kept a journal, and stuffed it with trite quotation, bits of sing-song, and scraps of sentiment. The turn of the wheel brings his patron to the crown, and Dr. Beattie is too experienced a courtier not to know that though the duke might be nothing, the king is every thing. Accordingly he rubs up his forgotten journal, and giving the old duke all the polish and importance of the new king, discovers a fresh and blooming interest on every word, sentiment, grace, and incident—all as suddenly, and as by magic, become matter of sovereign worth.

To anybody but a courtier, or a would-be courtier, the book, however, will prove perfectly useless, or at best superfluous, for he knows, of course, a king can be nothing but—a king. It is wholly occupied with the royal movements—with the virtues and graces of both their royal highnesses, and with those of all their august relatives, male and female, young and old. The very aide-de-camps and “bed-chamber women” are all nonpareils. Nothing can exceed the fascinations of the ladies but the affabilities of the gentlemen; and we know not how it comes about, but certainly the gentlemen do bear away the bell—their waltzing is exquisite. The doctor must have been born a courtier—he takes to the office as naturally as a spaniel takes to the water.

The duke is, of course, the conspicuous figure, though also, of course, the duchess is not forgotten, nor the two Miss Fitzclarences who accompanied

them. At Mayence the duke visited the cathedral, and was “much pleased with the descriptive detail of the Cicerone;” and “no less so with the striking scenery through which he had passed on the day’s route,”—he was as ready to compliment nature as art. Quitting the cathedral, some Prussian soldiers passed with a band, and so stirring was the music that his royal highness walked for nearly an hour to keep within hearing of it—dragging poor Dr. Beattie at his heels the whole time. For eight days before his arrival at Meiningen his royal highness did not dine more than twice. *Every* morning he breakfasted at seven, and “on tea and a simple slice of dry toast,” i. e. *one* slice, the dimensions of which appear, unluckily, to have escaped the doctor’s recollection. This breakfast be pronounces to be Spartan fare. But though his royal highness had but two dinners in eight days, “slight luncheons, consisting of cold fowl, Westphalia ham, veal, or gibier—the latter a favourite viand—were prepared and put in a small basket in the chariot, and *one or more* of these, with bread, formed the staple banquet of the day, and were resorted to at pleasure.” This is sadly vague to be sure—there is no ascertaining from these data either the number of these luncheons, or the quantity consumed at each, or whether upon the whole they might not together amount to a respectable dinner. At the end of his day’s journey his “royal highness took tea—and only green tea—of which a supply was brought from Ghent.” No matter how late the hour, or how potent the infusion, this green tea from Ghent never interfered with his royal highness’s rest. Such, concludes the admiring and wondering doctor, is the power of long habit—the triumph of royal habits and a royal stomach over green tea from Ghent. His royal highness’s virtues are beyond all enumeration—he is an excellent arithmetician. “He looks over all his accounts himself;” and, for fear we should not feel the force of the phrase, he paraphrases it thus:—“he sums up, calculates, adjusts, and compares, nicely balancing every item.” Notwithstanding his long practice in the art, his royal highness could with difficulty be persuaded that his journey had not in reality cost more than the treasurer of the household, or whatever he is called, charged him with. Not only, too, was his royal highness upon all occasions an excellent father, master, husband, &c. &c. but also careful of his own health—he wore galoches—and, moreover, a delightful patient. He had due confidence in Dr. Beattie, and took all his prescriptions. “I will do you the justice,” said his royal highness to Dr. Beattie, “to say, that although a young

physician," the medicines you have given me through my illness have fully answered the purpose intended," &c. But enough of this—who can doubt but every one become a king as long as he lives must have every virtue under heaven.

Next to the Duke and Duchess figure the royal sisters of his royal highness's "august family," the Landgravine of Hesse Homberg and the Queen of Wirtemberg. Of the former the doctor affirms, as of his own knowledge, that she "has done more for the happiness and prosperity of the inhabitants than all the combined events of the last century;" and of the Queen of Wirtemberg he makes a perfect divinity; of her—"the whole country worship her." Her liveries are bright orange with black facings; and every body goes to court in boots. A Princess of Wirtemberg was going to be married to Duke Michael of Russia, and a patriarch of the Greek church had arrived charged with the duty of initiating the young lady in the mysteries of "that religion." "He is a venerable personage," says Dr. Beattie, "*justly proud of his holy task.*" Similar foppery pervades the volumes. Now and then he presents us with a specimen of the sentimental. At some royal supper the windows were thrown open, and a lot of bats flew in, which the Queen of Wirtemberg would not allow to be driven out. When she quitted the room, however, they were forthwith expelled without ceremony, and one that was obstinate was killed. "Pauvre malheureux!" sighed a beautiful young lady, "how readily would the royal hand have interposed even in thy behalf, had she suspected the smallest design against thy little summer existence. I heard the crush (!) as he placed his iron heel upon thy late happy and defenceless breast. I witnessed and cannot forgive the act. Thy little roost under my window will be empty to-morrow. I shall have one fewer in the evening to welcome me in my forest walk. This brief life was thy immortality—the blow, therefore, doubly cruel—ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns." The girl might be silly, or smile while she uttered the rhapsody, but the doctor repeats it gravely, and can be nothing but a —

Bogle Corbett, by J. Galt, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo.—We have had some difficulty in wading through Bogle Corbett. It is too literally and severely a copy of realities—it has nothing of the beau ideal about it, and is relative to a class of life which has few charms for general readers to contemplate. Merely to go over the dull detail of every-day measures too much within every body's experience, is like living over again one's own annoyances.

We do not, of course, wish to depreciate such a writer as Mr. Galt, who, beyond any man of his day, perhaps, can enter into assumed characters and make another's feelings his own. He does so—not too intensely for truth—but too minutely for pleasure, because his subjects are seldom of the agreeable caste, and often essentially coarse. Certainly he does not contrive to convey pleasurable impressions—nay, he may be said often to labour studiously to leave nothing but discomfort behind him. The hero is a man of common education, brought up as a weaver, and in due time in business as a manufacturer. For the sake of capital he enters into partnership with a fool, and by a succession of difficulties, to which mercantile matters are subject, occasionally from the political condition of the times, and by the blunders and rashness of his partner, becomes a bankrupt. The dealings of the firm had been a good deal with the West Indies, and through the influence and favour of his friends, he procures a West India agency. By degrees West India interests also decay from one cause or other, and he loses his agencies, chiefly because he cannot make money-advances, and the whole connection is rapidly slipping through his fingers. Meanwhile he makes a love marriage, and the lady dies in child-birth; he makes a second for convenience, and marries a good sort of woman, honest and active, but coarse and of little or no congeniality, of whom we have a vast deal too much, unless a dash of humour could have been thrown into her. Before ruin quite overtakes Bogle Corbett, he emigrates to Canada, where, of course, Mr. Galt is quite at home, and we have the relics of gatherings, during his own residence there, and already communicated in Lowrie Todd. The story terminates abruptly, with the second year of Bogle's residence, when matters are beginning to settle into something like order and combination. An opportunity is thus left for a new story, to trace the subsequent career of the new colonists.

Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Knt., by D. E. Williams, Esq., 2 vols., 8vo.—All depends upon the booksellers, and a man is to flourish or fade with posterity, precisely according to the publisher's chance of making money of his memory. No sooner does a man die, whose name has, in any way, been much *in ora virum*, than some stirring bookseller bargains with a manufacturer for a brace of octavos—one is scarcely worth his consideration, for it is as cheap to puff two volumes as a single one, and the gain, within certain limits, is proportioned to the bulk. With him one

and one make two, though the Chancellor of the Exchequer, occasionally it may be, finds a different result. This is the whole secret of our two volume lives—in most of the cases which we recollect any thing about in modern times, *one* volume would have been more than enough. In Sir Thomas Lawrence's certainly, instead of 1200 pages, 200 would have afforded ample scope for telling all which the world could desire to know of him, and have embraced, besides, every item of his correspondence which it could have done him any credit to publish.

Campbell, the poet, was announced as the biographer before poor Sir Thomas was fairly in his grave, to the surprise, we believe, of all who knew him; for certainly he was not the man to biographize at the rate of two volumes in a few months—implying, as such a feat does, a contempt of all selection—a disregard for all weighing and balancing—a mere heaping and piling whatever can be scratched together, or can by possibility be linked with the subject. Mr. Campbell, however, quickly relinquished the ungrateful task, under the pretence of want of health and leisure, and consigned the whole affair, with all the accumulations, into the hands of the publisher's nominee—a man after their own hearts—one who obviously could work to pattern, and play the part of executioner to Procrustes.

Lawrence was born in 1769, at Bristol. A prodigious effort is made to connect him with the baronetage on both sides. The failure is complete as to the father, who was, if it be of any importance, the son of a dissenting teacher. The mother was the daughter of a clergyman of the establishment, and certainly allied to a Warwickshire baronet. For some time they kept an inn at Bristol, and soon after a posting-house at Devizes, where the father was well known to the habitual visitors of Bath, especially for worrying his customers with the prodigious talents of little Tommy. And wonderful, no doubt, they were—if ever boy had a decided bent he had; before he was six years old he drew a good likeness of Kenyon and his wife. While yet a child he supported the family by the exertions of his talents, and continued to do so, at Bath, or in London, till their death in 1797. As a very remarkable boy he had been exceedingly petted by the neighbourhood, and his agreeable manners gained him admittance into numerous families of respectability and distinction. His career in London was facilitated by his friends, for, though wholly unknown to painters and their connections, he was made an Associate of the Academy by an act of royal authority, before the

usual age—a circumstance which gave occasion to one of Pindar's happiest hits. Hoppner's death left him without a rival in his own department, and he succeeded, on that occasion, to the Prince of Wales's patronage. In his regency he employed Lawrence to paint the emperors on their visit to London, and subsequently despatched him to the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle to Vienna and Rome, to paint the rest of the royal personages, generals, ministers, &c., where he reaped a rich harvest of fame and money. Never was man more tickled with the honours showered upon him, or better paid for his labours—400 guineas a portrait, and 1000 guineas for travelling expenses. On his return he was made President of the Academy, and continued, till within a few days of his death, to paint without intermission, and at enormous prices. Yet was he constantly in difficulties about money matters, the source of which is traced to liberality, and indifference about his interests; but with all this the world has little to do, and as little with his *liaisons*, as the biographer calls what he elsewhere represents as mere platonism.

In the correspondence there is but little which will bear reading, and still less relative to his art. Of gossip about the Great there is abundance. His details of the domestic life of the Princess Charlotte have been read by every body, in the daily and weekly papers; but it is not every one who can sympathize with Lawrence's all but adoration of the great. The eternal straining after compliment with his lady correspondents is almost equally offensive; he is perpetually mistaking elaborate refinement for gentlemanly ease and politeness and qualities—words for ever at his pen's point, as they were at his tongue's end. So much of sentiment is thrown into every thing, that it excites suspicion it existed only upon paper—he sends his never-dying love to the ladies, &c. The correspondence, it is said, very correctly, has been doctored, and it is certain, the biographer saw nothing but “copies,” which is itself a very suspicious circumstance. The letters to Mr. Peel should, in common propriety, have been suppressed—especially the begging letters. While obviously thinking himself the very pink of courtesy, he is throwing himself prostrate at the feet of a patron.

Dr. Brewster's Optics.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, Vol. XIX.—Dr. Brewster occupies sixty or seventy pages with the principles of optics, accompanied with abundance of diagrams, to the peremptory exclusion of all mathematics. The consequence is, that *rules* are repeatedly given without reasons, though, if Dr.

Brewster had presumed on his readers, but very slight acquaintance with geometry and proportions, he might have readily supplied this serious deficiency; and really nobody, who is entirely ignorant of these matters, is likely even to look at the book. The rest of the volume is taken up with physical optics—optical phenomena—and optical instruments. The portion relative to physical optics is of the largest extent, and is that in which the author has given proof of his well known industry, and extensive acquaintance with the results of science in every part of Europe. But the work has obviously been got up in haste, and every thing that could be laid hold of, sound and unsound, has been piled together to fill it.

For many years in the history of modern science, the *heating* power of the spectrum was supposed to be in proportion to the quantity of light, and yellow was declared to carry most heat. Dr. Herschel, however, *proved*, that heat gradually increased from the violet to the red, and moreover, that beyond the red—beyond the limits of the spectrum, to the extent of an inch and a half, the heat continued to increase, though no light was perceptible. Hence he drew the *important* conclusion, “that there were invisible rays in the light of the sun, which had the power of producing heat, and which had a less degree of refrangibility than red light”—or, in other words, that there were such things as calorific rays, distinct from those of colour. Then came M. Berard, of Montpellier, who also *proved*, that the maximum heat was at the extremity of the red; and though he did not quite deny the presence of heat beyond the spectrum, he affirmed it was not more than one-fifth above that of the ambient air. Next we had Sir Humphrey, who contrived to confirm Dr. Herschel’s account, announcing, at the same time, that the cause of M. Berard’s conflicting conclusion, was assignable to his using thermometers with circular bulbs, and of a larger size;—but did that settle the question or prove any thing, but that these experimentalists found different results under different circumstances? But finally comes M. Serbeck, who *proves*—they all prove—that after all, the point of maximum heat depends on the material of the prism—one of water gives, yellow—one of a solution of sal-ammoniac, orange—one of crown or plate glass, red—while flint glass alone carries it *beyond* the red. And this is *science*.

The magnetizing power of the violet rays has often been alluded to within the last twenty years. Dr. Marichini first announced the *fact*, and exhibited the ef-

fect before Sir Humphry, Professor Playfair, and other English philosophers, to their entire satisfaction we believe. Other philosophers, not English, and among them M. Berard, with all his efforts, could make nothing of the violet rays and the needles, and the *fact*, in consequence, fell into discredit. Not long ago Mrs. Somerville revived the pretensions and the credit of the violet rays, and even associated to the same honours, the indigo, blue and green;—and subsequently Baumgartner, of Vienna, and Christie, of Woolwich, found out that the whole assemblage of the rays, or the combined power of the whole spectrum, performed wonders in the same way, far surpassing those of the violet, green, indigo, or blue. A loadstone, which carried a pound and a half when exposed to the full light of the sun, was speedily made to carry double. But after all, notwithstanding these experiments and proofs, Messrs. Reiss and Moser, after a series of what Dr. Brewster characterizes as well-conducted experiments, can make the rays of light, neither separate nor combined, magnetize at all; and they consider themselves fully warranted in “rejecting totally a *discovery* which, for seventeen years has, at different times, disturbed science.” And all is, notwithstanding, still to be called science, and pre-eminently SCIENCE.

Botanical Miscellany, by William Jackson Hooker. L.L.D., Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow. Part V.—This is a quarterly publication, which has not fallen into our hands before. It takes a handsome and imposing shape, and appears to be respectably got up in every branch of its execution. The conductor seems to be in correspondence with men of science—medical men—in India, and in every other quarter of the world. The contents of the fasciculus before us, consist of biographical sketches of deceased botanists—communications from different quarters at home and abroad—with botanical excursions by residents in both Indies, accompanied by twenty figures of plants, in outlines slightly shaded, and ten others, of a quarto size, of Indian plants, well coloured. Among the biographical notices, is one of a Captain Dugald Carmichael, who seems to have spent the prime of his life at the Cape, and on his return home to have settled on the Argyle coast. “He complained,” says the writer, “of the difficulty of getting access to books in his retired place of abode; but when I urged him to come and live in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, his answer invariably was—‘how should I live without the woods and mountains and deep dells which afford me fungi; on the rocky beach, that yields me such

an infinite variety of amusement in the curious Algæ, among which I am daily discovering something new?" Well! were it not for such men the knowledge of nature would make but slow way.

Thaddeus of Warsaw—Standard Novels. Vol. IV.—It is now thirty years since Miss Jane Porter published her *Thaddeus of Warsaw*—the first of the class of biographical romances which Sir Walter Scott has since brought into such fashion and repute, and in which, she observes, he had done her the honour to adopt her precedent. In her turn she is delighted to follow his example, in communicating to the world all it is desirous to know of a writer's views, when first framing these particular fictions. Her interest in favour of the Poles was first raised by seeing numbers of the refugees, after the last partition of Poland, roaming forlornly in St. James's Park. Some years after, when Kosciusko was released by Paul of Russia, and came to London in his way to America, Miss Porter's brother was introduced to him, and thus he became the topic of family talk; and finally, when she took to writing, the hero of the young lady's romance. Mrs. Radcliffe ate raw steaks to stir her imagination, and Schiller hung his room with black drapery, and wrote by the glimmer of a farthing rush-light;—while Miss Porter worked away in her brother's study or painting room, in which was suspended Abercrombie's "war-dyed coat," and the waistcoat, bullet-torn, of some other commander, to give intensity to the strokes with which she dashed off the campaigns of Thaddeus Sobieski.

Henry Pestalozzi—his Life and Writings, by Dr. Biber.—Whatever may have been Dr. Biber's intentions or anticipations, it is obvious his biography is little calculated to elevate our conceptions of the qualities or the merits of Pestalozzi, save only as to kind and generous feeling and irrepressible resolve. Many of his contemporaries considered him as half crazy, and Dr. Biber scarcely wishes his readers to think him otherwise. Judging of him by the Doctor's representations, Pestalozzi had but "one idea," and that one not very strictly defined—certainly in none of its details. From the beginning to the end, a period of sixty years, he went stumbling, but still struggling on, and was finally indebted to others for making out his meaning, and aiding him in reducing the matter to practice. He never, perhaps, had a precise view of his object, nor could conceive any definite means of realizing it—neither philosophy to generalize, nor language to develop his purpose. He found out very early that writers were perpetually talking of what they knew

little or nothing, and, in disgust, but with no discretion, threw all his books aside. He read nothing for thirty years. Words were only calculated to mislead, and he would have nothing to do thenceforth with aught but things. Education was wholly occupied with words, and therefore, education must be reformed or rather revolutionized, and he must be the agent. Life was accordingly consumed in impotent, but persevering efforts to effect a change in national education, while he had no definite views of the mode in which such an effect was to be brought about. With the true spirit of a German, every thing teachable seemed to him capable of being reduced to sound, form, and number; and ears, eyes and fingers were accordingly the proper instruments of education—in communicating and receiving. All abstractions were renounced as mere words incapable of being coupled with things, and so unidentifiable with their objects.

There can be no doubt, in any sane person's mind, but the instrumentality of the senses has been *too much neglected*, but never was it wholly so, as Pestalozzi and his friends would have the world believe. There never yet was a teacher of any fitness for his office who did not tax his pupil's senses to aid his mental conceptions. Nay, every old dame who required a child to tell her how many two and three made, directed him, if there was any hesitation, to count his fingers, and thus gave him precise ideas of numbers—and what in principle has Pestalozzi done more?

Pestalozzi was born in Switzerland (1745), the son of a physician, and was himself destined for the church; but failing in his preliminary exercises, and quarrelling with his books, he took to farming. No sooner was he in possession of his little property than he resolved to couple his new profession with his new views of the necessities of education. For this purpose he collected some fifty children among his poor neighbours, and set to work to instruct them and cultivate his farm by the same act—with an utter indifference as to any results but the improvement of his protégés in *practical knowledge*. He himself knew nothing in fact of farming, and it is no wonder that the scheme, with all its benevolence, ended in completing the ruin of his property; nevertheless he had the gratification of essentially awakening and rousing the intellects of a considerable number of poor forlorn lads, in the interval between 1775 and 1790; and of promoting extensively kind thoughts, for the children were all delighted with one who entered so warmly into their feelings, and gave himself so completely up to them.

Disappointed as he was, he never despaired, and successively, at Stantz, Burgdorff, and finally at Yverduin, he was enabled, sometimes by the government, and sometimes by private friends, to resume his attempts. They all, however, terminated in the same results; he was incapable of comprehending the relation between receipt and expenditure, or at least of being influenced by it. Confusion soon found its way into his establishments, and he repeatedly became the dupe and victim of treacherous assistants, till death finally overtook him in 1827, embittered by annoyance and mortification.

After Dr. Biber's sketch of Pestalozzi's life, he reviews his literary works, and attempts to explain the process by which he and his coadjutors endeavoured to realize their purposes in several branches of instruction. But Dr. Biber rarely succeeds in giving distinct views, and the reader will often find himself, after looking through a very fatiguing book, but little the wiser. Dr. Biber writes English very well in a certain style, but he is never easy or idiomatic—no foreigner can be—and to this must be ascribed much of the mistiness which hangs over the whole. Then he reasons one to death too. At the same time, too, he has formed far higher notions of the value of education, in all cases, and of Pestalozzi's principles, than we think either deserves. It is clear to us, he, like many others, considers the subject too narrowly and artificially, or he and they would ascribe more force to the imitative principles of children, and the natural activity and growth of the intellect. All need not, and is not, to be done by *teaching*. We never knew the children of active-minded people—with the means of knowledge at hand—fail of making large acquisitions, though left a good deal to their own caprices.

We extract a comparison of Fellenberg and Pestalozzi's views, which we find are often confounded:—

Fellenberg was endeavouring to trace out the shortest and most efficient way for rendering his pupils fit members of society; his education was essentially an education for the world; every child was placed in his establishment, exactly in that rank in which he would have to appear hereafter in life (that is, such was the profession, and such might be the aim, but 'as impracticable manifestly as leaping over the moon); his occupations, his instruction, his mode of living, every thing was calculated to prepare him for his social position. Pestalozzi's object, on the contrary, was by the most direct, and the most simple, though it might be the slowest course, to foster the internal growth of the intellectual and moral man—to the claims of the

world he turned a deaf ear—he asked not for what society, but for what God had destined the child—his education was essentially an education in reference to the purpose of God, for the accomplishment of his will and law in human nature—and the position of each pupil in his establishment was accordingly founded, not upon the artificial institutions of society, but upon a spirit of freedom and brotherly love.

The Twelve Nights.—A dozen tales, most or all of which have appeared in periodicals, and are thought, of course, by the author, to deserve something more than a month's immortality. They are mere incidents, but detailed with considerable skill, and some simplicity, and will while away an hour or two agreeably enough with those who have not had the luck to read them before, or, having read, to remember them. It is unfortunate for collections of this kind, that the parties into whose hands they usually fall, are precisely those who are most familiar with periodicals. One of the stories, it is entitled "*Tales of the Dead*," has something quite original in its conception. In a party, accidentally collected, one has been hanged and resuscitated—a second, drowned and brought to life again—a third, impaled for breaking into the Grand Seignior's seraglio, and released by the slipping off of the weights attached to his legs, after the torture of a day or two. After the first horrors, these gentlemen represent their sensations to have been quite enviable; when up rises, as promptly and lightly as he was able, a fat Abbé, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, you talk this matter well; but if I were to describe the fate which I once narrowly escaped—if you could only for an hour or two experience the horrors of a surfeit, you would speak in more respectful terms of the grim king of terrors. Death has many doors—all of them, in my opinion, disagreeable enough; but, take my word for it, it is no joke to be despatched into eternity by an indigestible Strasburg pie."

Reasons for the Hope that is in Us, &c., by Robert Ainslie, W. S., Author of a "Father's Gift to his Children."—A glance at the evidences of natural and revealed religion, written originally for the benefit of the author's family, and enlarged and published for that of the world. Epitomes of this kind are of use at least to the individual himself, because he must of necessity examine, and define and discuss, as he goes, which is not the case always when a man merely reads; and useful also occasionally to his family and friends, because they will often lend attention to what would otherwise be passed by with indifference, when it comes from one who is dear to

them. Few men, to be sure, are prophets at home, but a writer usually enlists family vanity in his favour, and papa's book will be read because some credit is thought to be reflected on his children. But here such things should stop, and certainly not be printed and published. Respectable as Mr. Ainslie's book is, it adds *nothing* to the stock of information on the matter, and is therefore superfluous. The able "Writer of the Signet" presumes too much on his professional skill in describing the details of evidence, and considers himself entitled to attention specifically on this ground. A little self-deception is the commonest thing in the world; and it was no doubt easy for the author to believe that Paley and Chalmers would have done better had they been lawyers as well as divines. Certainly Mr. Ainslie has not exhibited his *legal* advantages in a very favourable view; and it is pretty clear that sound sense and sagacity, employed independently, must be of more service in matters of this kind than the acumen of the courts—where men are engaged not in exhibiting truth, but in detecting one set of errors and establishing another. At all events truth is not the object, but the carrying of the cause. We are quite satisfied that much of the evidence which this gentleman here admits and urges without scruple, would have been rejected by him in a court of justice, had he been judge, jurymen, attorney, or opposing counsel.

Comparing the state of religious sentiments among the heathens with those of Jews and Christians, he quotes Agrippa's declaration to the senate, "that the Gods themselves must submit to fate," as if such a declaration in such a place, and on such an occasion, were to be taken as the cool measure of his own sentiments, or even of that of the majority of those who heard it. Pliny, again, describing the consternation occasioned by the explosions of Vesuvius, says, "they made people think that gods and men were perishing in one common ruin," as if this were any thing but a rhetorical flourish, to be matched by scores of passages of precisely similar import from half the christian poets extant, without impeaching the spirituality of their conceptions.

The Young Duke, by the Author of "Vivian Grey;" 3 vols. 12mo.—Young D'Israeli, already well known by his *Vivian Grey*, is a very clever fellow, who, with considerable knowledge, with a sharp eye and ready wit, with a happy tact at seizing the ludicrous and eccentric, with great power of describing, with abundance of language to paint not only the visible, but the metaphysical,

reasons, and generalizes and speculates, as the whim takes him; now like a philosopher, and now, where we like him better, like a poet, and now and then also, must we say, like—a puppy? The new story is nothing—the virtue is all in the manner—it is that of a Young Duke, who, coming into possession of prodigious wealth, accumulated by a long minority, dashes into all sorts of extravagance—takes the lead wherever he goes—successfully partakes of every folly, and exhausts every source of pleasure, till he gets hampered and embarrassed, and is brought to consideration partly by the difficulties into which he has thus thrown himself, partly by the weariness of his feelings, and partly by a pair of bright eyes. There are few of the scenes which are not recognizable by a person familiar with London life; every where, such an one might say, the author is alluding to so and so, or he has such and such an one in his eye. Particular scenes are worked up with great skill and force, and abused and ridiculed as the author has been, we stake our critical reputation upon the gaming scene, beginning page 66, vol. iii. which cannot be clipt, and never, in its way, was surpassed. We have no space for the extract—it is a choice morsel.

Spain in 1830, by Henry D. Inglis,—heretofore known by the nom-de-guerre of Derwent Conway, 2 vols. 8vo.—Its superiority as a book of travels is obvious at the first glance, and we can assure the reader he will reap much valuable information as to the actual condition of Spain, both political and domestic. Mr. Inglis is not content with merely recording what chance throws in his way, nor does he scamper over the country post-haste, but takes time—inquires, compares, digests, and in the results communicates more real knowledge of Spain in a few pages than many travellers in a volume. The "*Young American's*" was not a bad book, but will not bear comparison with Mr. Inglis's; and as to Sir Arthur Brooke's, though written pleasantly enough, it tells of little but his personal adventures, which were scarcely worth the telling. Except the north-west of Spain, Mr. Inglis has visited all the more remarkable parts of the country. Entering Spain from France, in the month of May, he spent two or three weeks first at Bilboa, and then proceeded to Madrid, where he passed the summer, making occasional excursions to the Escorial, Segovia, Toledo, &c. On the approach of autumn he set out for Cordova, and visiting successively Seville, Xeres, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada, Murcia, Alicante, Valentia, by the close of the year reached Barcelona—*finis char-tæque viæque*—for there he ends his tra-

vels, and writes his book. Within a few months Mr. I. has thus contemplated all the most interesting portions of Spain, especially of the south, and in no book of travels will readers find the character of the Spaniards better described, or the condition and circumstances of the people, in the different and even dissimilar parts of the country, more satisfactorily detailed. The north, and centre, and south of Spain are strikingly distinguished from each other; they are indeed three separate nations, with few qualities in common among them. Mr. Inglis's attention is closely drawn to the political state of the country, and his anticipations of any advance towards a constitutional government are very far from encouraging. The government is in much greater danger of falling into the hands of the Absolutists. The Basque provinces are already comparatively free—they have their political privileges, and trouble themselves little about the matter—while the south, from indolence or ignorance, care nothing about freedom, and will not wag a finger to promote it.

"I left England," says Mr. I., "in the belief that there existed in Spain two great parties—the constitutionalists and the adherents of the government; the latter, indeed, somewhat divided, and comprising many shades of opinion, ranging from absolutism to a point somewhere between that and moderation. But this estimate I discovered to be very erroneous. I found three parties in Spain—the absolutists, there denominated Carlists; the government party, there called the moderate party; and the liberals. The most influential of these parties is, beyond all question, the first. Reckoning the total population of Spain, this party is by far the most numerous; it comprises the great mass of the lower orders throughout Spain; and in many parts almost the whole population, as in Toledo, the towns and villages of the Castiles, and the provinces of Murcia and Catalonia. It comprises, with few exceptions, the 130,000 friars, and a great majority of the clergy, and it comprises a considerable proportion of the military, both officers and privates, but chiefly the former. With such components, it is evident that this party does not depend for its power solely upon its numerical superiority. The wealth of the church and the convents is immense. This party is devoted to Carlos, the king's brother, and chiefly because he is considered to be a man of more firmness, and more to be relied upon in case of a struggle than the king.

"In point of numbers the liberals come next, better known in England as constitutionalists. But if, by this party, says Mr. I., be meant those who desire

a return to the constitution of 1820, or who would be satisfied to leave the settlement of the government to an army of refugees, there is no such party in Spain; but if, by the liberal party, we are to understand those who perceive the vices of the present government, and who dread still more the ascendancy of the Carlists, those who view with satisfaction the progress of enlightened opinions in politics and in religion, and who desire earnestly that Spain should be gradually assimilated in her institutions with the other civilized nations of Europe, then the liberal party comprises the principal intelligence of the country, and subtracting from the population the lowest orders, the employés, the friars, and the priests, it possesses a great numerical majority. In any other country than Spain, this party would wield an influence to which its numerical strength would not entitle it; but in Spain, the light of intellect spreads but a little way; for it has to struggle with the thick mists of ignorance and superstition; and when we say that the liberal party comprises nearly all the intelligence of the country, it must be remembered, that intelligence is but scantily sprinkled over the face of Spain; and that, therefore, enlightened Spain and enlightened England ought to convey very different ideas of numerical strength.

"With respect to the adherents of the existing government, it is a curious fact," adds Mr. I., "that they should be the fewest; yet this is certainly the truth. With the exception of perhaps the majority of the employés, a part of the regular clergy (meaning the *secular* clergy), and the greater part of the army, its friends are very thinly scattered; and its influence scarcely extends beyond the sphere of its actual benefits. Its patronage has been greatly circumscribed since the loss of the Americas; its lucrative appointments are centred in a few; and above all, its power and patronage are held by so uncertain a tenure, that few, excepting those in the actual enjoyment of office, feel any assurance that their interests lie in supporting that which seems to hang together almost by a miracle.

"The Spanish government will fall by its weakness, rather than by its vices—it is the prospect of a stronger, not of a more virtuous government, that excites the exertions of the Carlists. The mass of the population of Spain take little heed of the vices of the government, and are entirely indifferent about political privileges. The Basque provinces, which are the most enlightened, have little to complain of, for they enjoy a multitude of privileges and exemptions, which are well defined and jealously maintained;—and as for the Spaniard of

the southern provinces, give him his shade in summer, and his sunshine in winter, his tobacco, his melon, his dates, his bread, and his wine—give him a hole to creep into, and put him within sound of a convent bell, and he asks no more; or if you rise a degree or two in society, and speak of the respectable peasant, then give him his embroidered jacket, his tasselled hat, his guitar, and his naja (sweetheart), and it is matter of indifference to him whether Spain be ruled by a Caligula or a Titus."

The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society Delineated; 2 vols. 8vo. —These very handsome volumes comprise descriptions and figures of about sixty or seventy quadrupeds, and as

many birds, all taken from living specimens in the Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society. The engravings are chiefly by Branston and Wright, from drawings by Harvey, all delineated in excellent taste, and executed with great delicacy and effect. The ornamental part naturally first arrests the eye; but the descriptions, by Mr. Bennett, who holds some office in the institution, are deserving of the highest commendation, for the general sobriety of the performance. Every thing of doubtful authority is rejected, and many absurd impressions relative to the habits and powers of animals are corrected. As the Society's stock accumulates, we shall be glad to see more of these volumes—nothing can be better.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

EVERY thing that relates to *water*, is supposed to find especial favour in the eyes of our present sovereign; and, accordingly, we have here, dedicated to him, the two first parts of a new work in quarto, called the *Watering Places of Great Britain*, illustrated with views of all the places of resort in the united kingdom, engraved by Allen, Rogers, &c., from designs by Turner, Stanfield, Cox, Bartlett, Gastineau, and others. The work is well projected, and the specimens before us give promise of a successful issue. They comprise subjects that have long been matters of no common periodical interest to all the London world at least; and we dare say that there are thousands who will turn over these prints with the most animating and delightful recollections of the sunny spots and pleasant places they have so often visited. They are like portraits of our old friends; and will captivate many eyes that would be utterly insensible to the beauties of Grecian architecture or Indian scenery, not because the views are more picturesque, but because they are more familiar, and have been the scenes of personal enjoyment. For ourselves we have hardly made up our minds which is best—to take a trip to some of these

enchanted resorts here delineated, or to stay quietly at home and contemplate their attractions engraved upon steel. The pictures are, at all events, quite equal to the places—superior in some respects; for we see them from the best point and to the best advantage—the weather looks fine in all of them—the people seem not at all fatigued and horror-stricken at the expenses, as they always do in the originals; and, accordingly, Brighton looks in all its aspects much more inviting than it really is. The views are, in addition to a vignette of Ramsgate Harbour—Brighton Chain-Pier—Sherborne Spa, Cheltenham—Worthing—Broadstairs—Pavilion, Statue and Church, Brighton—and Margate Pier and Harbour. The literary department consists of a history of Brighton given at considerable length, and well written, comprising every thing the visitor can wish to know concerning its ancient state and present prosperity, an account of its population, buildings, and embellishments; besides a fashionable directory, and a guide to the best hotels, boarding-houses, and baths—so that the world will, henceforward, be without an excuse for not paying a visit to a scene that comprises so many attractions.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

By Allan Cunningham: the Fifth Volume of his *Lives of the British Painters and Sculptors*.

By Charles Severn: the First Lines of the Practice of Midwifery, with Remarks on the evidence required in cases of Fœticide and Infanticide.

By Professor Lee: the long-expected Prolegomena, a translation of the New

Testament into Hebrew, printed with the Points. Other editions of the same:—Hebrew and English, Hebrew and Greek, Hebrew and German, and Hebrew and French.

By F. W. N. Bayley: a Series of Tales, describing some of the principal Events that have taken place at Paris, Brussels, and Warsaw, during the late Revolution.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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Life and Writings of Henry Pestalozzi. By Dr. Biber. 8vo. 14s.

Lives of Actors. By John Galt. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

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Researches into the Nature and Affinity of Ancient and Hindoo Mythology. By Lieut.-Col. Vans Kennedy of the Bombay Military Establishment. 4to. £2. 12s. 6d.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Ornithological Dictionary of British Birds. By Col. G. Montague. Second Edition. By James Rennie. 8vo. 21s.

Letters to a Young Naturalist on the Study of Nature and Natural Theology. By James Drummond, M. D. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

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A System of Geology; with a Theory of the Earth, and an Explanation of its Connection with the Sacred Records. By John Macculloch, M.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 12s.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SIMON BOLIVAR.

Simon Bolivar, the celebrated Liberator of South America, was born in the city of Caraccas, on the 25th of July, 1783. His parentage was noble, both his father and mother having been *mantuanos*—a title appropriated to families of rich birth. Though, perhaps, a little out of order, we will, before we proceed to sketch the career of this extraordinary man, present a portrait of his person, mind, and manners, from the pen of the English general, Miller, in the war of liberation.—“The person of General Bolivar is thin, and somewhat below the middle size. He dresses in good taste, and has an easy military walk. He is a very bold rider, and capable of undergoing great fatigue. His manners are good, and his address unaffected. It is said that, in his youth, he was handsome (he has now had some years of war, and patriot anxieties, to rob him of that least among many charms). His complexion is sallow; his hair, originally very black, is now mixed with grey. His eyes are dark and penetrating, but generally downcast, or turned askance, when he speaks; his nose is well formed; his forehead high and broad; the lower part of his face is sharp; the expression of his countenance is care-worn. His mind is of the most active description. When not stirringly employed, he is always reading, dictating letters, or conversing. His voice is loud and harsh; but he speaks eloquently on all subjects. He entertains munificently, but is himself very abstemious. Disinterested in the extreme with regard to pecuniary affairs, he is insatiably covetous of fame. Bolivar invariably speaks of England, her institutions, and her great men, in terms of admiration. He often dwells with great warmth upon the constancy, fidelity, and sterling merit of the English officers who have served in the cause of South American independence, under every varying event of the war. As a collateral proof of his predilection

towards England, he has always had upon his personal staff a number of British subjects.”

At the age of fourteen, young Bolivar was sent to Spain to be educated; and, when he had completed his studies there, he went to Paris, where he is said to have resisted few of the temptations which beset a rich young man in the circles of that gay capital. However, in all the best societies, he was much noticed for his talents, learning, and knowledge of the world. He contracted an intimacy with Humboldt and Bouplond, travelled with them for some time; and successively visited England, Italy, Switzerland, and a large part of Germany, to make himself acquainted with their customs, and the character of man. In 1802, just after he had completed his nineteenth year, he returned to Madrid, to take leave of his personal friends, previously to his setting off for his native land. There, however, he found his affections were strongly engaged to the lovely daughter of the Marquis de Ustoriz de Cro (or, according to a different account, of Don Bernardo del Toro, uncle to the present Marquis of that name), that, unable to tear himself from her, the young lady's father yielded to the solicitations of the lovers, and consented to their immediate union. The lady has been described as a most beautiful and captivating creature, possessing a sweetness and dignity of deportment that attracted every heart. Bolivar bore off his bride to his paternal country, where a noble fortune, his hereditary patrimony, awaited him, and a family of attached relatives to bid her welcome. Short, alas! was the period of his happiness. Within a twelvemonth, the lady, who was only sixteen at the time of her marriage, died. The bereaved husband was almost frantic with grief; but the oppressors of his countrymen, the Spanish viceroys, had rendered their yoke too heavy to be borne; and, rallying at the general cry, Bolivar “exchanged his mourning weeds for brazen steel,”

and yielded all the ardour of his heart to the duties of patriotism.

Arriving at Venezuela, he was appointed a colonel in the service of the newly-established republic, and was sent to London on an important mission, the expense of which he himself defrayed. On his return, Miranda gave him the command at Puerto Cabello; but the Spanish prisoners having risen and seized the fort, he was obliged to evacuate the town, and proceed by sea to Caraccas.

When Miranda had capitulated with Monteverde, and resistance seemed to be at an end in Venezuela, Bolivar retired to Curaçoa, where he formed a connection with Brion, by which he procured maritime co-operation. His services were now tendered to, and accepted by, the congress of New Grenada; and, finding that the Venezuelians were once more disposed to cast off the Spanish yoke, he obtained from the congress a body of 600 men, with which, in 1813, he penetrated across the Andes into Venezuela. There, after several sanguinary actions, he succeeded in wresting from the enemy the whole of that province, excepting the parts of La Guyra and Puerta Cabello, in the latter of which Monteverde defended himself with the most determined obstinacy.

It was in this campaign that the *guerra a muerte*, or war of extermination, began, in consequence of the Spaniards having put to death some of their prisoners. The Spanish domination would now have been annihilated, had not Monteverde succeeded in arming the slaves, and spread insurrection over the whole face of the country, which was remorselessly ravaged with fire and sword.

Bolivar, who had been declared Dictator of Venezuela, now marched against these new enemies, and would probably have destroyed them, and suffered himself to be defeated in a decisive engagement. Amongst the republicans, distrust and disunion ensued, and the royalist achieved an unqualified triumph.

Bolivar again retired to New Grenada, and served two years under the banners of the congress. In 1815, when the

Spanish troops, under Morillo, reached the South American coast, he threw himself into Carthagena, which he defended till resistance became hopeless. With part of his army he then cut his way through the besiegers, and retired to St. Domingo.

Not yet, however, was the spirit of resistance crushed. Arismondi drove the Spaniards from the island of Margarita, and Bolivar arrived there with his forces, which he had recruited at Aux-cayes, and was soon joined by Brion. With him he made some attempts on the coasts of Caraccas and New Grenada, ascended the Orinoco, and secured Angostura, the capital of Spanish Guyana. There Bolivar increased his strength by means of volunteers from Europe, and prepared to commence another struggle with Morillo. In 1817, he ascended the river Apure, and penetrated into Caraccas, as far as Calabozo; but, after several hard fought battles, he was defeated near Ortin, and compelled to return to Angostura.

Yet undismayed, Bolivar changed his plan, embarked the whole of his forces, ascended the Orinoco and the Meta, and thus penetrated into New Grenada, and made himself master of Santa Fé, the capital, in August, 1819. This master-stroke of policy as well as of arms, was decisive. Joined by numbers, he had the resources of an extensive country under his command, and Morillo in vain endeavoured to stop his progress. Towards the close of 1820, that chief was compelled to conclude an armistice with Bolivar, in order to afford time to negotiate a treaty between the South Americans and the government of Spain.

At length the Spanish sceptre in the new world was broken for ever, and Bolivar received, as he had nobly earned, the title of Liberator of his Country. But, after many difficulties and many disasters—for Bolivar's success as a statesman was not equal to that as a soldier—he died heart-broken, through the ingratitude of the very nation for which he had obtained independence. He died at San Pedro, near St. Martha, on the 17th of December last.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE long and unfavourable course of east and north winds, with constant drought, ceased about the 9th instant, and have been succeeded to the present date by western and south-western breezes, with frequent variations indeed, but with a warm and general atmospheric temperature which has almost worked miracles of improvement in the condition of the crops of corn and pulse. Unfortunately for the fruit districts, the havoc and destruction occasioned by ungenial May, are irremediable by any change, however flattering, and our orchardists, generally, must sit down contented with a slight sprinkling of apples, so they phrase it; and the people at large, according to old custom, must depend for their supply of fruit on the more certain products of the isles and of Normandy. The crop of filberts is said to have suffered beyond all others. This favourable change, of which we began almost to despair, is probably to be attended with the most important and beneficial results, both as regards the national supply and the interests of the farmers. Instead of a

late and scanty harvest, which was so universally apprehended and dreaded, should fortunately the present seasonable warmth of temperature continue, we may expect, an early ripening of the crops, and a full average quantity upon all the best and middling soils. The most favourable circumstance to be recited is, the propitious state of the weather for that vital but ticklish process, the blooming or flowering of the wheat, which is by this time nearly perfected on all the luxuriant and strongest crops. Thus, the abundant crops of all kinds, upon the early sown and middling lands, will make a comfortable atonement in the national supply for the deficiency, and such there undoubtedly is, on poor, half-cultivated, and late sown soils. Much complaint of this deficiency comes from all the poor, wet, and heavy land districts, and particularly in respect to the barley crop, which seems to have suffered most. Even in the great barley county, Norfolk, it has not succeeded on the inferior soils. Oats, beans, and peas, are the most promising of the spring crops, and are expected to produce a full average, excepting lands where the forward field peas were nearly cut off by the frosts of last month. The late drought has been extremely favourable to fallowing the land for every purpose, and the greater part of the wet heavy soils, previously impracticable to the utmost exertion, have since been turned up with comparative facility, in a mellow and friable state. This important business has thence been fortunately expedited, and in good time, so as not to interfere with hay-making, and the sowing of Swedes, common turnips, and mangold, if somewhat protracted, will yet be in good season. The *mangold wurzel*, cattle beet-root, so immensely productive, and almost universally cultivated of late years, has, it seems, got into discredit, and the breadth sown in the present season is inferior to any lately known. We adverted on its introduction to its inferior quality. Potatoes, that indispensable, and, happily, we may almost say, never-failing crop, have thrown out a strong plant, and give fair promise of abundance, though, on some soils, they are later than usual. The bulk of the spring business may be said to have been successfully finished with the present month, and the interval between this period and the commencement of harvest, will be filled up with the finish of hay-making and with summer-fallowing the lands intended for wheat.

The present hay harvest makes a very different figure in comparison with the last. Clover, tares, all sown grasses, are a general failure. The meadows and pastures, retarded in the chief season of their growth by cold and drought, though assisted in some degree by the subsequent warm showers, have not recovered, and the burden of hay will be light on the best lands. The crop of clover hay is light, but cut early on those lands intended for a second crop and for seed. The marsh grasses have been remarkably dry and short; but, with respect to the general shortness and want of bulk in the grass, there has been this countervailing advantage, it has been additionally nutritious, and all stock has succeeded well upon it; another advantage, of high consequence attendant upon the drought, it appears that the nutritious and drying quality of the grass has had a most salubrious effect on the constitution of the sheep, and, in all probability, will tend to stay the further progress of the rot. The short quantity of grass will be, in some measure, economized by the reduced numbers of sheep. Sheep-shearing is finished, and the number sheared is supposed to be one-sixth *minus*, compared with any preceding year in recollection. Much business is said to be doing in wool on the continental markets, where buyers are assembled from all quarters; a strong indication of an approaching advance of price in this country, where the stocks of that important article cannot be large. Our cattle fairs and markets, on the whole, have been abundantly supplied, and, considering the advance of the season, and, with some few exceptions, the prices obtained have been satisfactory.

From Scotland our accounts of the wheat crop are not so satisfactory as from other parts of the island; and complaints from the north are more frequently urgent than usual, of a deterioration of the land from overcropping, and want of cultivation of manure. On the English border in the north bone-dust is extensively used as a manure on dry soils. In South Wales lime is perhaps bestowed upon the land in greater quantities than elsewhere, as an absorbent fitted to improve their moist soils. The old story is repeated, even with additions, of the general foulness of the tillage lands throughout the country; and black grass, twitch or couch, and charlock, make a conspicuous figure in these recitals. The sage practice is continued, it seems, of beheading the charlock with a scythe where it overtops the corn.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 4s. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 4s. to 4s. 8d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 4d.—Dairy-Pork, 5s. to 6s. 0d.—Lamb, 5s. to 6s. 0d.—Rough fat, 2s. 5d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 54s. to 78s.—Barley, 28s. to 46s.—Oats, 24s. to 33s.—Bread 4lb. London loaf, 10d.—Hay, 50s. to 90s.—Clover ditto, 70s. to 128s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coal Exchange—Coals, in the Pool, 21s. to 35s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, June 20th.

Errata in last Report.—End of last column but one, for arable read acreable; near the end, for Lapland read ripland.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGAR.—The market has been very languid; but there was no further reduction in the prices of late. The stock of West India sugar is now 24,928 hogsheads and barrels, which is 5,177 less than last year; the stock of Mauritius, 96,676 bags, being 7,803 less than last year; the delivery last of West India sugar, 2,967 hogsheads and barrels, being 237 more than last year; the delivery of Mauritius, 6,245 bags, being 658 less than in the corresponding week of 1830. The buyers of West India Muscovadoes were numerous; there has been a further reduction of 6d. per cwt. The expired market is rather dull; some parcels have been sold at a further reduction of 6d. per cwt. The refined market is again heavy, and parcels of Lumps sell freely, 6d. under our quotations. Brazils sugars continue so pressed on the market, that a further reduction of 1s. must be stated. Middling white Perinamo, 24s. and 25s.; brown, 12s. 6d. to 16s.; brown Bahia, 15s. 6d. to 17s.; grey white, 24s. In Havannahs, no purchases by private contract, except damaged parcels. Havannahs at 2s. to 3s. per cwt.; good white, 32s. to 34s. 6d.; yellow, 20s. to 24s.; Java sugar, 1s. lower; ditto brown Mauritius, 44s. to 45s. All other descriptions were again 1s. per cwt. lower; the finer qualities very heavy. Average price of sugar, £1. 4s. 5½d. per cwt.

COFFEE.—The prices of coffee have nearly recovered the depression. Brazil coffee sold at 41s.; St. Domingo, 40s.; Havannah coffee sold at high prices; Colony from 48s. 6d. to 51s. 6d., which is 2s. higher.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—Rum continues in a very languid state; Brandy and Geneva are without variation.

HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.—Tallow, and all other Russia articles, are held firmly, and for higher prices; but there have been no sales lately exported.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 2.—Rotterdam, 12. 2.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Hamburgh, 13. 12.—Paris, 25. 24.—Bordeaux, 25. 55.—Frankfort, 150. 0½.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 9. 56.—Trieste, 9. 59.—Madrid, 37. 0½.—Cadiz, 37. 0½.—Bilboa, 37. 0½.—Barcelona, 36. 0½.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 48. 0.—Genoa, 25. 45.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 46. 0.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 119. 0.—Lisbon, 46. 0½.—Oporto, 46. 0½.—Rio Janeiro, 19. 0.—Bahia, 27. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, 3. 17s. 1½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 10d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 4s. 11½d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, (½ sh.) —l.—Coventry, 795l.—Ellesmere and Chester, —l.—Grand Junction, 244l.—Kennet and Avon, 25½l.—Leeds and Liverpool, 395l.—Oxford, 500l.—Regent's, 17½l.—Trent and Mersey, (½ sh.) 620l.—Warwick and Birmingham, 242l.—London Docks (Stock) 62l.—West India (Stock), 125l.—East London WATER WORKS, 113l.—Grand Junction, 49½l.—West Middlesex, 68l.—Alliance British & Foreign INSURANCE, 8l.—Globe, 140l.—Guardian, 25½l.—Hope Life, 5½l.—Imperial Fire, 97l.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, —l.—City, 191l.—British, 3 dis—Leeds, 195l.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from May 23d to June 23d 1831, in the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Ridley, Wreckenton, miller.
J. Cameron, T. Johnson, and W. Bevern, Westminster, tailors.
J. Hoskins, and J. Bird, Clerkenwell, watch-manufacturers.
J. Horneastle, Crooked-lane, money-scriver.
J. Benson, Lancaster, linen-draper.
M. Emanuel, Birmingham, jeweller.
C. Webster, the younger, Manchester, currier.
J. Alexander, Chiswell-street, stable-keeper.
G. O. Houlston, Blandford Forum, grocer.
J. Thackeray, Manchester, cotton-spinner.
T. Stone, Austin Friars, banker.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 121.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Aggett, T., Hatherleigh, linen-draper. (Turner, Exeter.
Austin, T., Oxford, livery stable-keeper. (Rack-strow, Oxford.
Ainner, T., Austin Friars, merchant. (Smith, Eastcheap.
Ashworth, T. Rochdale, corn-dealer. (Norris and Co., Bedford-row; Woods, Rochdale.
Berry, A. King-street, poulterer. (Tribe, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Burton, T., Bramham, shoemaker. (Dunning Leeds.

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- Booth, J., New Malton, millwright. (Walkers, Malton.)
 Bennett, C., Lambeth, smith and farrier. (Holme, Southwark.)
 Bartram, T., Warwick, slater. (Kitchin, Barford.)
 Beauchamp, J., Holborn, silversmith. (Gresham, Barnard's-inn.)
 Byerley, W., Bucklersbury, eating-house-keeper. (Bennett, Bush-lane.)
 Barrroughs, J., Mile-end-road, merchant. (Nicholson, Dowgate-hill.)
 Brown, M., Gateshead, publican. (Shaw, Holborn; Crozier, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.)
 Boast, J., Trinity-square, Southwark, apothecary. (Watson and Sons, Fleet-street.)
 Copeland, W., Liverpool, linen-draper. (Toulmin, Liverpool.)
 Carroll, M., Edgeware-road, baker. (McDuff, Castle-street.)
 Coles, A., Great Portland street, coach-maker. (Williams, Henrietta-street.)
 Cohen, I., Hastings, jeweller. (Crosby, King-street.)
 Chiven, J. and S., Castle-street, tailors. (Baker, Nicholas-lane.)
 Crosland, J. and G., Huddersfield, wollen cloth-merchants. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane.)
 Chappel, T., Honey-lane-market, butcher. (Evitt and Co., Haydon-square.)
 Dell, T. S., Barnet, horse-dealer. (Gibson and Co., Lombard-street.)
 Delcours, H., Pall-mall, auctioneer and builder. (Rye, Golden-square.)
 Davies, R., Hull, bookseller. (Taylor, Cloak-lane.)
 Draper, W., Wellclose-square, auctioneer. (Phillips, Gray's-inn.)
 Emmett, C. G., Bath, grocer. (Harmer, jun., Bristol.)
 Elwin, J. R., Hackney, coal-merchant. (Spence and Co., Size-lane.)
 Eveleigh, T., Maidstone, grocer. (Smyth, Furnival's-inn.)
 Edmond, R., Bridlington Quay, innkeeper. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Taylor, Bridlington.)
 Ford, W., Stockport, hat-manufacturer. (Coppock, Stockport.)
 Flower, B., Newington-butts, ironmonger. (Kearsey and Co., Lothbury.)
 Fearnside, W. G., Haydon-street, agent. (Young, Mark-lane.)
 Fellowes, T., Aldersgate-street, broker. (Crowder and Co., Lothbury.)
 Gillett, C., Walworth-road, butcher. (Kiss, Walworth.)
 Gogney, T. C., near Footscray, builder. (Dimes, Bread-street.)
 Gill, H., South Molton, lime-burner. (Pyne and Co., South Molton.)
 Gibson, J., Northwich, victualler. (Saxon, Northwich.)
 Gudge, E., Bristol, woollen-draper. (Jackson, New-inn.)
 Greenway, T., Walcot, builder. (Hellings, Bath.)
 Griffiths, H., Newcastle Emlyn, druggist. (Perkins, Bristol.)
 Griffiths, T., Newcastle Emlyn, tanner. (Evans, Newcastle Emlyn.)
 Hellyer, R., Devonport, cork-cutter. (Elworthy, Devonport.)
 Hale, E., Trowbridge, innkeeper. (Brown and Co., Mincing-lane.)
 Hodges, P., Brecon, ironmonger. (Vaughan and Co., Brecon.)
 Hacker, T., Southwark, hat-dyer. (Walthew, Norfolk street.)
 Hunt, T., Nicholas-lane, merchant. (Steadman, Throgmorton-street.)
 Handley, S., Sandon, flint-grinder. (Brookes, Stafford.)
 Harris, J., Beeston, lace-manufacturer. (Enfield and Son, Nottingham.)
 Harvey, J., Dartford, timber-merchant. (Kirkman and Co., Cannon-street.)
 Harris, W., Hampton, shop keeper. (Burgess, Queen-street.)
 Harper, J., Monmouth Cap, Langua, innkeeper. (Church, Bedford-row; Pateshall and Co., Hereford.)
 Hooper, F. W., Leamington, carver. (Horsey, Barnard's-inn.)
 Heughan, W., and W. Muir, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, drapers. (Dunn, Gray's-inn.)
 Hallifax, G. W., Hexthorpe-with-Ba'by, lime-burner. (Forbes and Co., Ely-place, Holborn.)
 Joy, W., St. Paul's-churchyard, bookseller. (Williams, Quality-court.)
 Jones, P. and F., Bolton-le-Moors, brush-manufacturers. (Hampson, Manchester.)
 Jones, M., Old Compton-street, upholsterers. (Richardson, Ironmonger-lane.)
 Johnson, P., St. Mary-axe, wine-merchant. (Whiteley, Lothbury.)
 Kreeft, J. C. T., Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Douce and Sons, Billiter-square.)
 Levin, H., Great St. Helen's, merchant. (Roberts and Co., New Ormond-street.)
 Livermore, E. M., Old Broad-street, merchant. (Bickerton, Barnard's-inn.)
 Locke, H. J., Islington, linen-draper. (Hardwick and Co., Lawrence-lane.)
 Lea, J., Braunston, coal-merchant. (Gery, Daventry.)
 Leverett, W., Harwich, upholsterer. (Jackman, Ipswich.)
 Laughton, J., Bishop's-yard, wine-merchant. (Gale, Basinghall-street.)
 MacLachlan, J. and D. Macintyre, Sun-court, merchants. (Oliverson and Co., Frederic-place.)
 Moore, J., Bermondsey and Stogumber, master-mariner. (Harverfield, Hart-street.)
 Mapley, J., Little Bell-alley, glass-cutter. (Jones, Brunswick-square.)
 Marshall, B., Huddersfield and Selbridge Abbey, Kildare, woollen-manufacturer. (Rowlinson, Liverpool.)
 May, N., Mile-end Old-town, builder. (Murphy, Royal exchange.)
 McLellan, J., Regent-street, tailor. (Harris, Bruton-street.)
 Millard, J., Margaret-street, glazier. (Jones, Brunswick-square.)
 Macdonell, R., Suffolk-street, wine-merchant. (Poole, Southampton-street.)
 Noverre, G. B., Clement's-lane, insurance-broker. (Stedman, Throgmorton-street.)
 Nicholson, R., Rise, Holderness, dealer. (Rosser and Sons, Gray's-inn; England and Co., Hull.)
 Ouzman, J., New Sleaford, victualler. (Foster, Sleaford.)
 Povall, C., Birkenhead, stone-mason. (Walker, Liverpool.)
 Parsons, J., Shrewsbury, grocer. (Routledge, Shrewsbury.)
 Poole, W. R. and J. Hadley, Birmingham, linen-draper. (Palmer, Birmingham.)
 Patterson, J., Commercial-road, victualler. (Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane.)
 Roberts, H. E., Broad-street-buildings, merchant. (Barendale and Co., King's Arms-yard.)
 Robertson, J. C., Fleet-street, bookseller. (Pitman, Lincoln's-inn-fields.)
 Ramsden, S., Colne, cotton-manufacturer. (Makinson, Manchester.)
 Rowe, W., Devonport, upholsterer. (Elworthy, Devonport.)
 Richardson, G., Derby, wharfinger. (Simpson and Co., Derby.)
 Roberts, Eliza, Pall-mall, East, lodging-house-keeper. (Crombie, Suffolk street.)
 Russell, J., Ancoats, cotton-thread-manufacturer. (Morris and Co., Manchester.)
 Roughton, L., Walbrook, chemist. (Selby and Co., St. John-street-road.)
 Richardson, W., Adams-court, Broad-street, merchant. (Baxendall and Co., King's-arms-yard.)
 Sanford, J., the elder, Stoke Newington, coal-merchant. (White and Co., Great St. Helen's.)
 Sayer, T. J., Beccles, linen-draper. (Newton, Norwich.)
 Solomon, D., Birmingham, dealer. (Stubbs, Birmingham.)
 Stoddart, G., Binnacle, Bowness, timber-merchant. (Hodgson, Carlisle.)
 Skidmore, J., Nottingham, bobbin and carriage-maker. (Buttery, Nottingham.)

Songhard, R., Budge-row, packing-case-maker. (Sheffield and Son, Great Prescott-street.
 Stonebridge, J., Wivenhoe, corn-merchant. (Maberly, Colchester.
 Smith, C. C., Chorlton-row, victualler. (Thompson and Co., Manchester.
 Shury, J., Charter-house-street, printer. (Saward and Co., Furnival's-inn.
 Stevens, W., Clare-street, linen-draper. (Hardwick and Co., Lawrence-lane.
 Skelton, J. H., Chandos-street, woollen-draper. (Wilde and Co., College-hill.
 Stockman, J., Portsmouth, jeweller. (Compigne, Gray's-inn; Taylor, Portsea.
 Townsend, T., Leamington Priors, painter. (Tibbits and Son, Warwick.
 Turney, J., Bridge-house-place, hatter. (Townshend, Southwark-bridge-road.
 Tapley, W., Cateaton-street, warehouseman. (Taylor, Great James-street.
 Tilsey, W., and W. Jones, Newton, bankers. (Jones and Co., Southampton-buildings.
 Valotton, J. J., Old Cavendish-street, general dealer. (Turner, Basing-lane.
 Waterhouse, J. and W. Waterhouse, the younger, Lad-lane, coach-proprietors. (Leigh, George-street.

Wilkinson, J., and J. Straith and R. J. Thornton Perkin, Leadenhall-street, brokers. (Oliverson and Co., Frederic-place.
 Wood, J. S., Leeds, ironmonger. (Naylor Leeds.
 Woolrich, J., West Bromwich, chemist. (Parker, Birmingham.
 Walker, A., Walton-place, Bayswater and Dover, publisher. (Browne, Hatton-garden.
 Whitfield, R. W., Oxford-street, ironmonger. (Parker, Furnival's-inn.
 Woolley, J., Dalston, broker. (Watson, Old Broad street.
 Wood, W., Kirbymoorside, innkeeper (Petch, Kirbymoorside.
 Willows, W. and S., Strand, fishmongers. (Fitzgerald and Son, Lawrence Pountney-hill.
 Watkins, W., Shoreditch, grocer. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane.
 Woolsey, J. and J. Seeker, Great Yarmouth, wine-merchants. (Clowes, Great Yarmouth.
 Woolley, J. W., Hanover-terrace, ironmonger. (Mark, Fitzroy-square.
 Weston, J. sen. and J. Weston, jun., Old Bond-street, tailors. (Wilde and Co., College-hill.
 Young, E., King's Lynn, beer-brewer. (Jarvis, King's Lynn.
 Young, T., Lane End, innkeeper. (Salt, Rugeley.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. P. Jacob, to the Rectory of Crawley.—Rev. C. Pilkington, to the Rectory of St. Lawrence, Winchester.—Rev. W. Otter, to be Principal of King's College, London.—Rev. H. P. Hamilton, to be Chaplain to Duke of Sussex.—Rev. C. Wordsworth, to be Chaplain to Lord Palmerston.—Rev. F. Elwes, to the Rectory of Whixoe, Suffolk.—Rev. J. Hawkesworth, to the perpetual Curacy of Woore, Salop.—Rev. E. R. Theed, to the Vicarage of Selling, Kent.—Rev. J. N. Davidson, to the Vicarage of East Harptree, Somerset.—Rev. C. S. Twistleton, to the Rec-

tory of Ashow, Warwick.—Rev. Dr. French, to the Prebendal Stall, in Ely Cathedral.—Rev. W. Selwyn, to the Rectory of Braunston, Leicester.—Rev. P. Fosbrook, to the Vicarage of Lockington, Leicester.—Rev. J. C. Leak, to the Rectory of Barningham, Parva, Norfolk.—Rev. S. Hall, to the Rectory of Middleton Cheney, Oxon.—Rev. Professor Lee, to be Chaplain to Earl of Munster.—Rev. T. L. Bluett, to the Vicarage of Mullyan, Cornwall.—Rev. J. W. Arnold, to the perpetual Curacy of Burrington, Somerset.—Rev. T. P. White, to the Rectory of Exton, Hants.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

May 23. The Lords of His Majesty's Privy Council gave notice, that all vessels having on board furs and dried hides, arriving from Russia, Prussia, and the Hanseatic towns, are immediately to be placed under quarantine.

24. The King has been pleased to grant to Frederick Fitzclarence, Esq., a Colonel in the Army; to Adolphus Fitzclarence, Esq., a Captain in the Navy; and to the Rev. Augustus Fitzclarence, respectively, the title and precedence of the younger son of a Marquis of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland;* and also has been pleased to grant to Sophia, wife of Sir Philip Sidney; to Mary, wife of Charles R. Fox, Esq., a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army; and to Augusta, widow of the

Hon. John Kennedy Erskine, respectively, the title and precedence of the daughter of a Marquis of the said United Kingdom.

30. Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, met at Exeter Hall, when various resolutions were passed; it appeared, by the Report of the Committee, that on a modern computation, there are annually confined, in the several jails and houses of correction in the United Kingdom, a population of not less than 120,000 persons!!!

June 1. By order of the House of Lords, a statement of the number of criminal offenders, committed to the several gaols, in England and Wales, was published; by which it appears that, during the last seven years, upwards of 115,000 were committed, nearly 20,000 of whom were women!!! The total number on whom sentence of death was passed amounted to 3781!!!

9. Arrived at Falmouth, His Ma-

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* The Earl of Munster's (the King's eldest son) titles are settled successively on his surviving brothers in default of lineal heirs.

jesty's ship *Volage*, commanded by Lord Colchester, having on board the Emperor of Brazil, with his consort, and a numerous train. In consequence of a revolution, and the soldiers laying down their arms, instead of supporting their emperor, he had abdicated the crown.

14. Meeting of the New Parliament. Right Hon. C. M. Sutton chosen Speaker of the House of Commons.

16. Advice received at Lloyd's, that the *Urania*, Portuguese corvette, was taken, June 1, off Terceira, by the *Melpomene*, French frigate, with a brig in company, and sent for France.

June 16: The Lords of the Admiralty paid a visit to the Thames Tunnel; they were conducted over the works by Mr. Brunel, who explained the mode in which the tunnel had been proceeded in.

— The King granted the dignity of a Baron, to Arthur James, Earl of Fingall, and his heirs—also the same dignity to William Philip, Earl of Sefton, and his heirs—to Lord Kinnaird, and his heirs, the same dignity, under the title of Baron Rossie—and the same dignity also to G. J. W. Agar Ellis, and his heirs, under the title of Baron Dover.

21. His Majesty went in state to the House of Peers, and delivered the following speech to both Houses of Parliament—

My Lords and Gentlemen—I have availed myself of the earliest opportunity of resorting to your advice and assistance, after the dissolution of the late Parliament.—Having had recourse to that measure for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people of the expediency of a Reform in the Representation, I have now to recommend that important question to your earliest and most attentive consideration; confident that in any measures which you may prepare for its adjustment, you will carefully adhere to the acknowledged principles of the constitution, by which the prerogatives of the Crown, the authority of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people are equally secured.—The assurances of a friendly disposition, which I continue to receive from all foreign powers, encourage the hope that, notwithstanding the civil commotions which have disturbed some parts of Europe, and the contests now existing in Poland, the general peace will be maintained.—To the preservation of this blessing my most anxious care will be constantly directed.—The discussions which have taken place on the affairs of Belgium have not yet been brought to a conclusion; but the most complete agreement continues to subsist between the powers whose plenipotentiaries have been engaged in the conferences of London. The principle on which these conferences have been conducted has been, that of not interfering with the right of the people of Belgium to regulate their internal affairs, and to establish their government according to their own views of what may be most conducive to their future welfare and independence; under the sole condition, sanctioned by the practice of nations, and founded on the principles of public law, that, in the exercise of that undoubted right, the security of neighbouring states should not be endangered.—A series of injuries and insults, for which, notwithstanding repeated remonstrances, all reparation was withheld, compelled me at last to order a squadron of my fleet to appear before Lisbon, with a peremptory demand of satisfaction; a prompt compliance with that demand prevented

the necessity of further measures, but I have to regret that I have not yet been enabled to establish my diplomatic relations with the Portuguese government.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons—I have ordered estimates of the expenses of the current year to be laid before you, and I rely with confidence on your loyalty and zeal to make adequate provision for the public service, as well as for the further application of the sums granted by the last Parliament, always keeping in view the necessity of a wise and wholesome economy in every branch of the public expenditure.

My Lords and Gentlemen—It gives me great satisfaction to state to you that the large reduction of taxes which took place in the last and in the present year, with a view to the relief of the labouring classes of the community, has not been attended with a proportionate diminution of the public income. I trust that such additional means as may be required to supply a part of the deficiency occasioned by these reductions, may be found without any material abridgment of the comforts of my people.—To assist the industry, to improve the resources, and to maintain the credit of the country on sound principles, and on a safe and lasting foundation, will be at all times the object of my solicitude, in the promotion of which I look with confidence to your zealous co-operation.—It is with deep concern that I have to announce to you the continued progress of a formidable disease, to which my attention had been early directed, in the eastern parts of Europe. Information having been more recently received that it had extended its ravages to the ports in the Baltic, from whence there is a great commercial intercourse with my dominions, I have directed that all the precautions should be taken which experience has recommended as most effectual for guarding against the introduction of so dangerous a malady into the country.—Great distress has unhappily prevailed in some districts, and more particularly in a part of the western counties of Ireland, to relieve which, in the most pressing cases, I have not hesitated to authorise the application of such means as were immediately available for that purpose. But assistance of this nature is necessarily limited in its amount, and can only be temporary in its effect. The possibility, therefore, of introducing any measures which, by assisting the improvement of the natural resources of the country, may tend to prevent the recurrence of such evils, must be a subject of the most anxious interest to me, and to you of the most grave and cautious consideration.—Local disturbances, unconnected with political causes, have taken place both in this part of the United Kingdom, and in Ireland. In the county of Clare, and in the adjoining parts of Roscommon and Galway, a system of violence and outrage had for some time been carried on to an alarming extent, for the repression of which the constitutional authority of the law has been vigorously and successfully exerted. By these means, the necessity of enacting new laws to strengthen the executive government with further powers will, I trust, be prevented. To avert such a necessity has been, and ever will be, my most earnest desire; but if it should unfortunately arise, I doubt not your firm resolution to maintain the peace and order of society, by the adoption of such measures as may be requisite for their most effectual protection."

HOME MARRIAGES.

Rev. T. P. Bridges, to Sophia Louisa, eldest daughter of Sir W. L. Young, Bart.—Hon. W. S. Bernard, brother to Earl of Bandon, to Eliza, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Gillman.—N. J. Knatchbull, Esq., eldest son of Sir E. Knatchbull, Bart., to Mary, eldest daughter of J. Watts Russell, Esq.—At Cheltenham, Rev. T. G. Leigh, to Henriana Matilda, youngest daughter of

Lord Henry Murray, and niece to Duke of Athol.—R. Fowler, Esq., son of the Bishop of Ossory, to H. E. Wandesford, daughter of the Marquis of Ormond.—H. R. Beaumont, Esq., to Catherine, daughter of Sir G. Cayley.

HOME DEATHS.

At Wighill Park, Lady Mary York, wife of R. York, Esq., and sister of the Earl of Harewood.—In Berkeley Square, Sir John E. Harrington, Bart., 72.—At Spencer House, the Countess Spencer, 68.—In Baker-street, Mrs. Siddons, 75.—In Welbeck-street, R. Fullerton, Esq., late governor of Prince of Wales's Island, Singapore and Malacca.—In Devonshire-square, J. B. Lonsada, Esq., 83.—At Reading, S. Maberley, Esq., 87, father of J. Maberley, Esq., M.P., Abingdon.—Earl of Lisburne, 63.—In the Isle of Portland, Baron Gustavus Noleken, eldest son of Baron Noleken, who was for a considerable time Ambassador from Sweden to the court of Lon-

don.—Earl of Northesk, 74.—At Warwick, Rev. J. Clowes, 87, author of several literary works.—At Longbridge, Mrs. Russell, wife of J. Russell, Esq., banker, of Warwick.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Carlsruhe, Captain Drummond, heir-presumptive to Earldom of Melfort, to the Baroness Alkertine de Rotherg-Rheinweiler, widow of the late General Count Rapp.—At Paris, Count G. M. Paggenti, to Mary, daughter of the late Colonel Rogers.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Malta, Captain G. M. Jones, R.N., author of Travels throughout the Russian Empire.—King of Sardinia.—Near Rome, Lady Clifford, daughter of Cardinal Weld.—In Paris, Dame Elizabeth, relict of Admiral Sir George Collier, and the celebrated Abbé Grégoire, Bishop of Blois, and Member of the National Convention.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—The pitmen have not yet all returned to their employment. The men are not at work at any of the following collieries:—Russell's Wallsend, Percy Main, Tyne Main, Team, Callerton, Gosforth, and Fawdon. Every day confirms, that the concessions which have been made to them were, in many instances, too great; and they are now disposed to tyrannize and rule over their masters. There are cases where the men who are bound refuse to regard their bonds as having any obligation. The men are bound at Sheriff Hill, and at Hebburn, for example, but still refuse to go to work at either place. Sometimes the pitmen require that those who have been faithfully discharging their duty to their employers, while the majority have been idle, should be dismissed as a condition of their going to work: in other instances they decline working unless other men, not wanted, whom they chose to patronize, are also hired and set to work. No man who has workmen under him in any trade can justify such a system of dictation and insubordination.

YORKSHIRE.—Three meetings have been recently held at Leeds; one for the establishment of an association, to be denominated "The Leeds True Blue Constitutional Association," in defence of the true dignity of the crown; another for the erection of a monument in the parish church, commemorative of the late Mr. Leigh's public character and private worth, who fell a sacrifice to the vio-

lence of a mob, in the exercise of his duty as an elector of Wigan; and the third, held in the Court House, for the relief of the Irish poor, who are suffering the most appalling distress from famine and disease. "Every human being," said Mr. Sadler, "whom the Providence of God has placed upon earth, has a claim to sustentation and relief, when his honest labour will no longer afford him the necessaries of life."

SOMERSETSHIRE.—A number of able-bodied excavators, on Monday last, commenced work on the Grand Western Canal, near this town, on the point of the undertaking near the present termination of the Bridgwater and Taunton Canal, with which it is intended to form a junction. A handsome, lofty aqueduct will be thrown across the Rowbarton road, near Mrs. Liddon's. Active operations are also in progress on the line marked out for the Canal, between Holcombe and Wellington, and no doubt is now entertained that the whole of the country towards Wellington, Tiverton, Cullompton, and other places to the south-west of those towns, will, ere long, realize the anticipated benefits of this elaborate undertaking.

June 14. The first exhibition of the Selwood Horticultural Society, took place at Frome. Notwithstanding its recent establishment, it bids fair to become very popular with the admirers of horticulture in and about the neighbourhood of Frome. Among the fruits were two very excellent pine ap-

ples sent by Mr. Jillard, a plate of citrons, lemons, and oranges, from Col. Houlton, and some very fine cauliflowers, several plates of ripe strawberries, and cherries. The flowers were very fine specimens of *cellularia*, *erythrina cristagalli*, *phlox wheeleri*, *cistus coccinea*, and seedling geraniums, *erica ventrillosa*, *verbena mirandolis*, &c. &c.

DORSETSHIRE.—We are gratified in observing that a society has been established in Blandford, for the benefit and improvement of the labouring classes, by procuring and letting out land to them at a fair and moderate rent. A meeting for this purpose was recently held in that town, the Hon. and Rev. S. Best in the chair, when the requisite resolutions were entered into. It is pleasing to witness the extension of a plan which is so eminently calculated as is the Allotment System, to promote the temporal interests of the labouring classes, to render them more independent, comfortable, and contented; and to promote their moral welfare, by giving them habits of honest and profitable industry.

LANCASHIRE.—Mr. Maury, the late Consul from the United States, at Liverpool, where he resided many years, was entertained at New York, on his arrival from England; and after dinner the following toast was given by the chairman:

"Our venerable guest, whose deportment, public and private, during an absence of nearly half a century, endeared him to those among whom he was a sojourner, and strengthened the affection and respect of his countrymen."

Mr. Maury then rose and said—

Mr. Mayor—I request you and the gentlemen present, to accept my most thankful and respectful acknowledgments for the high and distinguished honour conferred on me this day—a day which I shall ever have pride in recollecting, from the kind manner in which you welcome my arrival in my native land, after so long an absence. To the gratification I feel from this endearing reception, you have added a still greater in the flattering testimonial of approbation you have been pleased to give as to my conduct abroad, which I must ever highly appreciate. I have particular satisfaction in noticing the wonderful changes which have taken place in this great city since my being here, in 1783, then estimated, I believe, to contain not more than 20,000—and now more than 200,000 inhabitants!!!

LEICESTERSHIRE.—The Lord Chancellor's decision, in the case of the school of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, is one of much importance to the diffusion of ge-

neral knowledge. His Lordship, in confirmation of the Master's Report, in 1806, decided that the school was not for instruction in the learned languages only, but for the communication of the minor branches of science, "*juvenes pueros infantes et parvulos*," being mentioned in the foundation Act—persons, in fact, too young to be taught Latin and nothing but Latin. Every body knows that in the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, the age for founding grammar schools, many such were established for the exclusive purpose of teaching the learned languages. But it is also known, that many schools, established for more general instruction, have been since raised into the rank of grammar schools, by which the poor have been deprived of the advantages originally intended for them. But as the latter evil is remedied by the discovery of the Bell and Lancasterian systems, and by the proper qualifications of masters to impart general knowledge—reading, writing, and accounts, there can be no reason why schools should not be rendered generally useful, according to the spirit of the age in which we live, and according to that spirit which does positively direct the formation of schools at present.

WALES.—Merthyr, June 8. The Court of Requests, or as it is commonly called, the Court of Conscience, has been a source of great annoyance to the working classes for a length of time, and threats have been dealt out repeatedly that they would have it abolished altogether. On Thursday, an execution was levied on the goods of one of the workmen employed in the Cyfarthfa Iron Works, belonging to Messrs. Crawshay and Sons, and on that evening a crowd assembled together, who demanded of the clerk of the court all the books and papers in his possession, which were ultimately taken and totally burnt, together with the whole of the furniture. A messenger was despatched to Brecon; where a detachment of the 93d Highlanders was stationed. The soldiers arrived, and when the Riot Act was read, and on being asked for what purpose the mob had assembled, they said that they must have an immediate advance of wages. The iron-masters then addressed them in the most kind language, begging them to disperse, and come to them in small bodies of ten or a dozen men, assuring them that every attention should be paid to any thing they had to communicate. To this, however, they would not listen; when one violent man urged his lawless companions to seize the arms of the soldiery, which was immediately done, and not until then was the order given to fire. The moment

the firing commenced, the mob began to disperse in all directions. Twenty-one persons have fallen victims to their rash and daring outrage, besides 70 to 80 severely wounded. Some few of the soldiers were also wounded, but not one was killed; they are now nearly recovered. On the same evening, different troops of yeomanry cavalry arrived, and every thing appeared to be going on very quietly; but on Saturday morning a much more numerous assemblage of the mob was to be seen on the different hills surrounding the Iron Works, armed with guns, bludgeons, and other offensive weapons. The ammunition of the 93d regiment was stopped on the road, at a place called Coedcymmer, within a mile of Merthyr, and was taken back to Brecon the same day. The cavalry advanced towards Coedcymmer, but made a judicious retreat, fearing that their arms would have been taken away by the mob. In the afternoon, as the Swansea cavalry were within three miles of Merthyr, they were totally disarmed, and were compelled to return to Neath, where they were joined by fresh forces, when they took a circuitous rout through Bridgend and Llantrissant, and arrived at Merthyr at six o'clock on Monday morning. By this time the infatuated rioters had contrived to stop the Bute, Sirhowy, Tredegar, Ebbw-vale, and Nantyglo Iron Works, and compelled the men to join them, although the Cyfarthfa men had in the mean time agreed to return to their work. It is calculated that there were upwards of 10,000 men, from the above-named works, assembled at Dowlais when the military went to meet them. The Riot Act was again read, and it appearing that there was no disposition to disperse, the 93d were ordered to make ready; scarcely had the order been given, when away the mob scampered, and in less than two hours the whole had disappeared without the loss of a single life. In the afternoon, a party of the 3d Dragoon Guards arrived, which, together with the Swansea cavalry, were immediately stationed at Dowlais; the 93d and other forces being placed in a situation to protect the town. All is now quiet.

We have the painful duty of recording a most appalling and distressing accident at the Colebrook Vale Iron Works, Monmouthshire, by which nine lives have been lost. From the nature of the workings in one of the coal levels, a very considerable accumulation of water has been for some time forming, and to guard against meeting with it unexpectedly, very particular instructions had been given not to carry on the work, without first boring to the right and left, and also in advance. For several weeks

those operations have been continued, but it is much feared the present calamity has been occasioned by not strictly observing those necessary precautions. On Friday last, about mid-day, the water broke in upon that part of the works where 14 colliers were employed, with such impetuosity that three only were enabled to reach the pits, and thereby escape.

There is at present a strong popular excitement in the forest of Dean. A great portion of the forest was enclosed and planted with oak, under an act passed in the 48th of George III., which plantations are now in a thriving state. The act provides that 11,000 acres are always to be inclosed as a nursery for timber; and that the fences can only be legally opened by order of the Lords of the Treasury, and that only when the young timber shall be safe from the browsing of the cattle, sheep, and swine. An erroneous opinion, however, prevails among the foresters, that the enclosures should be thrown open at the expiration of 21 years; and as the act was passed in 1808, several of the enclosures are of a longer standing, and great dissatisfaction has been for some time felt at their continuance, and about a fortnight since a portion of the embankment was secretly destroyed. A large reward was offered for the discovery of the offenders, without effect, and hand-bills were circulated, cautioning against the recurrence of similar outrages. On Wednesday morning a body of men, about eighty, commenced levelling the embankments. In the course of the day their number increased to 500. On Thursday they continued the work of devastation, and their numbers increased to 2,000, parties being sent out in all directions to compel the colliers and other workmen to come and assist in opening the enclosures. Several miles of fences were levelled in these two days. The men worked regularly with suitable implements.—*Bath Herald*, June 18.

SCOTLAND.—Provost Haig, of St. Andrew's, on Thursday week, received a letter from Dr. Bell, the author of what is termed the Lancasterian system of education, and a native of St. Andrew's, enclosing Bank of England transfer receipts for £60,000 three per cent. Consols, and £60,000 three per cent. Reduced, vested in the names of the Provost, Principal Haldane, Dr. Buist, and Professor Alexander, as trustees, for the promotion of education and endowment of schools in St. Andrew's. Besides the foregoing magnificent grant, the donor has made over to the same gentlemen, a piece of ground he had purchased from

the town of St. Andrew's, which he intended as a site for schools, and for which he paid £1,100. This splendid donation reflects the highest credit on Dr. Bell, and it is to be hoped that he will live to see his system in operation in St. Andrew's, which has already been of so much benefit to the human race.

On the afternoon and evening of Sunday week, we had a pretty heavy fall of rain, with thunder and lightning. On the eastern side of Loch Ness, by Boleskine, the atmosphere became so dark and close, that the parishioners, who were then in church, became alarmed, and rushed out to some adjacent barns, where they had only been a few minutes, ere a flood descended, the barns were swept away, and the people surrounded up to the middle in water. It was evident that a water-spout had fallen, and its consequences, we regret to add, have been very injurious. The glen of Altmor has been rendered a perfect wreck. One bridge has been carried away, and three others rendered impassable. About 400 yards of the road are totally destroyed; and nearly an equal quantity of the breast wall, in another part of the road, washed away. On the other side of the Inch, the bridge of Borlum, consisting of three large arches, has been destroyed; other two stone bridges are carried away, a third is greatly damaged, and two wooden bridges, on the farm of Balmacraan, are swept into the loch. A great quantity of the road has also been destroyed. The whole glen of Urquhart was one sheet of water, and consequently much injury has been done to the growing crops. Indeed, whole acres of the soil, containing potatoes, barley, &c., have been carried off. The surface of Loch Ness is completely strewn with timber and other debris of the flood. Hail fell in great quantities, and of unusual size. In the unexposed part of the glen, in some places, they were lying so late as Wednesday to the depth of five or six feet, and larger than boys' marbles. Pieces of ice of six or seven inches of diameter also fell.—*Glasgow Journal*.

IRELAND.—A meeting was lately convened, by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin, for the purpose of taking into consideration the wretched state of the peasantry in the west of Ireland, and of adopting such resolutions as seemed best calculated to lead to the relief of those districts; the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, M.P., took the chair.

The Chief Remembrancer submitted a series of resolutions to the meeting, which had been prepared by the Committee. The amount of subscriptions already raised was £2,257. 10s., and this

sum had been almost all transmitted to the distressed districts. £918 had been sent to Galway, and £1,286 to Mayo—so that there remained in bank but £53 to meet the demands of a deputation to the Committee for relief, who have made such a statement of the appalling misery of their respective districts, as must wring the hardest hearts, and draw forth the contributions of all who are not wholly callous to the claims of charity, or dead to all sympathy with their fellow-creatures. In Mayo several had died. Nearly 200,000 persons were in the deepest distress in the west of Ireland; and unless immediate relief was procured, thousands of these must die of famine. The peaceable conduct of those poor people, under such trying, such terrible circumstances, and their obedience to the law, gave them a tenfold claim upon public commiseration. They are not only without food, but without the means of procuring it. The potato crop has been swept away. Whilst they are dying of starvation, or feeding upon sea-weed, or browsing, like cattle, upon nettles, could the public remain unmoved by their woes, because such deplorable calamities were not passing in review before them? Mr. Blake then read two letters, one from Sir Francis Lynch Elosse, the other from the Right Rev. Dr. Machale, detailing the frightful distress of the people in their districts.

The resolutions proposed by the Chief Remembrancer were carried unanimously.

Sir Francis L. Blosse said that £8,000 had been contributed by gentry of the county, and provision to the same amount, so that this made £16,000 as the amount of their subscriptions. It had been said that the people were in a state of tumult: now, he declared that he had no apprehension about the safety of his house or family, though he left home without any bars or bolts to his doors, and purposed proceeding to London before his return. This might possibly be the last occasion of their seeking relief, for the gentry of the country saw that some permanent measure, to prevent the recurrence of such distress, must be resorted to.

Mr. Howell observed, that the letters which he and Mr. Corbalis received from Cunnemara, were fully as bad as those detailed with such direful accuracy from Mayo. Not only were the seed potatoes dug out of the ground in a state of vegetation, but it was too true that the wretched people had supplicated for permission to bleed the sheep and cattle under the care of the herds, as one means of enabling them to support life.

£600 were subscribed by the meeting before it separated.